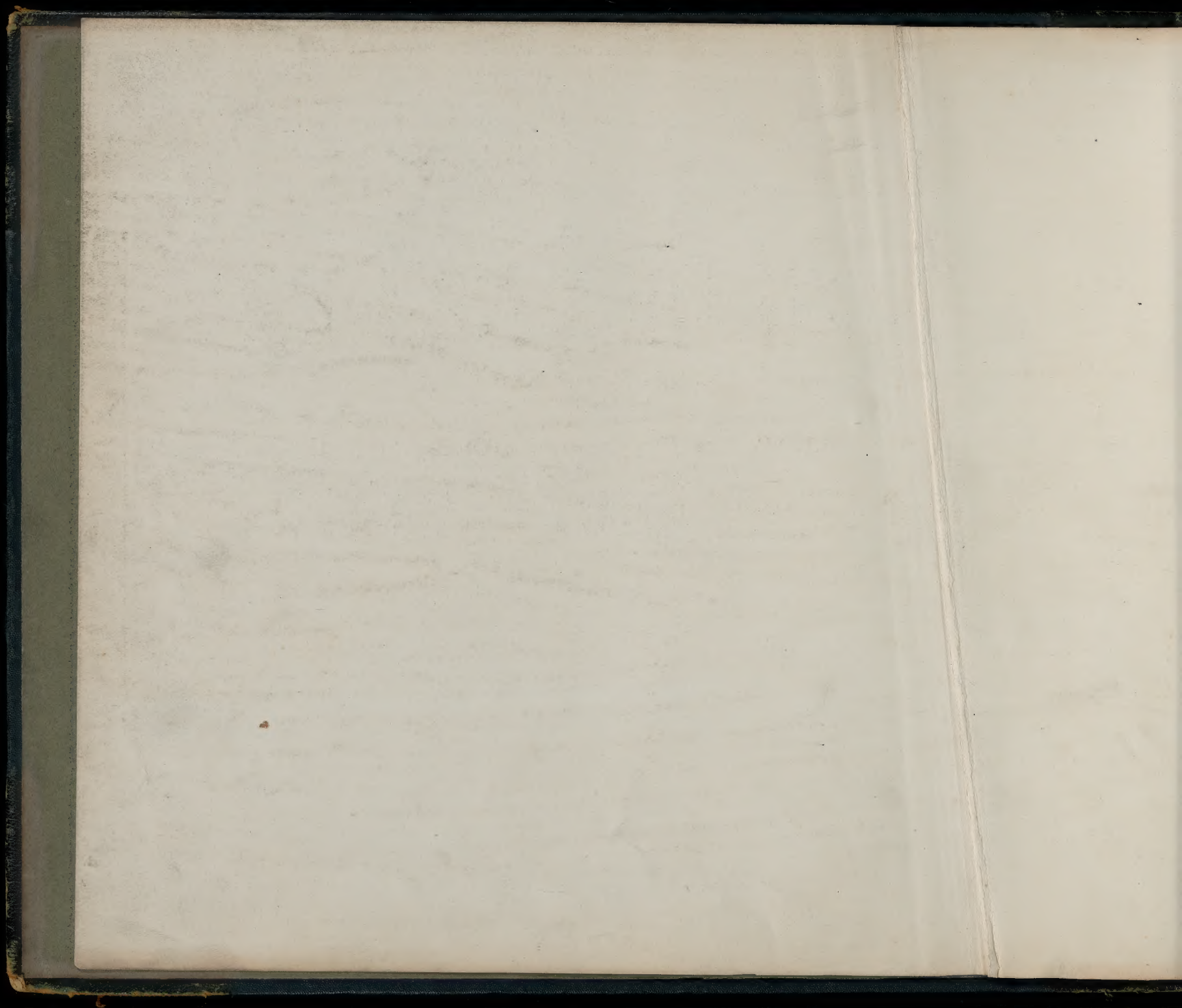


❖ THE ❖ MAN ❖ OF ❖ GALILLEE ❖

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EARTHLY FOOTSTEPS — OF — THE MAN OF GALILEE

Being Five hundred Original Photographic Views and Descriptions of the Places
Connected with the Earthly Life of

OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES

TRACED WITH

NOTE BOOK AND CAMERA

SHOWING WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN, BROUGHT UP, BAPTIZED, TEMPTED, TRANSFIGURED AND CRUCIFIED,
TOGETHER WITH THE SCENES OF HIS PRAYERS, TEARS, MIRACLES AND SERMONS, AND
ALSO PLACES MADE SACRED BY THE LABORS OF HIS APOSTLES, FROM

JERUSALEM TO ROME

BY

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D., LL.D.

Chancellor of Chautauqua,

REV. JAMES W. LEE, D.D.

Author of "The Making of a Man,"

R. E. M. BAIN,

Photographic Artist.

*"Oh, here with his flocks the sad wanderer came,
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same,
The founts where he drank by the wayside still flow
And the same airs are blowing that breathed on His brow."*

NEW YORK AND ST. LOUIS:

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INTRODUCTION.



HIS work is the final expression of a beautiful enterprise. The publishers, having conceived the idea of bringing out a book illustrating the earthly life of Christ and the Apostles, determined that it should be original from beginning to end. They could have secured from any general assortment of photographs in New York, Boston or Chicago the pictures necessary to make the plates for such a work, but this was not in line with their ideal. Their scheme contemplated fresh and first-hand views accompanied with descriptions from personal observation. Their plan made it necessary to actually invade Palestine and the regions related to it, not with fire and sword, after the style of the military captain, but with harmless, scientific instruments. They proposed to capture the countries about the Mediterranean Sea and transport them to America without destroying their cities or disturbing their people. No bombardment was to be inaugurated, except such as passed through the lens of the camera, and no missile was to be projected deadlier than the thought that passed through a pencil to the pages of a note-book. The writer of this carried the pencil and Mr. Robert E. M. Bain manipulated the camera. Mr. Bain's capacity to plant a camera before an object so as to take it to the best advantage, with proper accompanying sky-line and perspective, has been settled by the medals he has received for his exquisite landscape work from conventions both in Europe and America. To the function of photographer he unites the genius of the artist.

We had prepared for our special purpose, by the Cramer Dry Plate people, in St. Louis, nine boxes of glass plates, weighing seventy pounds each. These we carried with us all the way to the Holy Land and back. We were instructed to follow the footsteps of Christ and his Apostles and to photograph the places and objects made sacred by their lives.

We traced the footprints of the Man of Galilee from Bethlehem, where he first appeared from Heaven through a manger; to Matariyeh, where Mary and Joseph sojourned in Egypt; to Nazareth, where he was brought up; to the Jordan, where he was baptized; to the mountain over against Pisgah, where he was tempted; to Hermon, where he was transfigured; to Jerusalem, where he was crucified, and to the Mount of Olives, from whence he went to Heaven. We stood amid the scenes of his prayers, tears, sermons and wonderful works, and transferred them, with the blush and bloom of Palestine, to the delicate, sensitive surface of our glass plates. We visited the countries where the Apostles preached and laid the foundations of Western civilization. To St. Paul, more than to any other of the early followers of our Lord, is due the credit of continuing His work on earth. He repeated the footsteps of the Man of Galilee in the territory of the Gentiles. We followed him from Damascus, where he was converted, through Asia Minor, where he was persecuted and beaten; to Mar's Hill, where he outraged the learned Athenians with his doctrine of the Resurrection; to Corinth, where he preached to a dissolute and abandoned city the gospel of temperance and purity; to Puteoli, in sight of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and to Rome, where he was beheaded.

We passed through the interior of Palestine with a caravan consisting of four tents, five mules, four horses and eight men, including dragoman, cook and waiter. We carried letters of introduction from the Secretary of the Interior, from Dr. Wm. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, and from the President of the United States. We had the best advantages that could be afforded by the courtesy of our Foreign Ministers. Through their influence we had admission to shrines, sanctuaries and museums difficult of access. This was illustrated in the case of Brugsch Bey, who gave us the freedom of the Egyptian Museum and permitted the mummy cases to be opened for us that we might get illustrations of the sojourn of Joseph and Mary with the Infant Jesus in the land of the Pharaohs. We left St. Louis the last of March. The most of our baggage was so fragile that every mile of the fifteen thousand in our contemplated journey was attended with peril. Yet we returned safely without the loss of a day from rain, without missing a single railway or steamboat connection and without the loss of a single box of our plates. These boxes had been carried from place to place by railway cars, by express wagons, by carriages, by steamboats, by row-boats, by porters. They had been in the holds of ships, they had been strapped on the backs of mules, they had been to the pyramids, they had been over the road traveled by our Savior and His Apostles, they had followed in the footsteps of St. Paul in his missionary journeys, they had been to the city of Plato and Aristotle and the home of the Cæsars. They brought back the accurate record of our journey and were developed in the dark-room of the very factory where they were manufactured. In a few days after our return the National Photographers' Convention met in the City of St. Louis during the month of July, 1894. Mr. Bain entered a number of the first pictures developed and for superior excellence was awarded a medal on them.

An opportunity is here given of making a delightful tour of Palestine and the countries adjacent to it without leaving home. You may see Heliopolis, where Moses was educated, and where that petrified sunbeam, the rose-red granite obelisk, stands just as it stood four thousand years ago, when Abraham came to Egypt from Ur of the Chaldees; and Memphis, where Ramases the Second lies in colossal lime-stone form prostrate on the ground, the sole inhabitant of that once proud city. You may see the white and sandy shores of Syria rising over against the Mediterranean Sea, furnishing boundaries to its outgoing waters; and the mountains of Moab, bending in sympathy along the farther side of the Jordan as if seeking to protect from its sacred waters the wild Bedouins beyond; and the waters of Lake Galilee, now sleeping in the mountains like a babe on its mother's bosom, and now lashed into boundless rage and fury by the down-falling storm; and Nazareth, long provincial and unknown, but always lifted high enough on the shoulders of the ambitious hills to keep company with Tabor, Carmel and Hermon. You may see Tyre, desolate and dismantled, sitting beside the sea, advertising in her half-broken columns the arrest of a commercial career that made her the wonder of the world; and Sidon, the companion of Tyre in disaster and her neighbor in irreparable ruin, piled in broken defeat beside the same sea, as if concealing in her half-buried marble some infinite story of misfortune and

sin; and Bethlehem, too little to go down in the catalogue with the thousands of Judah, but half conscious of the glory in reserve for her as the birth-place of the Savior of the world and content to rest on her hills, a perfect picture of undisturbed repose. You may see Jerusalem in her ups and downs of glory and shame, with forty feet of human history piled in blood and ashes and bones in the depths of her Tyropœon Valley; and Damascus, coming up out of the desert and gleaming from her gardens like a vision from Heaven.

Palestine glows with an unparalleled radiance when seen through the light of the Eastern sun coming up from over the mountains to the east or going down into the sea to the west. We witnessed a scene April 26th, 1894, we can never forget. We were standing on the shores of the Dead Sea. The sun was just coming up over the mountains of Moab. Nebo, where Moses stood, was in sight. The atmosphere traded with the light after a fashion indescribably beautiful. The serious and sombre rays were received and quenched, while the bright and gay notes were thrown into a symphony of color that beggars definition. The sun itself seemed to be the hub of a wheel with an infinite number of spokes. These radiated from the center and lengthened out every whither into an oriental circle as large as half the whole round sky. It was the song of the sun seemingly raised to celebrate his coming to that sacred land. The plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, the fringe of trees along the banks of down-coming Jordan and the rim of the surrounding mountains were literally baptized in the waves of the glorious music played by the rising day. The castles and domes and minarets standing along the Moab mountains were used by the sun as so many notes to provoke a response from the towering peaks crowning the Judæan mountains rising from the opposite edge of the wide plain. A vast circle of vapory fire, mixed with streaks of pink and orange, encompassed Nebo, and in a twinkling the battlements on the crest of the Mount of Temptation gathered about themselves the deep red glow of the same brilliant Eastern sun. This was music the ear did not hear. It was addressed to the eye. But such a display of gorgeous harmony we had never enjoyed before. The whole plain of Jericho, where Cleopatra reveled and where Herod died, was thrilled with the radiant pulses of luminous music. This you can never see exactly without standing in the same memorable place. But I think it will be found that our artist came as near getting the color and flavor and bloom of the lands of the Bible as any one who ever visited them with a camera. And all he brought back you may see without the expense and peril of a long and tedious journey to these historic countries.

It is to Palestine that the countries about the Mediterranean Sea owe their charm and interest; and Palestine stands for a country that grows in interest with the passing years. No great cities stand upon its coasts, no great rivers flow through its valleys, no great mountains lend sublimity to its topographical features. It has no commercial standing and never had any. It never had a navy and never any place as a maritime power. Among the nations it has been humble in position and small in extent. To the west of her stretched Egypt like a green ribbon for two thousand miles, raising enough wheat every year to feed half the world. Under the very shadow of her mountains lay Phœnicia, crowding with her ships every market under the sun. To the east of her spread Babylon, dazzling and corrupting the nations with her wealth. Somewhat further away Athens was seated on her throne of hills by the sea, a queen of beauty attracting the students of the world with her art and learning. More distant still, but washed by the same sea, whose waters left their labels of drift on her shores, was the great Roman Empire, embracing by her arms of war the peoples of the globe. Surrounded by nations strong, rich and imperious, all competing for dominion and wealth, little Palestine seemed to have but meager hope as a candidate for a career in the future. Egypt could rely upon her corn, Phœnicia upon her purple dye, Babylon upon her wealth, Athens upon her beauty, and Rome upon her legions; but what had Palestine to offer as a reason for present existence or future renown? With her patches of soil held by terraces to her hills, with her narrow valleys hardly sufficient to produce bread for her people, with no army, no power and no flag, how was Palestine to hold up her head and compete for a place in the history of men? While the nations around her were filling their granaries and increasing their dominions and whitening the seas with their ships of trade, and filling the world with the din of their battles; the people of Canaan were writing poetry, chronicling their hopes, uttering their prayers and reading from their inmost spirits the lettering which they accepted as coming straight from Heaven. Now, in this far off time, after the empires have passed, after the tumult of battle has ceased, after the temples have fallen and the columns have been buried; after the splendid forms in which material civilizations clothed themselves have vanished; we find alone remaining to bring us news of the countries long gone, like a forgotten dream, the prayers and chronicles and visions and dreams of a poor Hebrew people, who had the faith in their day to trust in God and to consecrate their lives to His service. If some Hebrew dreamers had not been taken captive to Babylon the very name of that empire had doubtless passed from the memories of men. Had not the Jews by the exigencies of fortune come into relations with Egypt, interest in that wonderful country would never have been revived. St. Paul's sermon on Mars Hill has done more to conserve the beauty lying by its side than all other things put together. The great Apostle's steps over the Appian Way have kept that queen of roads gleaming straight and rock-paved through the ages. The lives of saintly people gave to Palestine its title to immortality. Their prayers have preserved the perfume of her flowers and their sufferings have made her great.

James W. Lee

INTRODUCTION.



THE HOLY LAND, with the regions immediately adjoining, constituting the most sacred of the Bible lands, does not lose its peculiar interest to the most advanced student of history, civilization, biography and human nature, in this last decade of the Nineteenth Century. News from Jerusalem, by cable or post, attracts the attention of both religious and non-religious readers. There was never a time when tourists flocked with more pleasure and curiosity to the haunts and homes of the principal Bible characters. There was never a time when pilgrimages, religious and scientific, were more popular. Again, within a few weeks, the Palestine Exploration Fund of England has secured a permit from the Turkish Government to renew and extend its investigations of the soil underneath and about the Holy City. Within a short time the shrill whistle of the locomotive has echoed among the mountains and valleys of Judea, and but recently a steamboat was launched on the Dead Sea. The European powers keep watch of each other, while all keep ward over the Holy places. And this not merely because of rival religious organizations, which diligently seek advantage in their search for sacred sites or hidden treasures, or build shrines at which to bow in reverent worship, but also that they may guard well this whole region that lies between the North and the South, the Mediterranean highway on the west, and the approach to India on the east.

If Christianity were effete, and simply an historic memory, there would be the same interest in Palestine that classic students now feel in the researches of Schliemann and others, in Western Asia Minor and in Greece; but Christianity is a living verity. Its founder declared that He would draw all men unto Himself, and commissioned his apostles to "Go into all the world, and preach this gospel to every creature," declaring: "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The Christianity of the age is vital. It has greater power among men than at its genesis. Its promises have been fulfilled through the centuries. The civilization of which it is the basis and directing force, is the dominating civilization of the world to-day. The Book which records the marvels of His life, who "spake as never man spake," was never studied so critically, thoroughly and enthusiastically as now. Biblical research is the passion of the age. To it Philology, studies in Comparative Religion and Ethics, and Archæology—with spade and magnifying glass—pay constant tribute. The careful student of language, the Biblical exegete, the popular preacher, the Bible class teacher, the private unofficial Christian, turn eager eyes toward these sacred regions, to see every discovery that may shed further light on the Book of Books, and on the life of Him, who, as the ages go by, occupies a larger place in the civilization of our planet.

War, pestilence, earthquake, and all the sources of devastation which, through the centuries, have swept over the eastern world, have removed many landmarks, and destroyed immense quantities of valuable material. But in the Far East, and especially in Palestine, the contour of the country remains. Jerusalem still stands on her high hills, with the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat round about; with Olivet to the east, and beyond Olivet the desolations of Judea, and below Judea the Ghôr, and the salt waters of the Dead Sea, while beyond them rise in majesty the mountains of Moab, that stretch out in vast tablelands towards the Euphrates. Ebal and Gerizim still stand in the center of Western Palestine; and there, too, is the Plain of Esdraelon, with Tabor and Gilboa, with Nazareth and Tiberias beyond. There, too, rise Hermon—the snow-crowned—and the lofty Lebanon, while at the base of Anti-libanus, amidst the flowing waters of Abana and Pharpar, stands the Pearl of the East, the mother of all cities—the ancient Damascus.

The ages have not materially changed the climate of Palestine. Still the heavy dews fall, the early rain and the later rain come down in their appointed seasons. The hot wind blows from the south and the north wind brings strength and gladness. The fields are still, in their season, white unto the harvest; and from the sea come mist and clouds, the rain, the hail and tempest. It is the old land, the same to-day as in the past yesterdays.

The manners and customs of this Eastern country have not been changed. People dress and eat and sleep and live and labor as they did two thousand years ago. The scenes of the Bible are reproduced with startling fidelity to the old record. One may find feasting and funeral, seed-sowing and harvest, elders in the gate and veiled women, grass on the housetops, sparrows seeking their nests in holy places, the grass of the field that to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven. The old customs and costumes remain.

The general scenic features of Palestine render it interpretative of Biblical events and shed light upon difficulties which, but for the perpetuity of its features, would have been unsolvable problems. Every traveler through Palestine discovers and makes report of these features and finds his faith in the Book confirmed. It is this feature which renders so valuable the contribution of the present volume to the illustration of Biblical history. The perfection of photographic art is reached in the production of this book. The land is brought within the purview of every reader. Here, in the fine atmosphere of the Syrian skies, are presented hills, mountains, valleys, plains, water-courses, ruins, towns, cities, fountains, fields, mosques, churches, beasts of burden, flowers of the field, and whatsoever else the sun can copy on the sensitive plate hidden in the camera.

The student is invited to the turning of its pages as to a walk through picture galleries and museums, with the hope by its editors and publishers that the "Land of all Lands" and the "Book of all Books" may gain, through this pleasant ministry, a firmer hold on head and heart than ever before.

The journey made by Dr. James W. Lee and Mr. Robert E. M. Bain in the interest of this work in 1894, it was my pleasure to make twice, the first time in 1863 and again in 1887. The new and charming photographs furnished by the last pilgrimage of Dr. Lee and Mr. Bain give me the sense of having made a third journey to the Holy Land.

Chautauqua, N. Y., 1894.

John Vincent

OUTLINE HARMONY OF THE GOSPELS AND CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. SAMUEL J. ANDREWS, AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF OUR LORD ON EARTH."

PART I.—FROM THE ANNUNCIATION TO ZACHARIAS TO THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

DATE	PLACE.	EVENT.	MATTHEW.	MARK.	LUKE.	JOHN.
		Introduction of Evangelists,.....		i. 1	i. 1-4	i. 1-18
		Genealogies,.....	i. 1-17		iii. 23-38	
Oct., B. C. 6, -----	Jerusalem, -----	Annunciation to Zacharias,.....			i. 5-22	
		Elizabeth conceives a son and lives in retirement,.....			i. 23-25	
Mar.-Apr., B. C. 5, -----	Nazareth, -----	Annunciation to Mary,.....			i. 26-38	
	Judæa, -----	Visit of Mary to Elizabeth (Magnificat),.....			i. 39-56	
	Nazareth, -----	Annunciation to Joseph,.....	i. 18-25			
June, -----	Judæa, -----	Birth of John the Baptist (Benedictus),.....			i. 57-80	
Dec., -----	Bethlehem, -----	Joseph and Mary go to Bethlehem to be taxed,.....			ii. 1-5	
	"	Birth of Jesus,.....			ii. 6-7	
	"	The Angel and the Shepherds,.....			ii. 8-20	
Jan., B. C. 4, -----	"	Circumcision of Jesus,.....			ii. 21	
Feb., -----	Jerusalem, -----	Presentation of Jesus,.....			ii. 22-38	
	Bethlehem, -----	Visit of the Wise Men,.....	ii. 1-12			
	Egypt, -----	Flight into Egypt,.....	ii. 13-15			
	Bethlehem, -----	Slaughter of the Innocents,.....	ii. 16-18			
May, -----	Nazareth, -----	Return to Nazareth and sojourn there,.....	ii. 19-23		ii. 39, 40	
Apr. 8, A. D. 8, -----	Jerusalem, -----	Jesus at twelve years of age attends the Passover,.....			ii. 41-52	

PART II.—FROM THE BAPTISM OF JESUS TO THE FIRST PASSOVER OF HIS MINISTRY.

A. D. 26, -----	Judæa, -----	Preaching of John the Baptist,.....	iii. 1-12	i. 2-8	iii. 1-18	
Summer, -----						
A. D. 27, -----	The Jordan, -----	Baptism of Jesus,.....	iii. 13-17	i. 9-11	iii. 21-23	
Jan., -----	Desert of Judæa, -----	Temptation of Jesus,.....	iv. 1-11	i. 12, 13	iv. 1-13	
Feb., -----	{ Bethany beyond Jordan, }	Deputation of Priests and Levites to the Baptist,.....				i. 19-28
	"	Witness of John the Baptist,.....				i. 29-34
		The first Disciples,.....				i. 35-51
	Galilee, -----	Wedding at Cana,.....				ii. 1-12

PART III.—THE JUDÆAN MINISTRY.

Apr. 11-17, -----	Jerusalem, -----	Passover. Jesus cleanses the Temple,.....				ii. 13-25
	"	Discourse with Nicodemus,.....				iii. 1-21
	Judæa, -----	Jesus baptizes in Judæa,.....				iii. 22-24
	"	Further testimony of John the Baptist,.....				iii. 25-36
Dec., -----	"	Jesus departs into Galilee,.....				iv. 1-3
	Sychar, -----	Discourse with woman of Samaria,.....				iv. 4-42
	Galilee, -----	Jesus comes into Galilee,.....				iv. 43-45
	Cana, Capern'm, -----	Healing of the nobleman's son,.....				iv. 46-54
A. D. 28, -----						
		A few weeks spent by Jesus in retirement,.....				
Mar. 30-Apr. 5, -----	Jerusalem, -----	Passover. Healing of man at Pool of Bethesda,.....				v. 1-47

PART IV.—FROM THE IMPRISONMENT TO THE DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

April, -----	Galilee, -----	Jesus goes into Galilee after arrest of John,.....	iv. 12	i. 14, 15	iii. 19, 20; iv. 14, 15	
	Nazareth, -----	Jesus rejected at Nazareth,.....			iv. 16-30	
	Capernaum, -----	Jesus takes up His abode at Capernaum,.....	iv. 13-17		iv. 31	
April—May, -----	"	Calling of Disciples,.....	iv. 18-22	i. 16-20	v. 1-11	
	"	Healing of demoniac in Synagogue,.....		i. 21-23	iv. 31-37	
	"	Healing of Peter's wife's mother, and many others,.....	viii. 14-17	i. 29-34	iv. 38-41	
	Galilee, -----	Ministry in Galilee,.....	iv. 23, 24	i. 35-39	iv. 42-44	
May, -----	"	Healing of a leper,.....	viii. 2-4	i. 40-45	v. 12-16	
Early Summer, -----	Capernaum, -----	Healing of a paralytic,.....	ix. 2-8	ii. 1-12	v. 17-26	
		Calling of Levi (Matthew),.....	ix. 9	ii. 13, 14	v. 27, 28	
	Near Capernaum, -----	Disciples pluck corn on the Sabbath,.....	xii. 1-8	ii. 23-28	vi. 1-5	
	Galilee, -----	Healing of withered hand on the Sabbath,.....	xii. 9-14	iii. 1-6	vi. 6-11	
	"	Jesus withdraws to seashore,.....	xii. 15-21	iii. 7-12		
	Near Capernaum, -----	Choosing of the Twelve,.....		iii. 13-19	vi. 12-16	
Summer, -----	"	Sermon on the Mount,.....	iv. 25-viii. 1		vi. 17-49	
	Capernaum, -----	Healing of the Centurion's servant,.....	viii. 5-13	iii. 20, 21	vii. 1-10	
	Nain, -----	Raising of widow's son at Nain,.....			vii. 11-17	
	Galilee, -----	John sends his disciples to Jesus,.....	xi. 2-19		vii. 18-35	
Autumn, -----	"	Anointing by a woman in house of Simon,.....			vii. 36-50	
	"	Jesus preaches in the cities of Galilee,.....			viii. 1-3	
	Capernaum, -----	Healing of a blind and dumb possessed man,.....	xii. 22, 23			
	"	Pharisees blaspheme and seek a sign,.....	xii. 24-45	iii. 22-30		
	Galilee, -----	Visit of Jesus' mother and brethren,.....	xii. 46-50	iii. 31-35	viii. 19-21	
	Sea of Galilee, -----	Parable of the Sower,.....	xiii. 1-23	iv. 1-25	viii. 4-18	

PART IV.—FROM THE IMPRISONMENT TO THE DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Continued.

DATE.	PLACE.	EVENT.	MATTHEW.	MARK.	LUKE.	JOHN.
	Sea of Galilee,	Parable of the Tares, and other parables,	xiii. 24-52	iv. 26-34	ix. 57-60	
	" "	The two followers,	viii. 18-22			
	" "	Stilling of tempest,	viii. 23-27	iv. 35-41	viii. 22-25	
	Gergesa,	Healing of Demoniacs,	viii. 28-ix. 1	v. 1-20	viii. 26-29	
	Capernaum,	Feast at house of Levi,	ix. 10-17	ii. 15-22	v. 29-39	
	"	Raising of daughter of Jairus. Woman healed,	ix. 18-26	v. 21-43	viii. 40-56	
A. D. 29.	"	Healing of two blind men. Dumb spirit cast out,	ix. 27-34			
Winter,	Nazareth,	Second rejection at Nazareth,	xiii. 53-58	vi. 1-6		
	Galilee,	Sending forth of the Twelve,	ix. 35-38; x. 1-xi. 1	vi. 6-13	ix. 1-6	
	Machærus,	Death of Baptist. Herod's opinion of Jesus,	xiv. 1-12	vi. 14-29	ix. 7-9	
	Capernaum,	Jesus returns to Capernaum,				

PART V.—FROM THE DEATH OF THE BAPTIST TO THE FINAL DEPARTURE FROM GALILEE.

April,	Capernaum,	Return of the Twelve,		vi. 30	ix. 10	
	Bethsaida,	Crossing of the sea, and feeding of 5,000,	xiv. 13-21	vi. 31-44	ix. 10-17	vi. 1-15
	Sea of Galilee,	Jesus walks upon the sea,	xiv. 22-33	vi. 45-52		vi. 16-21
	Gennesaret,	Heals many at Gennesaret,	xiv. 34-36	vi. 53-56		
	Capernaum,	Discourse in Synagogue,				vi. 22-vii. 1
	"	Disciples eat with unwashed hands,	xv. 1-20	vii. 1-23		
Summer,	Region of Tyre and Sidon,	Healing of daughter of Syrophenician woman,	xv. 21-28	vii. 24-30		
	Decapolis,	Healing of deaf and dumb man, and others,	xv. 29-31	vii. 31-37		
	Capernaum,	Feeding of 4,000,	xv. 32-39	viii. 1-10		
	Sea of Galilee,	Pharisees again seek a sign,	xvi. 1-4	viii. 11-12		
	Bethsaida,	Disciples warned against the leaven of the Pharisees,	xvi. 5-12	viii. 13-21		
Oct. 11-18,	Jerusalem,	Blind man healed,		viii. 22-26		
	"	Jesus at the feast of Tabernacles,				vii. 2-52
	"	[The woman taken in adultery],				vii. 53-viii. 11
	"	Teaching of Jesus. Attempt to stone Him,				viii. 12-59
	"	Healing of a man born blind,				ix. 1-38
	"	Discourses. Jesus the Good Shepherd,				ix. 39-x. 21
	"	Jesus returns to Galilee,				
Autumn,	Near Cæsarea Philippi,	Peter and the Disciples confess their faith,	xvi. 13-23	viii. 27-33	ix. 13-22	
	"	Jesus addresses the people,	xvi. 24-28	viii. 34-ix. 1	ix. 23-27	
	Mt. Hermon,	The Transfiguration,	xvii. 1-9	ix. 2-10	ix. 28-36	
	"	Jesus explains the coming of Elias,	xvii. 10-13	ix. 11-13		
	"	Healing of the possessed boy,	xvii. 14-21	ix. 14-29	ix. 37-43	
	Galilee,	Jesus foretells his death and resurrection,	xvii. 22, 23	ix. 30-32	ix. 43-45	
	Capernaum,	Tribute-money miraculously provided,	xvii. 24-27			
	"	Dispute who should be greatest. Discourse,	xviii. 1-35	ix. 33-50	ix. 46-50	

PART VI.—THE LAST JOURNEY FROM GALILEE, AND THE PERÆAN MINISTRY, TO THE ARRIVAL AT BETHANY.

Nov.-Dec.,	Galilee,	Final departure from Galilee,	xix. 1	x. 1	ix. 51	
	Samaria,	Jesus rejected in Samaria,			ix. 52-56	
	Galilee,	The half-hearted disciple,			ix. 61, 62	
	Peræa,	The Seventy sent forth,	xi. 20-24		x. 1-16	
	"	Jesus follows, teaching,	xix. 2	x. 1		
	"	Return of the Seventy,	xi. 25-30		x. 17-24	
	"	Parable of the Good Samaritan,			x. 25-37	
	"	Disciples taught how to pray,			xi. 1-13	
	"	Healing of a blind and dumb possessed man,	xii. 22-23		xi. 14	
	"	Blasphemy of Pharisees. Discourse,	xii. 24-45	iii. 22, 30	xi. 15-36	
	"	Feast at Pharisee's house. Woes upon Pharisees,			xi. 37-54	
	"	Discourse. Parable of Rich Fool,			xii. 1-59	
	"	Parable of the Barren Fig-tree,			xiii. 2-9	
	"	Healing of infirm woman on the Sabbath,			xiii. 10-17	
	"	Parables of the Mustard Seed and the Leaven,			xiii. 18-21	
	"	{ Jesus goes teaching and journeying towards Jerusalem. }			xiii. 22-35	
	"	{ Is warned against Herod, }				
Dec. 20-27,	Bethany,	Jesus visits Mary and Martha,			x. 38-42	
	Jerusalem,	Feast of Dedication. Discourses,				x. 22-30
	"	Jews attempt to stone him,				x. 31-39
A. D. 30.	{ Bethany }	Jesus retires beyond Jordan,				x. 40-42
January,	Peræa,	Dines with a Pharisee. Heals a man with dropsy,			xiv. 1-14	
	"	Parable of the Great Supper,			xiv. 15-24	
	"	What is required of true disciples,			xiv. 25-35	
	"	Parables of Lost Sheep, and Lost Piece of Silver,			xv. 1-10	
	"	Parable of the Prodigal Son,			xv. 11-32	
	"	Parable of the Unjust Steward,			xvi. 1-13	

PART VI.—THE LAST JOURNEY FROM GALILEE, AND THE PERÆAN MINISTRY, TO THE ARRIVAL AT BETHANY.—Continued.

DATE.	PLACE.	EVENT.	MATTHEW.	MARK.	LUKE.	JOHN.
January, -----	Peræa, -----	Pharisees reproved. Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, -----			xvi. 14-31	
	" -----	Jesus instructs the Disciples, -----			xvii. 1-10	
Jan.-Feb., -----	Bethany, -----	Raising of Lazarus, -----				xi. 1-46.
	Bethany, -----	Counsel of Jews to put Jesus to death. He retires to Ephraim, -----				xi. 47-54
Feb.-Mar., -----	Ephraim, -----	Sojourns in Ephraim till Passover is at hand, -----				xi. 54-67
	Bor. of Samaria, -----	Ten lepers cleansed, -----			xvii. 11-19	
	Peræa, -----	The coming of the Kingdom of God, -----			xvii. 20-37	
	" -----	Parables - the Unjust Judge, Pharisee and Publican, -----			xviii. 1-14	
	" -----	Precepts concerning divorce, -----	xix. 3-12	x. 2-12		
	" -----	Jesus receives and blesses little children, -----	xix. 13-15	x. 13-16	xviii. 15-17	
	" -----	The rich young man, -----	xix. 16-30	x. 17-31	xviii. 18-30	
	" -----	Parable of Laborers in the Vineyard, -----	xx. 1-16			
March, -----	" -----	Jesus again foretells His death, -----	xx. 17-19	x. 32-34	xviii. 31-34	
	" -----	Ambition of James and John, -----	xx. 20-28	x. 35-45		
	Near Jericho, -----	Healing of blind men, -----	xx. 29-34	x. 46-52	xviii. 35-43	
	Jericho, -----	Zacchæus receives Jesus, -----			xix. 1-10	
	" -----	Parable of the Pounds, -----			xix. 11-28	

PART VII.—FROM THE ARRIVAL AT BETHANY TO THE RESURRECTION

Fri., Mar. 31, --	Bethany, ---	Jesus comes to Bethany, -----	xxvi. 6-13.	xiv. 3-9		xii. 1
Sat., Apr. 1, ---	" -----	Anointing by Mary, -----	xxvi. 1-11	xi. 1-11	xix. 29-44	xii. 2-11
Sun., Apr. 2, ---	Jerusalem, ---	Entry into Jerusalem, visit to Temple, and return to Bethany, -----	xxi. 18, 19.	xi. 12-14		xii. 12-19
Mon., Apr. 3, ---	Mt. of Olives, ---	Cursing of the barren fig-tree, -----	xxi. 12-17	xi. 15-19	{ xix. 45-48.	
	Jerusalem, ---	Cleansing of the Temple. Return to Bethany, -----	xxi. 21-22	xi. 20-26	{ xxi. 37, 38.	
Tues., Apr. 4, ---	Mt. of Olives, ---	The fig-tree withered, -----	xxi. 23-27	xi. 27-33	xx. 1-8	
	Temple at } Jerusalem, }	Christ's authority questioned, -----	xxi. 28-32			
	" -----	Parable of the Two Sons, -----	xxi. 33-46	xii. 1-12	xx. 9-19	
	" -----	Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen, -----	xxii. 1-14			
	" -----	Pharisees question Jesus about tribute, -----	xxii. 15-22	xii. 13-17	xx. 20-26	
	" -----	Sadducees question about the resurrection, -----	xxii. 23-33	xii. 18-27	xx. 27-40	
	" -----	Lawyer questions about the great Commandment, -----	xxii. 34-40	xii. 28-34		
	" -----	Jesus asks: What think ye of Christ? -----	xxii. 41-46	xii. 35-37	xx. 41-44	
	" -----	Condemnation of Scribes and Pharisees, -----	xxiii. 1-36	xii. 38-40	xx. 45-47	
	" -----	Lamentation over Jerusalem, -----	xxiii. 37-39			
	" -----	The widow's mite, -----		xii. 41-44	xxi. 1-4	
	" -----	Greeks seek Jesus. Discourse, -----				xii. 20-50
	Mt. of Olives, ---	Prophecy of overthrow of the Temple and end of the world, -----	xxiv. 1-51	xiii. 1-37	xxi. 5-36	
	" -----	Parable of the Ten Virgins, -----	xxv. 1-13			
	" -----	Parable of the Talents, -----	xxv. 14-30			
	" -----	The Last Judgment, -----	xxv. 31-46			
A. D. 30.	Jerusalem, ---	Plotting of rulers. Bargain of Judas, -----	{ xxvi. 1-5.	xiv. 1, 2.	xxii. 1-6	
			{ xxvi. 14-16.	xiv. 10, 11.		
Wed., Apr. 5, ---	Bethany, ---	Jesus seeks retirement, -----	xxvi. 17-19	xiv. 12-16	xxii. 7-13	
Thur., Apr. 6, ---	Jerusalem, ---	Preparation for the Passover, -----	xxvi. 20	xiv. 17	xxii. 14	
	" -----	Arrival at the upper room, -----			xxii. 24-30	
	" -----	Strife for precedence, -----				xiii. 1-20
	" -----	Jesus washes the feet of His disciples, -----			xxii. 15-18	
	" -----	The Paschal Supper, -----	xxvi. 21-25	xiv. 18-21	xxii. 21-23	xiii. 21-35
	" -----	Jesus declares the betrayer. Judas goes out, -----	xxvi. 26-29	xiv. 22-25	xxii. 19-20	[1. Cor. xi. 23-25]
	" -----	Institution of the Lord's Supper, -----			xxii. 31-38	xiii. 36-38
	" -----	Jesus foretells the fall of Peter, -----				xiv., xv., xvi.
	" -----	Farewell Discourse of Jesus, -----				xvii. 1-26
	" -----	Intercessory Prayer of Jesus, -----				xviii. 1-3
	" -----	Jesus goes forth. Peter's confidence, -----	xxvi. 33-35	xiv. 26-31	xxii. 39	
	Mt. of Olives, ---	The agony in the garden of Gethsemane, -----	xxvi. 36-46	xiv. 32-42	xxii. 40-46	
	" -----	The betrayal, -----	xxvi. 47-50	xiv. 43-45	xxii. 47, 48	xviii. 4-9
Midnight, -----	" -----	The arrest, -----	xxvi. 50-56	xiv. 46-52	xxii. 49-53	xviii. 10-12
Fri., Apr. 7, 1-5 A.M.,	Jerusalem, ---	Jesus led to Annas, then to Caiaphas, -----	xxvi. 57, 58	xiv. 53-54	xxii. 54, 55	xviii. 13-15
	" -----	Jesus before Caiaphas, -----	xxvi. 59-66	xiv. 55-64		xviii. 16-18
	" -----	Jesus before the Sanhedrin, -----	xxvi. 67-75	xiv. 66-72	xxii. 56-62	xviii. 19-24
	" -----	Denials of Peter, -----	xxvi. 67, 68	xiv. 65	xxii. 63-65	
	" -----	Jesus mocked by his enemies, -----			{ xxii. 66-71	
5-6 A. M., -----	" -----	Meeting of the Sanhedrin. Jesus condemned for blasphemy, -----	xxvii. 1, 2.	xv. 1	{ xxiii. 1	
	" -----	Death of Judas, -----	xxvii. 3-10	[Acts i. 18, 19]		
	" -----	Jesus before Pilate; charged with sedition, -----	xxvii. 11-14	xv. 2-5	xxiii. 2-5	xviii. 25-38
	" -----	Jesus sent to Herod, -----			xxiii. 6-12	
	" -----	Pilate seeks to release Jesus. Jews demand Barabbas, -----	xxvii. 15-23	xv. 6-14	xxiii. 13-23	xviii. 39-40
	" -----	Jesus condemned, scorned, and mocked by soldiers, -----	xxvii. 26-30	xv. 15-19	xxiii. 24, 25	xix. 1-3
	" -----	Pilate again seeks to release Jesus, -----	xxvii. 24, 25			xix. 4-16
9 A. M., -----	" -----	Jesus is led away to be crucified, -----	{ xxvii. 31-34	xv. 20-23	xxiii. 26-32	xix. 16-18
	" -----		{ xxvii. 38	xv. 25, 27, 28		
	" -----	The superscription, -----	xxvii. 37	xv. 26	xxiii. 38	xix. 19-22
	" -----	First word from the cross ("Father, forgive them"), -----			xxiii. 33, 34	
	" -----	Soldiers cast lots for His garments, -----	xxvii. 35, 36	xv. 24	xxiii. 34	xix. 23, 24



THE PILGRIMS.—With Bonar we sing: "Now for the journey girded we hasten on our way." We are not Crusaders of the middle ages but simply explorers of an old land in a new age and inspired by a lofty purpose. We have no scheme of conquest by which scepter shall be exchanged for scepter. We are students of Nature, of Man, of History, and students now of the most interesting and hallowed of all the Lands on Earth. We come to trace the earthly steps of the Founder of our Christian faith, and of His great Apostle—the Apostle whom He appointed to proclaim to Arabia to Western Asia and to Europe, and to all races, of all ages, the great ideas of the Divine Revelation. We have to do chiefly with the land of Syria—the mid-land, with Asia on the one hand and on the other Africa and Europe and the Mediterranean—that gate-way to

the Western and modern world. Syria has been for ages a pathway between the East and the West, "the high road of civilization; * * * an open channel of war and commerce for nearly the whole world." In this day pilgrimages are made from every part of the Jewish and Christian world to this important geographical, historical and religious center. Our first study must be the outline of the region which Joseph and Mary traversed between the Annunciation in Nazareth and the Birth of the wonderful Babe in Bethlehem. With them we go to the home of John the Baptist; returning to Nazareth, making a second pilgrimage to the South, passing Shunem, Jezreel, Dothan, Shechem, Mount Ebal, looking down from Mt. Scopus on the North on the Holy City of Jerusalem, and resting for a time in Bethlehem, the city of David, the birthplace of Jesus.



DISTANT VIEW OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Before Jesus of Nazareth came John of Judea. He came as the Forerunner of Jesus. He was a man of force and courage. He was self-controlled and yet impetuous; a man of utter righteousness and fidelity; "like a burning torch; his public life was quite an earthquake; the whole man was a sermon; he might well call himself a 'Voice.'" In the picture above we have the sweep of the Judean Mountains—the fine graceful outline of their distant summits against the sky, the shorter curves of the lower and nearer range, the nearest elevation being the "eccentric watershed" of which Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, of the Palestine Exploration Fund, speaks; "which beginning at the head of Wady Suleiman, passing Lifta and Ain Karim, eventually reaches

the Mediterranean near Yabneh." Ain Karim signifies the "fountain of vineyards." The terraced hills are in the spring time full of verdure. The village has a population of about six hundred. The Franciscan monks have built one of the finest convents in Palestine to mark this sacred place—the home of Zacharias and Elizabeth, the birthplace of John the Baptist, and the retreat in which Mary found a temporary home, and where she sang her song—the MAGNIFICAT: "My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord." The song of a woman announced the Messiah's approach; the song of the angels, His arrival. The lovely Judean landscape before us, with hills and valleys, terraced vineyards and far-away mountains, is a fitting temple for this glorious Hymn of praise sung under these skies by Mary, the Mother of Our Lord.



NAZARETH FROM THE ESPLANADE OF THE ENGLISH ORPHANAGE.—From Ain Karim in the hills of Judea we pass seventy miles to the northward to the home of Mary on the uplands of Galilee. From the roof of the English Orphanage we look down upon the beautiful town of Nazareth, a place of ill repute in the olden time, but now, next to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, the most sacred of all the cities in the world, because here for nearly thirty years the life of our Lord was spent. The town has grown rapidly in recent years, the raids of the Bedouin from the East having driven many Christian families on the plains of Esdraelon to the valleys and hills of Nazareth. Here, too, the various religious societies have gathered: Latin, Maronite, Greek, English. etc. The English Orphanage, on the roof of which we

stand in the survey of Nazareth, is a substantial structure of stone built by English money through German labor under the direction of "The Society for Female Education in the East." It is capable of accommodating two hundred girls. What a lesson of grace is Nazareth itself to the heart of man, for His indwelling lifts the lowliest life into dignity and honor! What office more beautiful than that of ministering in Nazareth to the bodily and spiritual needs of orphans! What touching suggestions are started concerning childhood in the village where the loveliest of all children lived through his wonderful boyhood! The Orphanage is one of the ten thousand blessed results of His life who came to save humanity, and whose own lips spake the sweet words: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."



THE GARDENS OF SHUNEM.—Among the lovely spots which Mary and Joseph passed on their way from Nazereth to Bethlehem was the old town of Shunem, the beautiful gardens of which spread out before our view in the photograph above. Shunem, now called Solam or Sülem, stands in a little nook at the foot of Jebel ed Duhy (Little Hermon). Its beautiful and well-watered gardens are surrounded by hedges of prickly-pear and filled with orange, lemon, pomegranate, fig and olive trees. Beehives abound, the ceaseless humming filling the warm and fragrant air. There are now about two hundred families in this old Shunem. Mary and Joseph probably passed a nooning hour, or with the pilgrims spent the night in this place. What memories must have come to them of Gideon and his struggle with the Midianites; of Saul and his hosts

on the side of Gilboa, not far away, and especially of the dead boy of the Shunamite whom Elisha brought to life, for here it was the "great woman" in Shunem said to her husband: "Behold, now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, in the wall, and let us set for him there a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick; and it shall be when he cometh to us he shall turn in thither." And it was a good thing for that Shunamite's home that Elisha came. Were there in Mary's thoughts sweet memories of the prophet, and wonderings concerning a gift which she "held under her heart"—God's gift to the world—a greater prophet than any the world had known from Moses to Malachi?



THE TOWER OF JEZREEL.—At Jezreel, now called Zer'in, Joseph and Mary would be reminded of the wicked life of Ahab, the son of Omri, who reigned in Israel 918-897 B. C., and whose contribution to the fund of iniquity exceeded that of all who had preceded him in Israel. They would remember, too, the name and infamy of Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, and the daughter of Ethbaal, the King of the Zidonians; how she established the Phœnician worship in the court of Ahab and built a temple and set apart a grove of Astarte in the neighborhood of Jezreel; how she supported four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal and four hundred prophets of Astarte from her own table. They would remember Elijah and his conflict with the prophets of Baal on Carmel. At Jezreel they could perhaps have seen the very point on Mt. Carmel from

which Ahab left with his chariot, when Elijah sent the message to him to get down from the Mountain. And Elijah said, "Go up, say unto Ahab, prepare thy chariot and get thee down that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in the meanwhile that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain, and Ahab rode and went to Jezreel, and the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel."—I. Kings, xviii: 44-46. To the northwest of Jezreel, and eight miles distant, is the precipitous mountain range which shuts off the view of Nazareth. Four miles to the south is Little Hermon. To the southeast is Mt. Gilboa, while to the west spreads the plain of Esdraelon. The tower shown in our picture is thought to stand on the site of the famous "watch tower in Jezreel."



PLOWING IN PLAINS OF JEZREEL.—Passing through the vast Plain of Esdraelon, which extends across Central Palestine from the River Jordan to the Mediterranean Sea, Joseph and Mary would see the great battle field of Syria. In this plain Deborah and Barak conquered the army of Jabin under Sisera. "And Sisera gathered together all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron, and the people that were with him from Harosheth of the Gentiles unto the river of Kishon. And Deborah said unto Barak: Up, for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand. Is not the Lord gone out before thee? So Barak went down from Mt. Tabor and ten thousand men with him. And the Lord discomfited Sisera and all his chariots and all his hosts with the edge of the sword before Barak, so that Sisera lighted down off his chariot and fled away on his feet."—Judges, iv: 13-16. Here also, on the

southern edge of the plain near Megiddo, Josiah, King of Judah, was defeated and slain by Pharaoh Necho, King of Egypt, on his way to the Euphrates.—II. Kings, xxiii: 29, 30. Here, near Jezreel, was fought the battle between Gideon and the Midianites.—Judges, vi: 1-33. Here the Philistines encamped in their conflict with Saul.—I. Samuel, xxix: 1. Here also, in later years, was the battle between Saladin and the Crusaders, and in 1799 the famous battle of Mt. Tabor between Napoleon's army and the Turks. In the picture we look westward, facing Carmel and the Mediterranean. We were here on the 4th of May, in 1894. Our dragoman asked the people, whom in the picture we see plowing, if they would stop long enough for us to take a photograph. For the usual "Baksheesh" they granted his request.



MILL AT DOTHAN.—In 1863 the writer of this sketch, descending from the hills of Samaria into the valley of Kubatiyeh and thence into Esdraclon, noticed on the uneven plain to the west, a dense forest of olive trees, and beyond it a conical hill. He asked a native boy the name of the hill. Pointing to it with his dark hand, the little fellow said: "Do-tan, Do-tan." Sure enough we had in sight the "Dothan" of the Old Testament. Here stood the town commanding a fine view of the plain. Just below the hill is a fertile valley furnishing the best pasturage of the country. To this place came Joseph's brethren to feed and guard their flocks. And hither Joseph came in quest of them, under his father's command. Here is an ancient well—the

Bir el Hufreh, the "Well of the Pit," and beyond that a second, with a water trough. Tristram says: "Round this well Joseph's brethren possibly sat as we did for breakfast, talking over their bargain with the Midianites." These cisterns "are shaped," says Dr. W. M. Thomson, "like a bottle with a narrow mouth, and it is impossible for one imprisoned to extricate himself without assistance." From one of these deep pits came the plaintive cry of the lad whom his father loved and his brothers hated. With these fertile fields and abundant water we are not surprised to find a mill. And it is a sign of progress in this old land to find a mill run by steam on the borders of Esdraclon and at the base of hill Dothan.



PART OF OUR CARAVAN AT DOTHAN.—Dothan stands near to the main road running southward from Galilee toward Sharon, Philistia and Egypt. The place is five miles southwest of Jenin and about twelve north of Samaria. On this main road armies have marched. It is the route of kings. Here Thothmes and Necho came from the sea coast. Through the ages soldiers came down this famous path from Parthia, Assyria, Persia, Babylonia and Syria. Turks and Crusaders trod this highway. As George Adam Smith says, "There is probably no older road in all the world than that which is used by caravans from the Euphrates to the Nile, through Damascus, Galilee, Esdraelon, the Maritime Plain and Gaza." From the sides of Tell Dothan the brethren of

Joseph could see their father's favorite approaching from the South. And they could see the caravan of Midianites, merchantmen from the East, as they came across the Plain of Esdraelon. Did Joseph and Mary recall the boy of Hebron, his father's love, his brothers' envy and his pitiful fate as they stopped by the road side for rest at noon-day? And, as we linger in the grove, the hill of Dothan rising above us, we hear the echoes of the long centuries—the tread of plodding pilgrims, of invading armies, of merchantmen in caravans, and recall the story of Joseph and the splendid vision granted to Elisha's servant when the army of Syria sought to arrest the prophet.



FENCE AT DOTHAN.—The thorny cactus abounds in Palestine. It forms a most secure fence, growing sometimes to a height of twelve feet. Beyond this wall are fig trees and olive trees, pleasant vines and fragrant flowers. The man in the picture with white head dress and staff held behind him is the dragoman of the photographic company of 1894. We linger at Dothan because, besides the memories of Joseph and his brethren, there is an Old Testament picture which must have been recalled by Mary on her pilgrimage to Bethlehem. The prophet Elisha lived here for a time, and it was to Dothan that the Syrian King sent an army to surround and to capture him. By night they came—"horses and chariots and a great host." And they "compassed the city." In the early morning, when Elisha's servant arose from his bed and

went forth, "behold, a host compassed the city both with horses and chariots." Then the prophet's servant was afraid and he said: "Alas, my master; how shall we do?" And the prophet answered: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed and said: Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—II. Kings, v:13-18. The reality of the invisible realm, of God and His angels, of life immortal, of the protecting influence of heaven in all the struggles and endeavors of earth—these are doctrines which the Man of Galilee came to proclaim to the race of man. These are doctrines which gave strength and comfort to Mary in her pilgrimage from Nazareth to Bethlehem.



FLOCKS NEAR THE PIT INTO WHICH JOSEPH WAS THROWN BY HIS BRETHREN.—Another great name in Jewish history was that of Joseph. He opened the way for Israel in Egypt. Though sent there by the jealousy of his brethren, he never permitted their unnatural iniquity to harden him. He continued to cherish, in the midst of the boundless prosperity which came to him, the most tender affection for his kindred in Canaan. His name, and the noble life for which it stood, would come into the minds of Joseph and Mary as they slowly moved amid the pasture lands of Dothan. They were now close to the spot where the transaction took place which, under God's providence, made Joseph a prince in Egypt and his brethren criminals. Joseph, sent by his father to look

after the welfare of his brethren, was found by a man wandering in the field at Shechem. "And the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren; tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks. And the man said, They are departed hence; for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, Behold this dreamer cometh. Come therefore and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit; and we will say some evil beast has devoured him; and we will see what has become of his dream." —Genesis, xxxvii: 15-20. The flocks are still feeding on the hills of Dothan, and the shepherds watching them are dressed probably in the same costume worn by the sons of Jacob.



PILLARS IN SAMARIA.—Leaving Dothan and pursuing their journey for twelve miles, our pilgrims would reach Samaria, a city not to be confounded with the country by that name. This is a city founded by Omri, King of Israel, the father of Ahab, about the year 925 B. C. Caesar Augustus gave the country to Herod the Great, and he named the city after his royal patron, and called it Sebaste. Herod placed a colony here of six thousand veterans, and made it a powerful fortress. He surrounded it with a strong wall, and reserved in the center of the enclosure a sacred place, in which he built a temple in honor of Augustus. The vast ruins we find here are those of the palace of Herod, and a magnificent Colonnade which has been traced to the extent of three thousand feet. These columns are sixteen feet high and two feet in diameter at the

base. Omri bought this hill from Shemer "for two talents of silver, and built on the hill and called the name of the city which he built after the name of Shemer, owner of the hill, Samaria." It was the chief city of the ten tribes for two centuries, and the seat of idolatry during the whole time. Obadiah and Elisha are said to have been buried here. The city is well watered, and abounds in gardens, olive groves and vineyards. Coming to the foot of the magnificent hill upon which the ruins of the city of Sebaste or Samaria are found, our dragoman left the main road and led us, with all our horses and baggage, through a field of wheat where the stalks were higher than our heads. From the top of the hill we get a splendid view of the Mediterranean Sea.



FALLS OF NABLOUS.—The next place of importance after leaving Samaria on the road from Nazareth to Bethlehem is Nablous, the ancient Shechem. This is seven miles south of Samaria and thirty-four miles north of Jerusalem. The present name, Nablous, is a corruption of Neapolis, a name given to the ancient city of Shechem by Vespasian. The natives call it Nablous because of their inability, it is said, to pronounce the letter p. It stands in the beautiful valley which divides Mt. Ebal from Mt. Gerizim. It is one of the oldest and most interesting cities in Palestine. Here Abraham came "unto the place of Shechem, unto the oaks of Moreh. * * * And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Shechem, unto the plain of Moreh. And the Canaanite was then in the land."—Gen., xii: 6. Here was the scene of the revenge taken

by Simeon and Levi. Here was the parcel of ground bought by Jacob and given as an inheritance to Joseph. "And Jacob came to Shalem, a city of Shechem, which is in the land of Canaan, when he came from Padan-aram: and pitched his tent before the city. And he bought a parcel of a field, where he had spread his tent, at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for a hundred pieces of money; and he erected there an altar and called it El Elohe-Israel."—Gen., xxxiii: 18-20. After the conquest Shechem fell to the lot of Ephraim, but was given to the Levites and became a city of refuge. There is an abundance of water in Shechem, and we found in this beautiful city many views as striking as the one we give in our picture.



GARDEN OF NABLOUS.—The waters from the numerous springs which rise in the town of Nablous unite to form a clear, bright stream which flows westward toward the Mediterranean. Those which rise to the east of the town flow toward the Jordan. There are said to be eighty springs in and about Nablous, each having its special name. The water from these springs is conveyed through channels to the mosques and private residences of the city. The abundance of water causes the whole valley between Ebal and Gerizim to blossom like the rose. This is the paradise of Palestine. Here flourish the olive, the fig, the pomegranate, the orange, the citron, the mulberry, the palm and the almond. It is even said the nightingales sing in the groves. We did not hear any, but we did hear the jackals howl on the slopes of Mt. Ebal. A considerable trade is carried on in wool, cotton, olive oil and soap. We were

informed that there were twenty soap factories in the city. A native of Nablous will sometimes make a gift of soap to a friend accompanied with the statement: "I bring you soap made of the purest olive oil that your face may shine upon me," or "I bring you soap that your heart may be clean towards me." Here it was that Jotham spake his parable of the fruit trees, commencing with, "Hearken to me ye men of Shechem. The trees went forth on a time to anoint a King over them, and they said unto an olive tree reign thou over us," etc.—Judges, ix: 8. Our picture is taken from the foot of Mt. Gerizim, which is seen sloping towards the east. The older city on this site, on which Joseph and Mary looked, has long since passed away. The present city is modern, except some few memorials left by the Crusaders.



MOUNT EBAL.—About half way between Nablous and Jacob's Well, Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim so come together as to form a natural amphitheater. Here it is supposed the children of Israel were gathered when a copy of the law of Moses was written upon the twelve stones in the presence of Israel. "Then Joshua built an altar to the Lord God of Israel in Mount Ebal. * * * * And he wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel. And all Israel, and their elders, and officers and their judges, stood on this side the Ark and on that side, before the priests, the Levites, which bear the Ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger as he that was born among them;

half of them over against Mount Gerizim and half of them over against Mount Ebal; as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel. And afterwards he read all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law."—Joshua, viii : 30-34. The acoustic properties of this valley have been tested, and it is said a man's clear voice uttered in the valley can be distinctly heard across the amphitheater formed here by Ebal and Gerizim. The buildings seen in the picture are the Turkish Barracks, which stand by the roadside to Shechem. We passed here late in the afternoon of May 3d. The wayside in the spring of the year is illuminated with wild flowers.



JERUSALEM FROM SCOPUS.—We have no means of knowing whether Joseph and Mary entered Jerusalem on their way to Bethlehem. They certainly passed in sight of the Holy City. Scopus, from which our view is taken, is to the north on the road from Nazareth to Bethlehem. We will assume that they saw Jerusalem from this point. It was not the same Jerusalem we saw for the last time, as we made our way to the north on May 2d, 1894, but Josephus has left on record a description of the city as it existed in the time of Herod, and it is possible for us to construct in imagination the city of that time. The framework is the same to-day as it was in the year 5 B. C. The same hills are there: Zion, Moriah and Acra. The same valleys are there: Hinnom, Tyropeon and Jehoshphat. The Temple of Herod, which was eighty-three years in building, had been in course of erection for fourteen years. From Scopus

where we are standing they could have seen the ground plan of the temple, within the same enclosure of thirty-five acres, where we now see in the distance the Mosque of Omar.

"The air sublime
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain
'Till underneath them fair Jerusalem
The Holy City lifted high her towers;
And higher yet the glorious temple reared,
Her pile far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster tip't with golden spires."—MILTON.



APPROACHING BETHLEHEM.—Among the hills of Judea stands Bethlehem, about five miles south of Jerusalem, fourteen west of the Dead Sea and thirty-nine east of the Mediterranean. It stands on a projecting spur of limestone belonging to the central range of Palestine, an old town well placed for defense and in a fertile region. “Though too little to be placed among the families of Judah, it is the finest site in the whole province.”—*G. A. Smith.* On the bold eastern end of the ridge it crowns stands the Church and Convent of the nativity. It looks like a great fortress and commands the valley or plain of the shepherds, which runs out towards the mountains of Judea on the east. The hillsides do not frown with cannon, but smile with terraces

adorned with vines and fig trees and the gray olives. A lovely city is old Bethlehem! We sing with an unknown bard the praises of this city of David:

“They speak to me of princely Tyre, that old Phœnician gem,
Great Sidon’s daughter of the North; but I will speak of Bethlehem!
They speak of Rome and Babylon; what can compare with them?
So let them praise their pride and pomp; but I will speak of Bethlehem!
They praise the hundred-gated Thebes, Old Mizraim’s diadem,
The city of the Sand-girt Nile; but I will speak of Bethlehem!”



THE WILD FLOWERS OF JUDEA.—Palestine is a land with most fertile soil. In the spring time, after the blessing of the early rain, it is robed with grasses and flowers. It is a land of terraced hill-sides and was quite sufficient to feed the teeming population of the historic times. It is illuminated in the spring of the year with wild flowers that run up the mountains, climb the valleys, peep from the crevices of the rocks, contest with wheat for standing ground in the fields and seem bent on claiming everything, and occupying with their beauty every square inch of vacant soil. It has been poetically declared that flowers are the alphabet of angels. Flowers in Palestine grace with their blooming radiance most desolate and unseemly places. They almost grow

upon gray and barren boulders. They stand in regiments and platoons in the depths of great gullies which the winter rains wash out. They utilize every spot to advertise to passers-by the great love of the good God for Palestine. Now and then a spare acre of soil is all ablaze with scarlet poppies. Sometimes on the sides of the mountains white blossoms touched with red look like a field of snow on which great drops of blood have fallen. These nurslings of the sky were the companions of our Saviour on earth. They smile in the spring time on the hills of Bethlehem where he was born, they bloom in Gethsemane whence he went to the cross.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.—

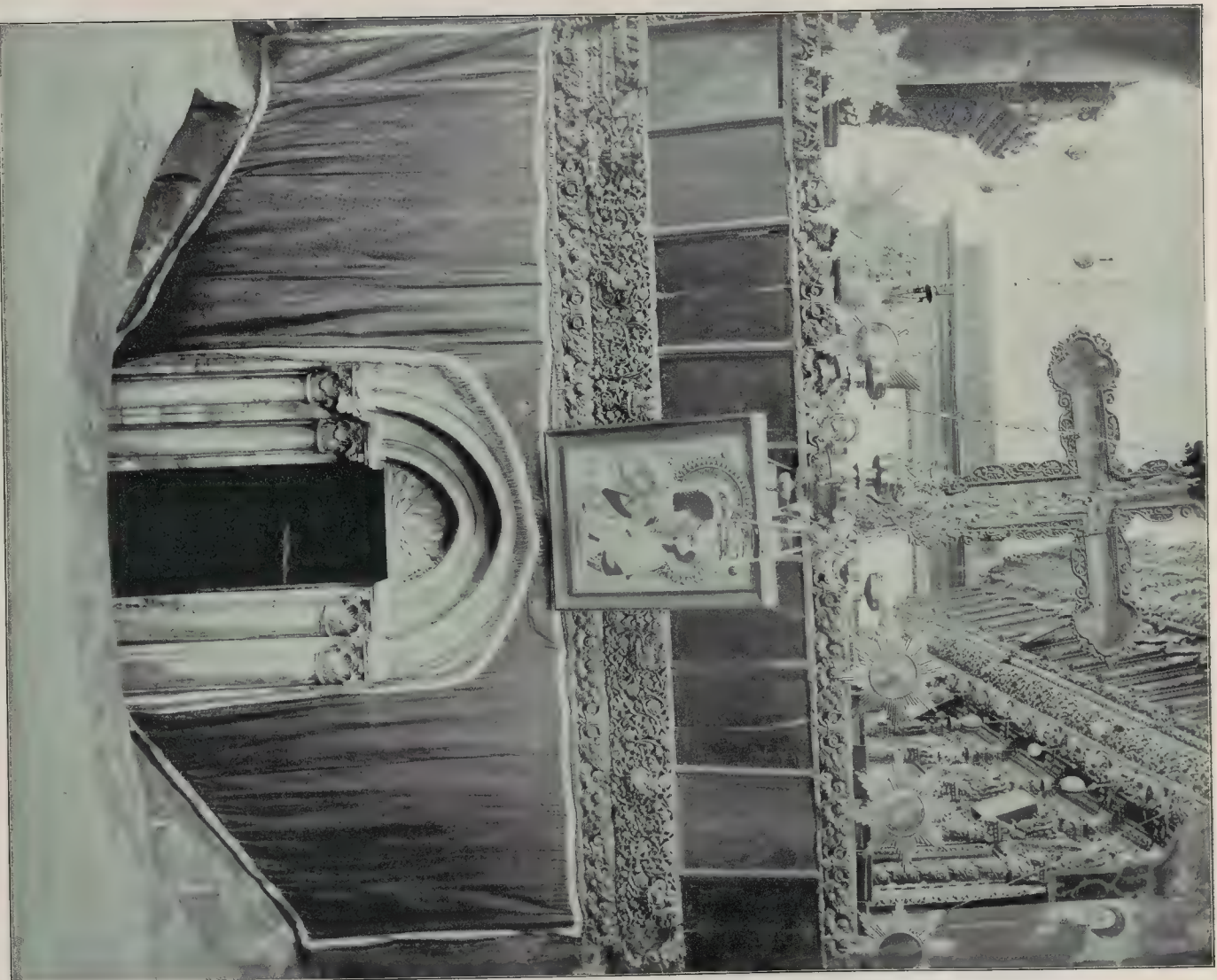
We enter the Church of the Nativity, which is known as the Church of St. Mary. It is situated in the western part of Bethlehem, overlooking a beautiful valley. The church and its neighboring convents seem more like a fortress or a prison than a sanctuary. We enter the church from the west. Its doors are heavy. They stand in an archway of stone not exceeding four feet in height and are very narrow. There was a time, and there have been many times in Palestine, when it was perilous to enter this sacred edifice. The Church of St. Mary is the property of three leading sects—the Greeks, the Latins and the Armenians. It is a very ancient structure, but has undergone many changes and restorations during the centuries of its history. Tradition

carries us back to the third century, and trustworthy tradition finds a church built here by Constantine in the Sixth Century. It is said that the mother of Constantine, the Empress Helena, persuaded her son to erect this building over the spot where the Savior was born. It is built in the shape of a Latin cross. The nave and side aisles are formed by lofty columns of reddish, white-veined limestone. The capitals are Corinthian, and from the base to the top each pillar measures about nineteen feet. There are fragments of ancient mosaics to be found here and there on the walls. In this picture we have an excellent view of the church—plain, simple, stately, ancient, with stone pavements, and beyond the screen we can see the upper part of the cross over the great altar.



THE ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.—The altar on which we now look is very elegant. Its decorations and the lamps which are suspended over and about it are of immense value, and are chiefly the gifts of distinguished folk of kings and queens from various parts of the world. Very naturally the worshippers who hold the sacred right to conduct religious service in this place put great emphasis upon the precise spot of the birth of Christ. We all do this for one reason or another. Some hallow such places through the natural and reasonable habit of connecting event and place, the significance of the one giving a certain charm and a sanctified and interpretative value to the other. Others emphasize place because of a conviction that the place itself has potential value, a sort of a talismanic power not unlike the grace

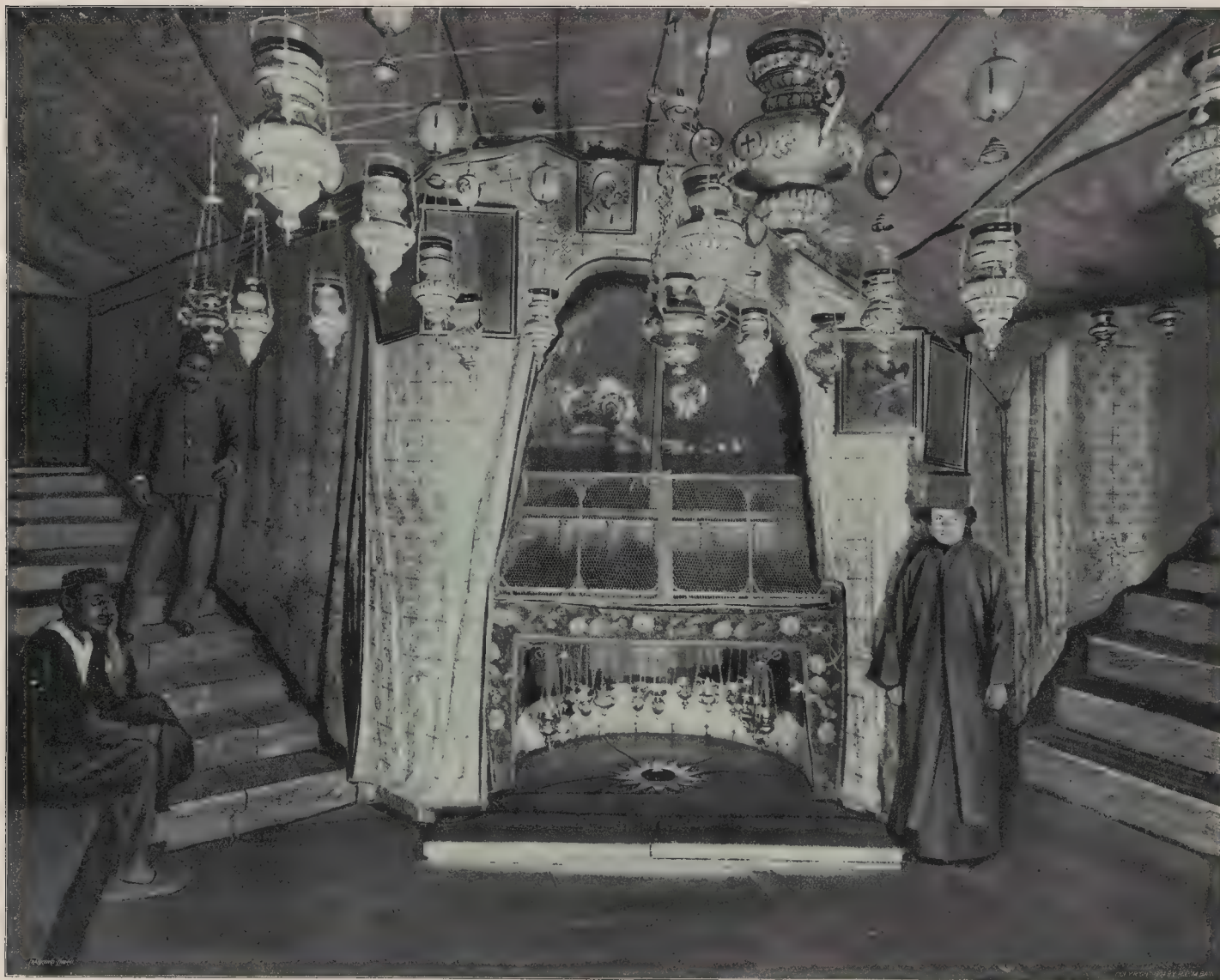
of a sacrament. It is the latter which gives the ritualistic church such an interest in holy places. It is the former which accounts for the interest of the Protestant or Evangelical and Liberal churches. Both love to visit Palestine. One from the supposed benefit of actual contact with a sacred thing or place, the other because of its scientific and sentimental influence. Christ was born in Bethlehem. The devout earnestly believe that it was in the cavern or grotto just under this high altar that this great event took place. Naturally we would expect the birth of Christ to take place at Nazareth, the home of Mary and Joseph, but there was a prophesy of Micah: "But thou O Bethlehem, Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." And here at Bethlehem Christ was born.



ENTRANCE TO GROTO IN THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.—Beneath the high altar of the Church of the Nativity is the grotto in which it was supposed that Christ was born. Two stair cases lead down to the grotto from the other to the Armenians. One of the staircases leads to the Greeks, the other to the Armenians. Christ is supposed to have been born in a stable. Tradition asserts and custom corroborates the assertion that caverns are sometimes used as stables. Therefore, it is not impossible that Christ was born in this or in some other cavern of Bethlehem.

For many reasons many wise men greatly doubt the tradition, but if any pious soul can find comfort in the thought as he enters this place and descending the steps to this grotto feels that he is approaching the precious spot of earth on which Mary rested when the

babe of Bethlehem was born, why should we by argument or speculation disturb his faith? Let us descend the steps. The place is dimly lighted by thirty-two lamps. The crypt is about forty feet long from east to west, twelve feet wide and about ten feet high. What crowds of pilgrims from all parts of the world pass! Unbelievers and sceptics, priests of many churches, tourists who are indifferent to all sacred things as such, but who impelled by curiosity hasten to this sacred center. Treasures are brought from all parts of the world and deposited here. Expensive lamps of silver and gold are suspended and there is constantly a burning of incense. The carving is elaborate. The air is fragrant with odors not most refreshing but somewhat relieved by the fragrance of incense.



THE PLACE OF THE MANGER IN THE GROTTO.—We now stand in the grotto already described. Above us is the altar of the church, before us a recess where fifteen lamps are suspended, six belonging to the Greeks, five to the Armenians and four to the Latins. And in the floor of the recess a silver star is placed in the pavement of which are these words: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est.*" Here let all prejudices for the moment vanish, and let us observe the reverent manner of the worshipers. Whatever else they believe in they believe in Christ, the Babe, the Man, the Deity incarnate. May the world come to acknowledge him as the purest, kindest, broadest, most prudent and most consistent of all her teachers! And let our

doubts vanish as we too pay tribute, not in light or incense, not in gifts of silver and gold, but in love and faith and vows of allegiance to his name, his testament, his commission and his service! This grotto belongs to no sect or denomination, it is the property of the Christian world, so that Christians of every name may come and recall the gift to humanity that here appeared in the form of a child. One of the Sultan's soldiers is constantly on guard in this holy shrine to keep order among God's crude and untrained children. In this passage another altar has been erected in commemoration of the children put to death by the command of Herod. Other passages lead to various caverns. Here is one where Jerome is buried.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR FROM THE SOUTH.—On the eighth day after the birth of Christ the ceremony of circumcision took place, when he received the name of Jesus. Forty days after his birth the family went from Bethlehem to Jerusalem to present him in the temple in accordance with the requirements of the Jewish law. It is probable that the ceremony of the redemption of the first born son and that of the purification of the mother both took place at this time. The first pilgrimage, therefore, of the little wanderer was to Jerusalem—a sleeping babe in his mother's arms. It was a journey of five or six miles. The Mosque of Omar is to-day on the site of the old Jewish Temple. As you look from one of the southern gates of the city you see the dome of the Mosque rise beyond. We shall visit it again and again during our journey in the

East. We shall study the area of thirty-five acres on which the Mosque stands and recall some of the associations in connection with it, for it is here, according to tradition, that Melchisedec offered sacrifice and that Abraham presented Isaac as an offering to God, and here was the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite, and here the Moslems say that their prophet Mohammed prayed, declaring that "a prayer from this spot is worth a thousand prayers elsewhere." It was on this visit of Jesus and Mary and Joseph that they met in the temple that "just man" whose name was Simeon, who taking the infant in his arms praised God and said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation."



THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM.—The Holy Family returned from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. How long they remained at Bethlehem, and how they lived while there, we do not know. It was sometime between this and the day of their departure for Egypt that the Wise Men arrived in Jerusalem from the Far East asking the question which was strange and startling tidings to Herod and to the people of Jerusalem. They came saying: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him." Herod gathered the chief priests and scribes together and learned from them that Bethlehem was to be the birth-place of the Messiah according to the prophet; and he then sent the Wise Men to make further inquiry concerning the child and then to report the result of

their investigation to him. And "when they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." Our view above of the present road to Bethlehem is very fine, as it presents the present appearance of the highway from the Jaffa gate to the gate of Bethlehem. When the writer went from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, in 1863, he was compelled to ride on horseback, there being neither carriage road nor carriage in the land of Palestine. In 1887 we found a broad and smooth macadamized road on which were carriages, and horses, mules and camels, men and women, all making a very busy scene. The picture looks toward the south. We stand just outside the Jaffa gate on the west. Beyond us are the hills of Judea.



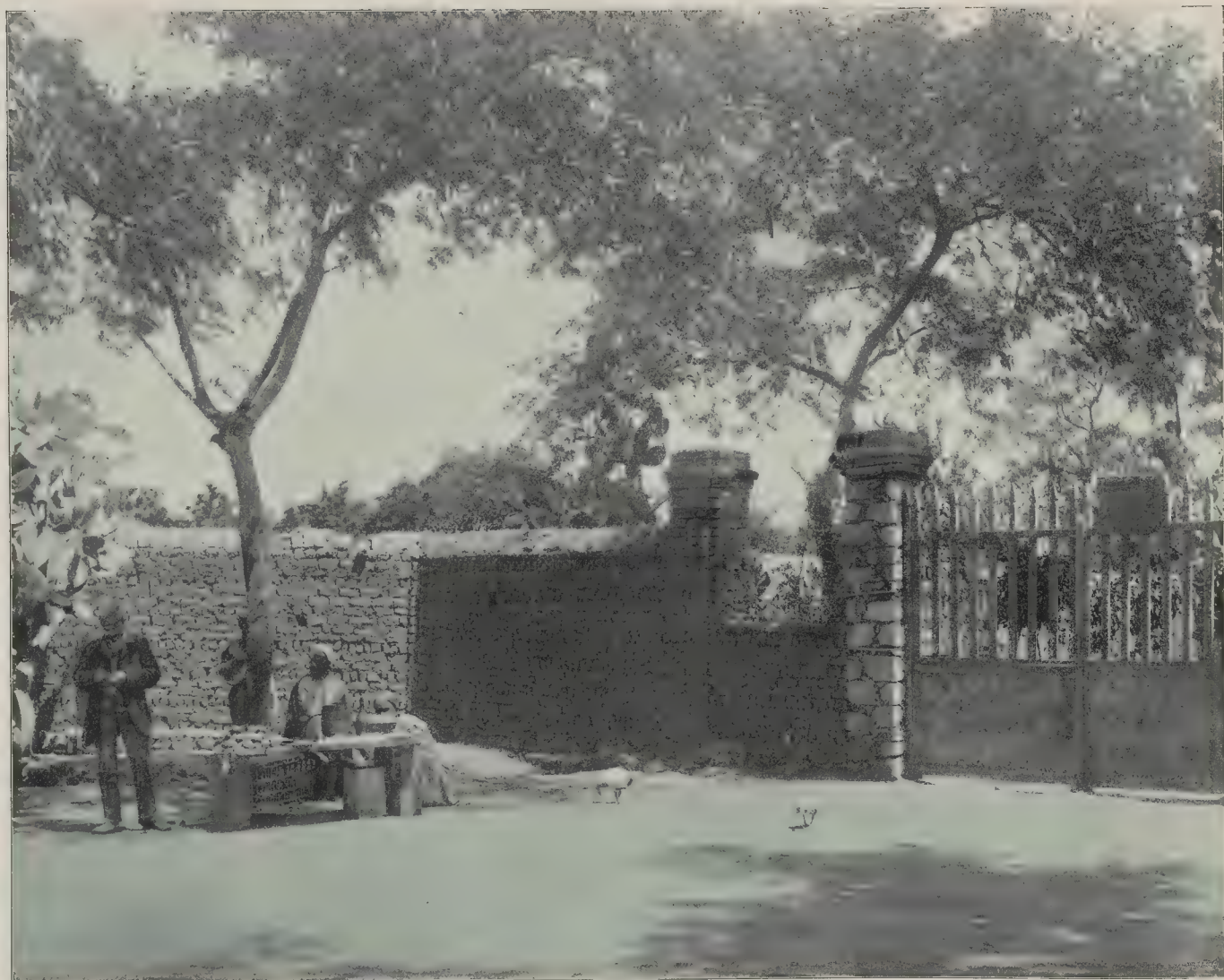
THE TOMB OF RACHEL.—Between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, on the way to Bethlehem, one of the most interesting spots is that made sacred by an incident from the Old Testament. When Jacob was on his return from Padan-Aram with his flocks and family his beloved Rachel, mother of Joseph and Benjamin, died and “was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem, and Jacob set up a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel’s grave unto this day.” This is an almost undisputed site. Jews, Moslems and Christians all agree that here Rachel was entombed. The pillar Jacob set up has long since disappeared, but some mark has marked the spot for thirty-six hundred years. The present square structure, surmounted by a central dome, is modern. It measures twenty-three feet on each side. The height of the wall is twenty

feet and the dome is ten feet high. The eastern chamber is twenty-three feet long by thirteen feet broad. The inner chambers are used by the Jews, who meet here every Friday to pray, and a few years ago Sir Moses Montefiore repaired this building. It was a little later in the history of Jesus that Herod, after the visit of the Wise Men, issued his cruel order demanding the slaying of all the children from two years old and under. The great grief which was caused to the mothers of that region recall the words of the Prophet Jeremiah: “Thus saith the Lord, a voice was heard in Rama, lamentation and bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children because they were not.” The babes of Bethlehem died, but the Babe of Bethlehem lived.



GLIMPSE OF SOLOMON'S POOLS.—From Bethlehem Joseph, Mary and the Babe went to Egypt to escape the cruel decree of Herod. The history of Egypt is interwoven with the Jewish history. Once the Israelites were pilgrims and fugitives from Egypt to Canaan; now the true King of the Israelites, the King of kings, is pilgrim and fugitive from Canaan to Egypt. The holy family probably journeyed southward passing through the narrow valley, as one would do to-day in going to the south-east. On the way he would pass the pools of Solomon, which still remain. They are called by the Arabs El Burak—"The Pools." Near the pools is a large castellated building called *Kulat el Burak*. It stands near the north-west corner of the upper pool. Condor calls these reservoirs "the Great Tanks

near Urtas," and says that though they are commonly called "Solomon's Pools" they are more probably of the same date with the aqueduct passing by them which was constructed by Pontius Pilate." Dr. Robinson speaks of them as the "Vast Reservoirs of El Burak." Dr. Thompson says: "They are worthy of Solomon, and that is the highest commendation I can think of at present. They are certainly immense reservoirs, and all the more impressive in this utter solitude where there are no similar structures with which to compare them or to divide the interest which they inspire." From the life and the lips of the pilgrim Babe, now bound for Egypt, shall one day come rivers of living water to refresh and gladden the nations of the earth!



THE ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN OF THE VIRGIN AT MATARIYEH.—We have at last reached the land of Egypt and are in a garden a few miles to the north-east of Cairo. The Egyptian vegetation is in sight. To the left and over the wall in the front, we see specimens of the cactus. Tradition has associated this place with the visit of the Virgin Mary and the Babe Jesus. We recall the earlier visits of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and can never forget that in this very neighborhood Joseph lived. Concerning the life of Jesus in Egypt, we know nothing, for the Scriptures say nothing. We do not know how long he was here, nor where he lived while here. Tradition locates him and his mother in the neighborhood of On, the old Heliopolis as the Greeks call it. The garden of

Matariyeh once produced balsam—the famous balsam of Gilead. The balsam is not grown here now. It is said that at one time all the plants or trees producing it were removed to Arabia, near Mecca. This region about Matariyeh is very fertile. Cotton grows in this neighborhood; orange groves are not far away; at a short distance is an ostrich farm kept by a Frenchman. A few miles away is the great Cairo with which this suburb is connected by telegraph and telephone. Matariyeh has resounded more than once with the clash of arms and the thunder of cannon. It was here in 1800 that the Turks under the Grand Vizier, with sixty thousand men, met the French under General Kleber, but the Frenchman was too much for the Turk. Near us is the Nile; a few miles away, the Pyramids.



THE TREE OF THE VIRGIN AT MATARIYEH.—There is a curious tradition that the holy family in their flight were pursued even as far as this point by the soldiers of Herod. Unable longer to escape their swift pursuers they approached this tree, when all at once it miraculously opened and into its embrace Joseph, Mary and Jesus were received, the tree at once closing up to protect these servants of the Lord. Others state that it was under this tree that the holy family rested for a time during their journey. It is an old tree, very old and once very handsome, but, old as it is, it is a tree very much too young to have harbored or sheltered the pilgrims from Bethlehem. Tradition and superstition have rendered it an object of general interest, and it has been so damaged by tourists that its

owner has been compelled to surround it by a fence. The ancient name of Matariyeh was "On," in the Greek "Heliopolis," in the Hebrew "Beth-Shemesh," and the word Matariyeh (Ma-ta-ra) means the same as the Hebrew and Greek—the House of the Sun. Here was the Temple of the Sun with its priests and services, where Joseph married Asenath, the daughter of Potiphara. Moses was educated here, and here, later on, Plato was a student, but in course of time vandals from Europe robbed the place and destroyed its beauty. Yet for centuries afterwards it was under priestly protection. There is something very interesting in treading the very land where Moses himself lived as a student and as a royal favorite. Here at Heliopolis were laid the foundations of his learning.



A COFFEE-HOUSE IN THE GARDEN OF THE VIRGIN AT MATARIYEH.—The scene before us is characteristic. Here is the roof of reeds giving welcome shelter from the Egyptian sun. The ground is paved with its delicate mosaic of shade and sunlight. Here stands the laden camel and his Arab driver, and here a dog of the Orient. We have in the little tables and European chairs indications of the European influence. Natives would sit on mats to sip their coffee, smoke their Egyptian pipes, lounge lazily through the heat of the day, and in the shades of the evening indulge in gossip, tell strange stories, like those of the "Arabian Nights," recounting the deeds and eulogizing the prowess of the ancients. Not far away is the River Nile, and one recalls the words of Heber in one of his songs of Egypt:

"'Twas silence all; the sparkling sands along,
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell,
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell."

A lovely land is this land of Egypt. A traveler writes: "The bright and sunny sky of Egypt is in itself an incentive to cheerfulness and pleasure which, combined with the amount of healthy open air exercise necessary to attain the enjoyment of sight-seeing, cannot fail to produce favorable results whenever that is possible. Indeed, in all cases where a dry and bracing air, bright sunshine, freed from rain and atmospheric impurities, are to be desired, the Egyptian winter's climate claims an important, if not the most important, place."



THE OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS.—Where once the immense and magnificent Temple of the Sun stood there are found now a few mounds, the remains of walls and this solitary obelisk, erected from one thousand seven hundred to two thousand four hundred years before Christ in the reign of Usertsen I. It is sixty-two feet four inches high above the level of the ground, sixty-six feet six inches in height above the pavement. These obelisks are expressions of old religious faiths as well as memorials of distinguished men under whose direction they were erected. The obelisks of the Pharaohs are of red granite, called syenite. An unfinished obelisk is even now to be seen in the quarries at syene "still adhering to the native rock with traces of the workmen's tools so clearly seen on its surface that one might suppose they had been suddenly called away and intended soon to return and finish their work." The inscription on the obelisk of Heliopolis is translated as follows:

"The Horus of the Sun, The life for those who are born.
The King of the Upper and Lower land, Kheper-ka-Ra :
The Lord of the Double Crown, The life for those who are born,
The Sun of the Sun-god, Ra, Usertsen ;
The friend of the Spirits of On, ever-living: The golden Horus,
The life for those who are born, The gracious god,
Kheper-ka-Ra, has executed this work
At the beginning of a thirty years' cycle,
He, the dispenser of life for evermore."



THRESHING SCENE AT HELIOPOLIS.—The threshing scene which our picture represents we witnessed between the Garden of the Virgin and the Obelisk of Heliopolis. What a commentary is this upon that vanity of earthly greatness that men should be threshing upon the very site of one of the proudest and most influential cities of ancient times. The *mowraj* is a threshing machine which is drawn over a floor by a yoke of oxen till the grain is separated from the straw, and the straw itself ground into chaff. The Egyptian *mowraj* has rollers which roll over the grain. Circular saws are sometimes attached to the rollers. The picture before us is very interesting: the trees, the grain, the sinister-looking old Egyptians, and that

tall, graceful minaret which rises beyond the trees in the background. The temple that stood at this place was so immense that it is said the staff of priests, custodians, officials and menials necessary to keep it and perform its ceremonies numbered nearly thirteen thousand. Here, too, were kept the sacred trees and animals which the people worshiped; the pale huge bull Mnevis, the lions with glistening skin, and the phoenix, the bird "which after being burnt rises again from its ashes and brings them to Heliopolis at intervals of five hundred years, by which symbol the consolatory hope found expression that all that dies, fades or is extinguished in nature, shall revive to new life, bloom and glory."



THE DRAWER OF WATER FROM THE NILE. — As we see the Bedouins drawing water from the Nile in our picture the nations and people of Egypt have drawn water through all the ages of its prolonged history. Customs do not easily change in the East. Labor is cheap and modern machinery of the labor-saving kind has not to any extent been introduced into Egypt. Merchandise can be transported on the backs of camels more cheaply than by the railway. The cheapest thing in Egypt is human muscle, and until Egyptians are educated to a higher plane of life they will continue to draw water as they have always done. The water is drawn in buckets and is then emptied into little ditches which are cut through the fields. In this way they irrigate the soil. We have here a glimpse of the River Nile,

that long and wonderful river, which coming from what are even yet unknown sources, passes for more than fifteen hundred miles without a single tributary. The Nile means "the blue," "the dark." It is known in the Scriptures as "Sihor" and "the river of Egypt." Its banks are flat and monotonous. It is almost without islands. The valley of the Nile in the deserts immediately flanking it vary in the upper part from four to ten miles, and further south from fourteen to thirty miles. The soil deposited by the Nile averages thirty-three to thirty-eight feet deep in Egypt. "Throughout the whole of Egypt the Nile mud is said to rest on a bed of sea-sand." In the distance, in our picture, we see groves of palm trees, and over all stretches the blue and beautiful sky of Egypt.



THE SPRING OF THE VIRGIN.—Not far from the Tree of the Virgin a spring of fresh water flows from the ground. The water in this region is generally such as has percolated through the soil from the Nile. It is said by some to have a bitter taste. The water, however, from the Spring of the Virgin is excellent, and by means of a wheel turned by oxen it is used to irrigate the garden. This spring is mentioned according to Eber in records of the highest antiquity. It was said, and believed for centuries, that the balsam shrub, the leaves of which Bocardi compared to those of marjoram, could thrive here and nowhere else. It is said that the spring was once salt, but when Mary bathed in it it at once became fresh and sweet. Another tradition says

that the Infant Christ had been bathed in the spring, and that afterwards it was always fresh; another tradition says that the Virgin washed the child's clothes in it, and wherever a drop fell from the drying clothes to the soil a balsam tree sprang up. While all this is myth, it shows how the coming of Christ to the world stimulated the human imagination to all kinds of speculation, but whatever the imagination may suggest, the fact remains that the coming of Christ into this world is sweetening and purifying the fountains of society, and the more the teachings of Christ are accepted by men and applied to the home, the school, the civil government, the loftier and holier and more wholesome becomes the whole social life.



CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL.—The Citadel of Cairo was built by Saladin in A. D. 1166. It was built of stone brought from the small pyramids of Gizeh. It formed a part of Saladin's general plan for protecting the town from assault. In its selection he showed a lack of wisdom, for the citadel is completely commanded by Mount Mokattam. The great ruler chose the spot because of the pure air, since it was found, as a historian reports, that meat could be kept fresh at that high altitude twice as long as anywhere else in Cairo. The citadel itself is a small town with a palace built by Mohammed Ali, the mosque of Mohammed Ali, an older mosque built in the year 718 of the Hegira, and which was long the royal mosque of Cairo. From the

citadel a fine view is to be enjoyed. Just below are the arsenal, the Rumeleh—a beautiful public square, the fine mosque of Sultan Hassan, the numerous minarets of Cairo, the ancient wind mills, the distant pyramids, and the green plain through which the Nile winds toward the sea. Miss Martineau says: "I would entreat any stranger to see this view, especially in the evening before sunset, when the beauty of it is beyond description. The vastness of the city as it lies stretched below surprises every one. It looks a perfect wilderness of flat roofs, cupolas and minarets, with an open space here and there, presenting the complete front of a mosque, gay groups of people and moving camels—a relief to the eye, though so diminished by distance." It is rarely a traveler enjoys a prospect so varied and charming.



THE NILOMETER.—The often repeated saying that, "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," is really true. But for the bounteous gifts bestowed by this river Nile what is now a garden of fertility would be a wilderness of rock or sand. The rains falling in the mountains among which the Nile has its sources, occasion the annual inundation, which begins about the end of June and reaches its highest point at the end of September. It then gradually subsides, and by the end of January the country begins again to dry up. By the inundation a thin coat of mud or slime not more than the twentieth of an inch in thickness is everywhere left after its subsidence. At its height the natives stay in their houses on the highest lands, travel on the dikes or swim across from point to point. When it subsides the farmer makes

haste to scatter his seed on the oozy, half-liquid mud. He literally "sows his bread upon the waters." Thus it requires neither plow nor harrow. Pigs and goats tread it into the land thus covered deep with Nile mud. The failure of the inundation brings great distress. Fearful droughts ensue. An excessive inundation causes such a flood as to sweep away the mounds of protection which are built here and there, drown cattle, imperil human life and spread desolation over the land. It is a case, in which the people have "too much of a good thing." The Nilometer is the measure by which the annual rise of the river is known. This Nilometer is situated at the southern extremity of the island of Rhoda opposite old Cairo.



THE ISLAND RHODA (RODA).—The island of Rhoda is in the Nile almost due west from the citadel, the south end of the island being opposite Gizeh, which is on the west bank of the river. We cross on a ferry boat from Cairo to Rhoda in order to visit a pleasant garden. The walks are paved with round pebble mosaics. There are in the garden low walls, arbors, climbing vines, orange, lemon, banana, lime and palm trees, and a variety of flowers. Near the north end of the island stands a holy tree filled with votive offerings, chiefly old rags, putting one in mind of the hanging moss we find on the trees in our southern forests, albeit the latter has advantage in point of grace and beauty over the decorated *nebek* tree of Rhoda. This tree is a miracle-

working tree. The superstitions connected with it require the patient to offer to Saint Mandura—the patron saint of this remarkable growth—the cloth enveloping the affected limb, then encircle the tree seven times, pluck off two leaves and tie them on the affected parts with another cloth. One thing is very certain the airing thus given the rags is a good thing for them. There is another Rhoda (Roda), a station on the Nile railway one hundred and eighty miles south of Cairo, but the little island in the Nile on the edge of the great city is a quiet retreat from the stir and excitement of life in the capital, and here one can meditate on the long history of the land and its people from earliest days to the busy present. Voices come from all the centuries to the pilgrim who sits in the garden of Rhoda.



RAWING WATER.—Egypt has a soil of sand, and as we have already said, depends on the annual overflow of the Nile for its fertility. In the dry season, to supply gardens and fields with water, pumps of various sorts are used. The “Shadoof” is a very ancient invention for raising water. It consists of “two posts about five feet high and three feet apart, connected at the top by a horizontal bar; across this is a branch of a tree having at one end a weight composed of mud, and at the other suspended to it by two palm sticks, a bucket made of basket work or matting or of a hoop with wooden stuf or leather.” One man may work this machine and lift water as much as six or eight feet by it. He may keep on the whole day bowing and rising as he works, doing it all in graceful fashion.

The “Sakeyeh” is another pumping arrangement. It is made of jars or pots fastened on a wheel which is sometimes twenty or even twenty-five feet in diameter. Around its circumference are attached earthen pots or jars by a system of cogs. The great wheel is kept turning by connections which are made with a horizontal wheel which cattle or horses keep in motion. In the picture we see to the right the wheel with its jars, and to the left is a buffalo or cow treading about the circle. In this way the gardens are supplied with water. The thirsty land during a part of the year has great need of this service, and most delightfully does the soil respond to the labor of the water-drawer by Shadoof and Sakeyeh—in flowers and soil, in shrub and grain.



GRAIN BOATS ON THE NILE.—“Agriculture is the foundation of Egyptian civilization.” The fertility of the soil is literally exhaustless owing to the ever recurring miracle wrought by the inundation of the Nile. In consequence of this, abundant harvests are produced with the outlay of but little skill or cleverness on the part of the agriculturists. Next to wheat the harvest of maize is the most important of the Egyptian cereals. It is said that twenty-four millions of bushels of the two grains are produced annually. Rye, barley and rice are also raised in great quantities. The Nile is not only the great fertilizer but also serves for the highway for the carrying of all kinds of grain to the market. It is difficult to find a word in the language meaning

“travel.” The terms the natives use signify “to go up stream” or to “go down stream.” The boats used for carrying freight are built with a narrow keel, the stern and prow, as in ancient time, rising high above the water. They are usually managed by three or four men and carry what is known as the lateen sail. This is a large triangular sail much used in the Mediterranean. The upper edge is fastened to the lateen yard, a spar of considerable length, which is held at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the deck by means of a mast crossing it a third of a way up. In Joseph’s day Egypt was the great granary of the world, “and still” says Dr. Thomson, “when the crops fail through drought or other causes the people of southern Palestine go down to Egypt to buy corn.” Genesis, xlii:2.



APPROACH TO THE NILE BRIDGE.—In the olden time, as in 1863, when the writer first visited Egypt, the passage of the Nile was made by a small ferry boat in company with horses, donkies, peddlers, farmers, beggars, tourists—a motley crowd. Now, one may cross on the bridge *Kasar en-Nil*. It is a bridge of iron one thousand two hundred and sixty feet long and has strong stone buttresses. It is a comfortable thing in these days to take a carriage instead of a donkey, in Cairo, to cross the bridge instead of a ferry and to enjoy an unbroken ride over a smooth, finely macadamized road under the shade of acacia trees to the foot of the ridge on which the pyramids stand. We went in 1863 on a donkey over a narrow tortuous path, and what

required several hours at that time may now be accomplished in about an hour and a half. It is sometimes the case that the bridge is swung open for two hours at the time for the passage of boats, and it behooves the tourist to watch the right time for leaving his hotel for the pyramid excursion. There is in the picture above, a touch of the ancient orient, palm trees, donkies with their drivers, or carts and riders, the long robes and the white head-gear of the natives. Two high towers stand at the opening of the bridge, on each of which is a lion couchant. In these days the natives, we have no doubt, think that these images represent the British lion which keeps careful watch over everything pertaining to modern Egypt. Once across the bridge we turn into the broad and beautiful Pyramid road.



THE ROAD TO THE PYRAMIDS.—Having crossed the Nile we enter the fine macadamized road shaded by straight acacia trees a road far superior to the narrow, crooked and dusty path-way of the past. Leaving the city early, one meets the market folk coming from the country, veiled women, baskets on their heads, donkeys and carts laden with green stuff plodding patiently along, camels bearing loads of fresh cut clover, and racing, yelling boys every once in a while calling out “backsheesh” or giving mock salutes to the travelers from the West. “Nothing could be lovelier” says Bayard Taylor, “than the immense grain wheat lands stretching away to the Lybian desert bounded on the south by thick fringes of palm; the wind blowing over them came to us

sweet with the odor of white clover blossoms, the larks sang in the air, snowy ibises stood pensively on the edge of sparkling pools. In the east the citadel mosque stretches its two minarets like taper figures averting the evil eye, and in front of us the Pyramids seem to mock all the later power of the world.” Travelers often confess to a feeling of disappointment as they approach the pyramids. They seem so vast at a distance, and so much reduced in size as one comes near them. A writer says: “I found the best way of getting an impressive idea of the enormous magnitude of these pyramids, was to place myself in the center of one side and look up. The eye thus travels over all the courses of stone from the bottom to the apex which appears literally to pierce the blue vault above.”



THE SPHINX.—What is the Sphinx? It is the body of a lion couchant, with the head of a man—"a symbol of animal power and of human intellect." The whole figure was typical of kingly royalty and set forth the power and wisdom of the Egyptian monarch. One traveler describes the present appearance of the great Sphinx as, "a ball of stone rising on a neck some forty feet above the sand." Miss Edwards says, "the sphinx is purely an Egyptian monster and of immemorial antiquity. The great sphinx of Gizeh is probably the oldest monument in Egypt. There are thousands of sphinxes in Egypt of various sizes, but the great Sphinx is this one at the base of the pyramids. It is carved out of the summit of the original rock from

which it has never been separated. Its body is over one hundred feet long; its head is thirty feet long and fourteen in width; the marks of paint still remain on the face—on the eye-brows and on the right cheek. The face is much mutilated; the body is hidden by drifting sands of the desert; the paws project some fifty feet and in the space between was an altar for sacrificial purposes." While some assert with Miss Edwards and others that the Sphinx is much older than the pyramids, it is attributed by some good authorities to the XIII dynasty which would give it "an origin old enough but a third less than the pyramids." It seems to "spring directly out of the ground." One does not wonder that the Arabs call the Sphinx "the father of horror."



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX.—The Sphinx was in all probability an object of worship. From that altar between his paws the smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils now vanished from the face. "The ancient Egyptians called him 'Neb,' 'Lord,' a name generally applied to the gods in their popular pantheon, but specially to the Sphinx alone." Dean Stanley writes this fine passage concerning the Sphinx: "And for what purpose was this sphinx of sphinxes called into being, as much greater than all other sphinxes as the pyramids are greater than all other temples and tombs? If, as is likely, he lay couched at the entrance now deep in the sand of the vast approach to the second, that is the central pyramid, so as to form an essential part of this immense group;

still more if, as seems possible, there was once intended to be a brother sphinx on the northern side as on the southern side of the approach its situation and significance were worthy of its grandeur, and if further the Sphinx was the giant representative of royalty then it fitly guards the greatest of royal sepulchres and with its half human, half animal form is the best welcome and the best farewell to the history and religion of Egypt." It is still a mystery. The riddle of the Sphinx is the question as to the reason of his being, the significance of his form and position. The explorers of these venerable structures—the temples and obelisks, the tombs and pyramids are as likely to differ as are all other students of archaeology.



TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX.—One Egyptologist boldly asserts that “the substructions before the Sphinx are miscalled the Temple of the Sphinx. It is not a temple; it may be a mastaba or votive offering, it looks most like a tomb.” The constructions are of plain and polished alabaster and red granite, laid with simplicity. There are four courts, rows of pillars, three principal chambers and dark recesses and a well. The chambers contain niches for the placing of mummies, and at the bottom of the well were found three statues of King Kaffra, one of which is the famous portrait statue in the Gizeh Museum, and one is justified in believing that there remain in this vicinity immense quantities of mummies and ancient treasures. It is the opinion of Miss

Edwards that here lies the necropolis of the kings of the first and second dynasties buried underneath a hundred feet of sand. The interpretation given to the Sphinx by M. J. De Rougé is to the effect that it is entirely mythological, representing a transformation of Horus, who, in order to vanquish (Seth) Typhon, took the shape of a human-headed lion. Horus, avenger of Osiris, looks to the east, waiting the return of his father from the other world, and so he “gazed on with calm, eternal eye,” on the day that Joseph and Mary and Jesus came into Egypt. Did the marvel colossus, looking from his ancient resting place on the edge of the desert, see the rising of the sun of righteousness as the babe of Bethlehem came out of the deserts which lie between the Nile and the Jordan?



THE GREAT PYRAMID OF EGYPT.—Though accounted in olden times as one of the seven wonders of the world this pyramid belongs to a large family of architectural structures, seventy in number, and of different sizes. The word pyramid, it is said, means "lofty." The first Egyptian monuments which bear the names of their founder date back to three thousand and ninety-one and three thousand and sixty-seven B. C. Pyramids were built down to the time of the twelfth dynasty, B. C., two thousand and three hundred. The architecture of Egypt contains in obelisks and tombs the pyramidal lines. Strabo says, "If you go forty stadia from the city (Memphis) you come to a hill on which stand many pyramids, the burial places of kings." Pliny speaks slightly of the pyramids as "an idle and foolish display by the kings of

their wealth," and Masudi, an Arabian historian says that "they were built three hundred years before the flood in consequence of the interpretation of a dream which preceded the deluge." According to this historian an ancient king built them to preserve his records from destruction. Small models of pyramids with devotional inscriptions have been found in Egyptian tombs. On the eastern side of each of the three great pyramids, and of some of less importance are temples. They have been variously accounted for by students who have come under the spell of their mystery; to some they are temples, to others granaries; some make them observatories for astronomical uses, but Egyptologists generally believe that they are simply tombs.



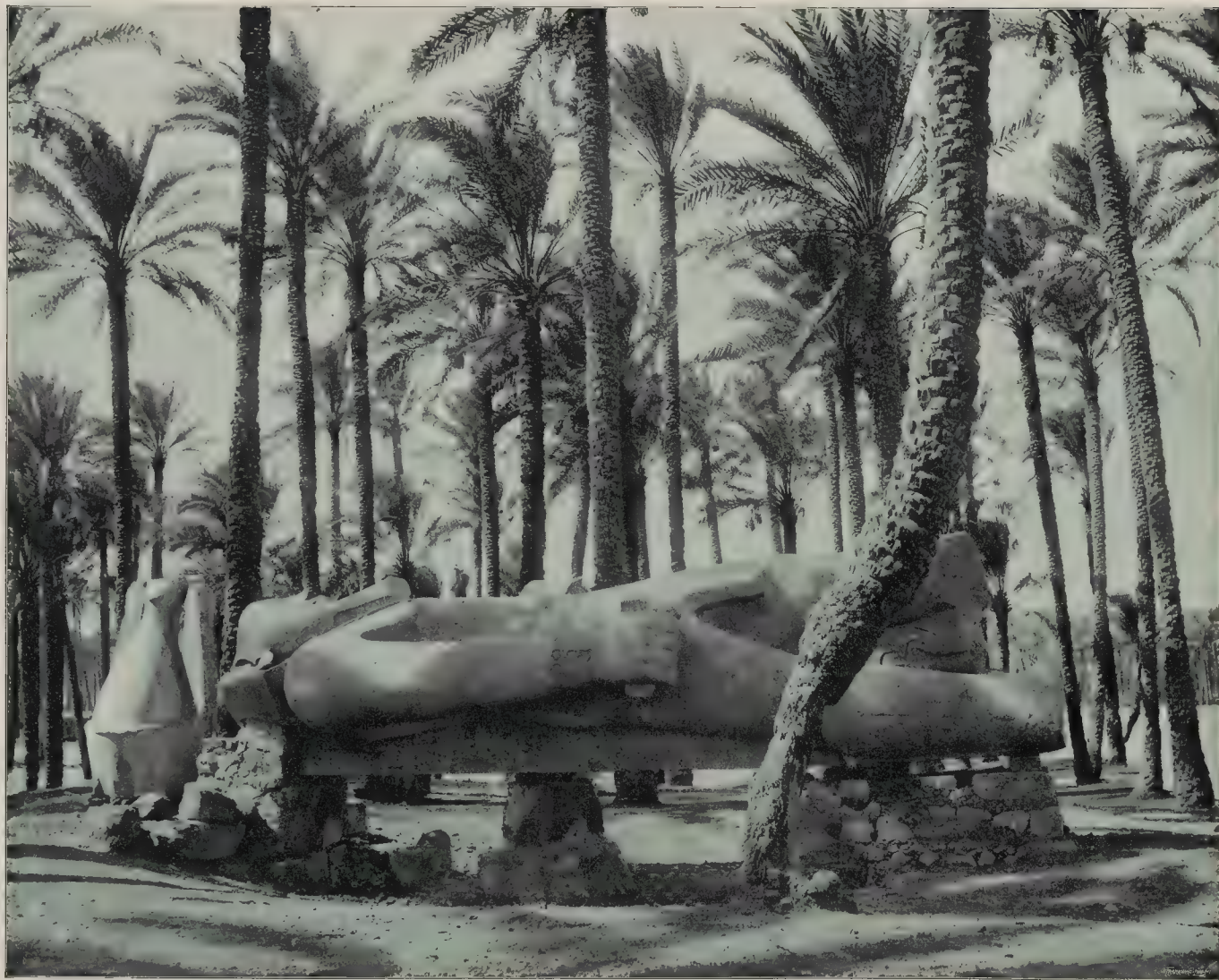
THE KING'S CHAMBER.—The dimensions of the pyramid of Cheops—the great pyramid—have been variously estimated, but the most accurate measurements ever published were made by Mr. Petree in 1880-2. The original height he claims was four hundred and eighty-one feet four inches, the actual present height is four hundred and fifty-one feet. The area of the original base was a little more than thirteen acres, and its solid contents have been calculated at eighty-five million cubic feet. The pyramid itself has lost its fine cutting of closely jointed and polished stone and one now climbs as on a huge stairway from base to the summit. The ascent is difficult and requires the assistance of two or three Arabs who pull and push and prop as the exigencies of the ascent demand. One's head grows dizzy if he looks down too much, but from the summit

the prospect rewards him for all annoyance, fatigue and alarm. The interior of the pyramid has not yet been fully explored, but there is in the heart of it a dark room known as the King's Chamber. The principal apartment, as far as yet explored, is thirty-four feet six inches long, seventeen feet two inches wide and nineteen feet one inch high; the floor is one hundred and forty-one feet from the base of the pyramid. The chamber is lined with granite and roofed with nine enormous slabs of granite, eighteen and a half feet in length so closely fitted that it is said, "the edge of a pen-knife can not be inserted between them." It contains an empty and broken sarcophagus of granite on which there is no inscription, but which undoubtedly contained the body of the king who built it. The chamber was centuries ago robbed of its precious contents.



THE SITE OF ANCIENT MEMPHIS.—McCauley's picture of the stranger on London Bridge wondering at the ruins of the famous English capitol, is not so tragic as the reality which saddens the pilgrim as he travels over the site of ancient Memphis. It was a royal residence of unusual splendor and center of power for the Pharaohs of the sixth dynasty. It was an old capital of Egypt. It was founded four thousand years before Christ, and survived the rule of Persian, of Greek and of Roman. There was the great temple, "The House of Ptah." There was the great temple, the "Iseum," consecrated to the worship of Isis; there was the Temple of the Apis; there, too, was the "white wall," built of calcareous stone, on which stood the citadel and many of the principal buildings of the old capital. To-day it is an utter desolation.

Nothing now remains above ground but mounds, and these overgrown with palm trees. In the building of old Cairo Memphis was used as a quarry, and nothing is left to show its former splendor but that long stretch of pyramids for miles along the Lybian Ridge showing what a powerful city it was, and what is yet to be found when the archaeologist with pick and spade goes to work, no one can surmise. Miss Edwards emphasizes this thought: "If you but stamp your foot upon the sand you know that it probably awakens an echo in some dark hall or corridor untrod of man for three or four thousand years. The mummied generations are everywhere—in the bowels of the mountains, in the face of the cliffs, in the rock-cut labyrinths which underlie the surface of the desert."



STATUE OF RAMESES II.—There are two statues of Rameses II. between the Nile and the Necropolis of Memphis. The larger one is prostrate and surrounded by walls. Steps are provided by which the walls are ascended, and a temporary framework is built above them, and across them, upon which persons may stand and look down upon the colossal statue. Our view is of the smaller of the statues. This one is broken at the feet and part of the cap is wanting. Rameses II. was frequently called the Pharaoh of the Oppression. This is probably not correct. He was, however, "the new king who knew not Joseph." He now lies in limestone, prostrate amid the ruins of the city he helped to enrich and adorn. The first in her glory, he is the last in her desolation. Bleached

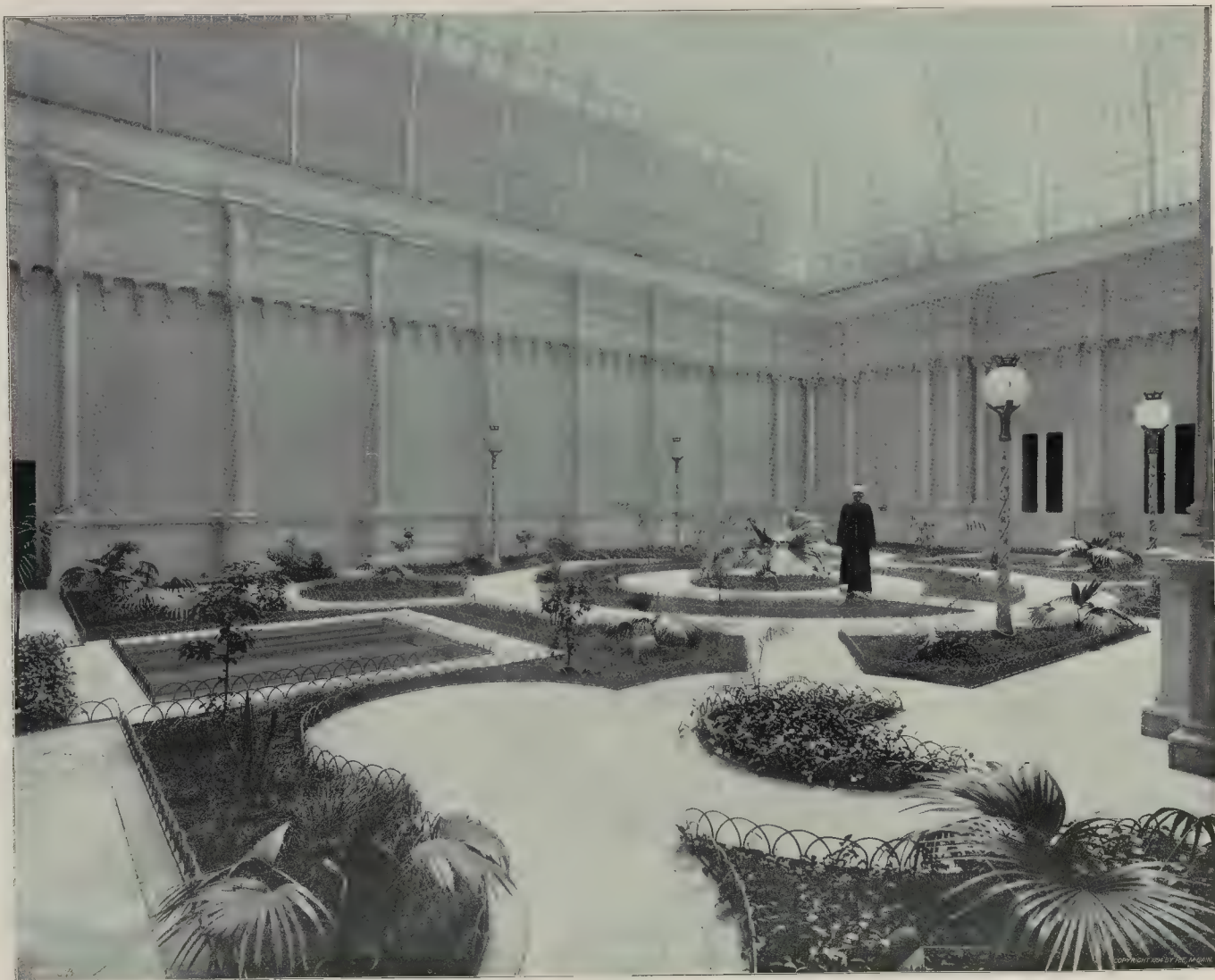
with the sun of thirty centuries he now lies looking into the deep eastern heavens. His companions were once the proud courtiers of a prodigal court, his companions now are the jackals, whose weird howl lends a melancholy interest to the solemn moan of the palms, the only sentinels left to guard the proud Egyptian king. The very name of Rameses once struck terror to the hearts of men; he is so quiet and harmless now, in the stone expression he has left of himself, that the lizards may play hide and seek on the surface of his vast face. The tall rank weeds grow about his mighty form and may lean their dying heads upon his cold and bloodless bosom. A tradition is repeated that Joseph and Mary spent a part of their sojourn in Egypt, at Memphis.



GARDEN OF GIZEH MUSEUM.—The Khedivial collection of Egyptian antiquities was formerly exhibited in the Museum at Bûlâk, but it now occupies a large number of rooms in the Palace at Gizeh. This priceless collection which gives us a better idea of the splendor of ancient Egyptian civilization than can be obtained elsewhere, was opened to the public in the Palace at Gizeh by H. H. the Khedive on January 12, 1890. Our view is of a scene in the garden surrounding the Museum. The walks through this magnificent garden are paved with a Mosaic of round pebbles obtained from the desert. As can be seen in the walk bordering the lakelet in the picture, these pebbles are arranged in the most exquisite designs. Flowers flourish in Egypt all the year round, and Cairene gardens are the admiration of all who visit this Oriental City. An Egyptian poet of the thirteenth century, translated by E. H. Palmer, thus sings of the Gardens of Cairo:

"I took my pleasure in a garden bright—
Ah ! that our happiest hours so quickly pass ;
That time should be so rapid in its flight ;
Therein my soul accomplished her delight,
And life was fresher than the green young grass.
There raindrops trickle through the warm, still air,
The cloud-born firstlings of the summer skies ;
Full oft I stroll in early morning there,
When, like a pearl upon a bosom fair,
The glistening dewdrop on the sapling lies."

The flowers bloomed about the infant Jesus when he was in Egypt just as we see them bloom to-day. An Egyptian poet of the time of Pharaoh the Oppressor, speaks of the meadows verdant with herbage, and of the bowers full of blooming garlands.



GARDEN IN SECOND STORY OF MUSEUM. —The Palace of Gizeh was built by Ismail Pasha, son of the celebrated General Ibrahim Pasha, at a cost of £5,000,000 sterling or \$25,000,000, and constituted one of his residences in Egypt. This Ismail Pasha having a firman from the Porte giving him the right to coin money and take loans, put upon the Egyptian government the enormous debt of \$500,000,000. He built canals, streets, railways, manufactories, created a postal and telegraph organization, and took part in the gigantic work of the Suez Canal. He sought to reproduce in modern times the splendor of the ancient Pharaohs. But the people groaned under the burden of debt, and the powers at Constantinople deposed him, and turned his landed properties and residences over to the government. In this way the government came into possession of the Palace of Gizeh, and turned it into a National Museum. This

garden in the second story is known as the Harem Garden. It is a beautiful place. Through the round glass-covered roof above the soft clear light of the Egyptian sun comes to give health to the flowers, and to illuminate the garden in the day time, while lamps on decorated posts are set around to light up the place at night.

"There the young flowerets with sweet perfume blow,
There feathery palms their pendant clusters hold,
Like foxes brushes waving to and fro;
There every evening comes the afterglow,
Tipping the leaflets with its liquid gold."

When Joseph and Mary were in Egypt, the government was in the hands of the Romans. Nearly two thousand years afterward the government is practically in the hands of the English, whose civilization has been created by the life of Jesus Christ.



MUMMIES OF PRIESTS.

"Cased in cedar and wrapped in a sacred gloom,

Swathed in linen and precious unguent oils;

Silent they rest in solemn salvatory.

Even with his name on his breast."

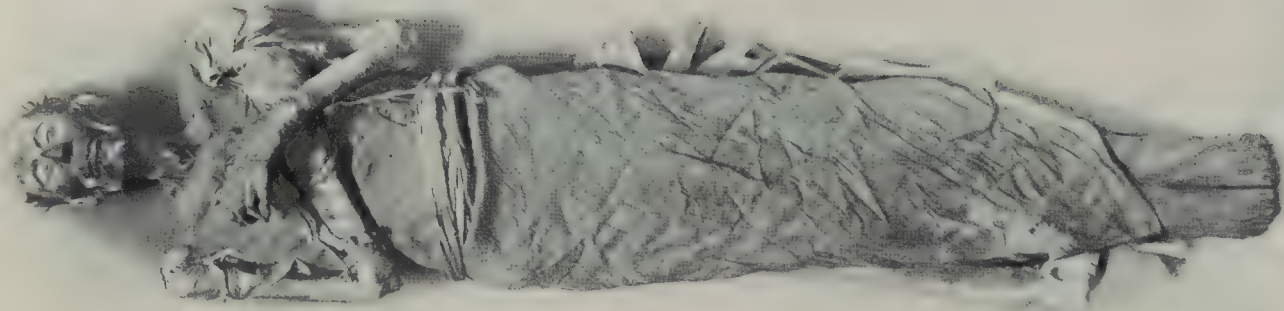
It has been well said that "Egypt is a façade of an immense sepulchre." During a period of between four and five thousand years the vast population of the Nile valley continued to embalm and secrete their dead, interring them according to the customs of successive epochs. Statues, weapons, amulets, jewels, furniture, food and even written documents on papyrus, leather and linen. According to Egyptian belief, every human being consisted of three distinct parts which during the life time were closely united: First, the body; second, the "sahu" or soul;

and third, the "khu," an emanation of the divine intelligence. At death these elements may be separated but remained intact as to quantity and quality. In due course of time the "sahu" might return to the mummy. The "khu" must undergo a period of purification in the regions of the blessed and finally with the "sahu" be reunited to the dead body which its mummification had preserved from decay. "The valley of the Nile," says Miss Edward, "is the great museum of which the contents are perhaps one-third or one-fourth part only above ground. The rest is all below waiting to be discovered." Numberless mummies have been taken from the mounds. The priests of the old days lie silently waiting the solution of the great mystery which they represented—grim figures "sealed from the moth and the owl and the flitter mouse."



HALL OF THE ROYAL MUMMIES IN THE GIZEH MUSEUM.—"Here the dead lift up their voice and tell the tale of their whole life."—*Renan*. In this museum at Gizeh, once at Bâlak, one may trace the history of Egypt back to the times of the ancient kings. The Hall of the Royal Mummies contains the valuable find at Derel-Bahri (Thebes), July 5, 1881, by M. Mariette-Bey. Cases of great size were found formed of countless layers of linen cloth tightly pressed and glued together, and then covered with a thin coating of stucco. This mass of linen is fully as hard as wood, and is adorned with painted and incised ornaments and inscriptions. The principal representatives found either as mummies, or represented by their mummy cases, include a king and queen of the seventeenth dynasty, five kings and four queens of the

eighteenth dynasty, and three successive kings of the nineteenth dynasty, namely: *Rameses the Great*, his father and his grandfather. The twentieth dynasty is not represented, but belonging to the twenty-first dynasty of royal priests are four queens, two kings and princes and a princess. All the royal mummies, twenty-nine in number, are now lying in state in the Gizeh Museum, "arranged side by side, a solemn assembly of kings, queens, royal priests, princes, princesses and nobles of the people." Among the group are the mummied remains of the greatest royal builders, the most renowned warriors and the mightiest monarchs of ancient Egypt. They speak to us of the military glory and the architectural splendor of that marvelous country of thirty-five centuries ago.



RAMESES II., OR RAMESES THE GREAT.—

What a marvel is the simple fact that Ramesses is here before us in full view after all these centuries. Here is the form of a dead king photographed three thousand years after his death.

The writer, in the spring of 1887, in Bââk Museum, in Cairo, saw this mummy and looked for a long time on the features here photographed. In 1881, near Thebes, in Upper Egypt, a wonderful collection of royal mummies was found. These mummies represent four ancient dynasties, covering a period of four hundred years. It was during their time that the Israelites were oppressed in Egypt and were delivered by Moses. The bodies of these kings were identified beyond doubt, and the most important of them is that of Ramesses II., or Ramesses the Great—the

most powerful of all the Pharaohs. He was the third king of the nineteenth dynasty, surpassed by none of the ancient kings of Egypt unless it be by Thothmes III. "the Alexander the Great of Egyptian history," who lived one hundred and fifty or two hundred years before Ramesses the Great. The father of Ramesses II. was Seti I. His body is also in Cairo. Ramesses II. was a great warrior, the builder of the "treasure cities" on which the Israelites worked (Exodus, i:2), "the new king who knew not Joseph." He built temples, obelisks and cities. He was great, but egotistical and vain. He erased his father's name from many monuments that his own might be placed there. He vaunted himself as a god. He introduced polygamy into Egypt. He was brave, but boasted excessively of his bravery. With it all he was a selfish tyrant. Look at him.



TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS.—Most of the tombs of the Caliphs were built according to well-preserved inscriptions, in the time of the Mameluke princes, who succeeded the Bahrite rulers, and were known as the Circassian Sultans. These tombs extend along the east side of the city of Cairo. Each formerly had an endowment and a staff of shekhs and attendants, who with their families, lived near them. About the beginning of the present century, the properties belonging to these tombs were confiscated, while the families who made their means of subsistence attending to them, were left without employment. The tombs are now falling into decay, and the descendants of the shekhs and attendants, who once kept them, continue to live amid the ruins. It is

a strange fact in history that Egypt, where our Savior spent the first months of his existence, where the gospel was early introduced by the preaching of St. Mark and others, should have received Mohammedanism by the aid of Christians. When, in 638 Amr invaded Egypt from Syria, it was the Copts, a body of Christians, who helped him to overcome the orthodox Greeks at Faramah. Bishop Benjamin, of Alexandria, himself, because of his hostility to the Greek Christians, encouraged the Copts to assist the Mohammedans in driving them from the country. And now, for 1256 years, the land of Moses and of Joseph, the land of the sojourn of the infant Jesus, has been in the hands of a people holding a creed utterly inimical to the gospel of love Christ came to bring to the world.



TOMB OF SULTAN BARKÛK.—To the east of the city of Cairo, beyond the citadel, are the tombs of the Mamelukes. Prominent among these is the Tomb-Mosque of Sultan Barkûk with its superb dome and graceful minarets. Under the north dome are the tombs of the male, and under the south dome those of the female, members of the family. There is a fine architrave of alabaster over the old entrance at the north-west angle, now closed. The vestibule of the south façade is a fine star-shaped dome. In the great quadrangle is a beautiful fountain for ablution. A black stone found here (ironstone) when rubbed on granite under water, is thought to communicate sanatory properties to the discolored waters. Near the tomb is a column

full of inscriptions. Its height represents the height of the Sultan himself. Barkûk was a Circassian slave, who raised himself to the throne in 1382 by setting aside Haggi, a boy of six years and great grandson of Mohammed en-Nasir. Barkûk was the first of the Circassian Mameluke kings. At first his reign was anything but peaceful. His bold intrigues and treachery so exasperated the Emirs that they conspired against him and finally dethroned him in 1389. But he was soon restored. He reigned from 1382 to 1399, and that he might not be forgotten, erected this costly and beautiful tomb-mosque, thus carrying out the injunction laid upon a pious man "to build his tomb on a pure place on which no man had built a tomb; and to also build his tomb of new material and take no man's possession."



TOMBS OF THE MAMELUKES.—The word Mameluke means "slave." They were purchased by the old Sultans and received military training for the purpose of forming a body guard and thus the nucleus of an army. The lust of power grew

in them and learning that in union there is strength, they placed Melik es-Saleh on the throne, thinking that they could without difficulty govern him, but when the new sultan found himself sufficiently well established he dismissed the Mamelukes from his service and formed a new body guard of the Bahrite Mamelukes. The new guards, however, soon succeeded in getting almost supreme power. Melik es-Saleh, the founder of the Mameluke dynasty, reigned from 1240 to 1249. Beyond the citadel the tombs extended along the eastern side of the city of Cairo

are known as the "Tombs of the Mamelukes." The ruins of these tombs bear traces of great artistic merit, some of the minarets being exceedingly beautiful. One of the tombs has a dome with a lantern, a form quite unlike the usual Arabian style. The minarets are generally square at the base, towering upward, story by story until the form at last changes to that of an octagon or cylinder. The towers contain winding staircases of stone, leading to the galleries of the different stories and to the balconies between. From the galleries of the minarets the Muezzins summon the faithful five times a day: "Allah is great. I testify that there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah. Come to prayer, come to worship. Allah is great. There is no God but Allah."



TOMB OF KAIT-BEY.— Among the tombs of the Caliphs the first and most imposing is the Tomb-Mosque of Kait-Bey, with its lofty dome and beautiful minarets. Within the mausoleum are two stones, one of red and the other of black granite, which are said to have been brought from Mecca by Kait-Bey and to bear the impressions of the prophet's feet. Over one is a wooden canopy, over the other a bronze dome. The minaret is a striking feature. It is very elegant, and from its galleries may be heard, five times a day, the melodious call to prayer. The dome itself is a work of art, richly sculptured. Kait-Bey was one of the last independent Mameluke Sultans of Egypt. His reign lasted from 1468 to 1496, and was, on the whole, successful. As a general and a statesman he held his position against the Porte, and inflicted serious losses on the

Turks. He was, however, greatly hindered in his undertaking by the discontented Mamelukes, who at last compelled him to abdicate in favor of his son Mohammed, a boy but fourteen years old. The mosque occupies a conspicuous place among the tombs of the Caliphs on the eastern side of Cairo. "Looked at externally or internally nothing can exceed the grace of every part of this building * * * It is, perhaps, unrivaled by anything in Egypt and far surpasses the Alhambra or the Western buildings of its age."—*Ferguson*. Travelers call attention to the "elaborate lace-like sculpturing of its well constructed dome." In the picture above we see the beautiful minaret with its several galleries, and beyond it the dome so widely praised.



THE COPTIC CHURCH.—This is the old Coptic church of St. Mary. It stands in old Cairo. This church is, according to tradition, very ancient. The guide will show the tourist a crypt in which tradition says that the Virgin and Child spent a month during their sojourn in Egypt. The above picture was taken from inside the open court, and you now look toward the door and front of the inner and main room of the church. One will find in the building interesting Byzantine carving, mosaics in ivory, an inscription above a door near the high altar: "Greetings to the Temple of the Father," and a modern Arabic inscription with the date 1195. The nave of the church is divided into three sections. Raised a few steps above the nave is the choir

where the priests officiate; still higher is the "Hekel" or sanctuary containing the altar and enclosed by a wall, door and curtains. The name Copt is an Arabic corruption of the Greek name of the Egyptains. These Egyptian Christians who are called Copts cherish dogmatic beliefs which separate them from other Christians, and in the defense of which these ancient disciples were willing even to face death. The Coptic is a dead language (ancient Egyptian), written in Greek letters. Miss Edwards says: "No traveler in Egypt should omit being present at a service at a Coptic church, for a Coptic church is now the only place in which one may hear the last utterances of that far-off race, with whose pursuits and pleasures the tomb paintings make us so familiar."



THE MOSQUE OF THE CITADEL.—The principal entrance to the citadel is from the Rumleh Place. This is an open square which is the great resort for the idlers, tale-tellers, mountebanks, musicians and jugglers of Cairo.

The ascent is very steep from this square up to the heights of the Mokattam hill upon which the citadel is built. The mosque was begun by Mohammed 'Ali, but was not finished until 1857. It is built after the model of the church of the Hagia Sophia, at Constantinople. The mosque is square, covered by one large dome and four small ones. There is a clock in the tower on the western side presented by Louis Philippe. It is called the alabaster mosque because of the slabs and blocks of alabaster used for the incrustation of the masonry. The entrance is on the north side. Having

permitted straw slippers to be placed over our shoes by a boy who stands at the entrance, we pass inside. To the southeast corner is the tomb of Mohammed 'Ali, who died in 1849. This is enclosed by a railing. Near this, and opposite to it, is a space also enclosed by a railing set apart for the Sultan. There is not a more interesting place in Egypt than the height, with its medley of buildings, barracks, palaces, walls and corridors for which the citadel stands. About this spur of the Mokattam hills the history of Egypt has turned from the days of Saladin to the present. The English soldiers who guard this fortress, and who are seen with their muskets on the rounds of duty, indicate that Egypt is in process of taking its place among the powers of Western civilization.



THE MOSQUE OF AMR.—This lofty and solitary ruin on the west side of Old Cairo is the Mosque of Amr, the earliest Saracenic edifice in Egypt. It was built by Amr ibn el-Asi, the Arab conquerer of Egypt in the twenty-first year of the Hegira (A. D. 642), ten years after the death of Mohammed. It was constructed on the plan of a single quadrangle two hundred and twenty-five feet square, surrounded by a covered colonnade, one range of pillars in depth on the west side, four on the north, three on the south and six on the east, which is the place of prayer. The columns, two hundred and forty-five in number, were brought from earlier Roman and Byzantine buildings, which had been overthrown by earthquakes. The heterogeneous nature of the columns is accounted for by the fact that they were brought from other

buildings in Cairo, ruined by the same earthquake, and were adapted to their new functions by rude procrustean methods of lengthening and shortening. This is called "The Crown of the Mosques." In 1808 this mosque witnessed a remarkable scene. At the usual time for the rising of the Nile, the water began to fall. Dismayed by the strange phenomenon, the whole of the Mohammedan priesthood, the christian clergy of every sect, and the Jewish rabbis, with one accord assembled in the mosque of Amr, to pray for the rising of the waters, and, it is said, that so effectual were their prayers that the river before long rose to its wonted fertilizing height. May such holy union again prevail among Jew, Christian and Moslem in the East!



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF AMR.—In the center of the

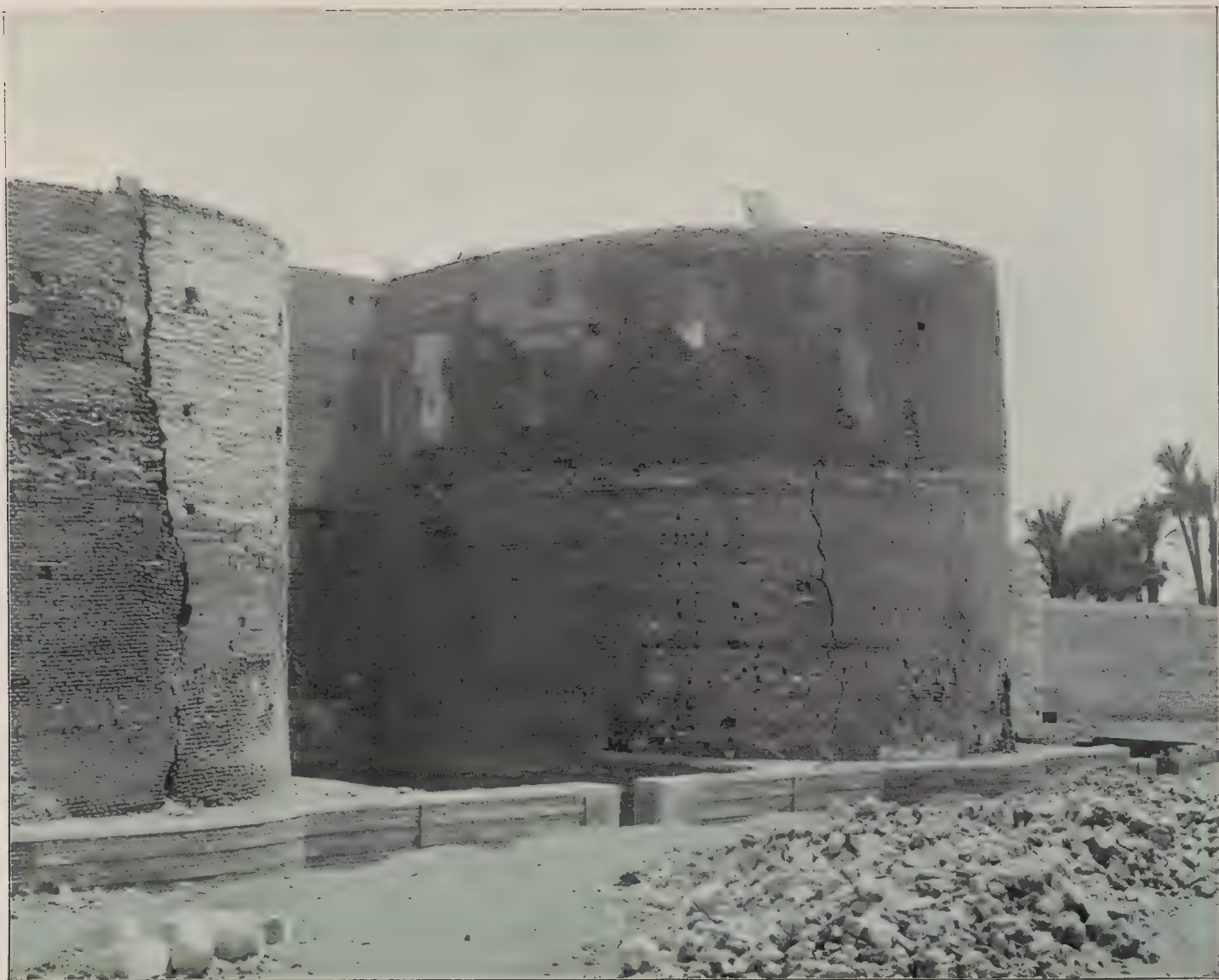
Fasha (great open court) of the Mosque of Amr is the fountain for ablutions, near which rise a palm and a thorn tree. The colonnade of the sanctuary rests on six rows of columns. One column bears the names of Allah, Mohammed, and Sultan Suleimân, in Arabic characters. By a freak of nature the outline of the prophet's "kurbatsh" is traced on it by a vein of lighter color than the rest of the marble, which is of a grey color. The Moslems devoutly believe this column to have been miraculously transported from Mecca to Cairo. The legend runs as follows: "When Amr was building the Mosque, he asked his master, Khalif Omar, for a column from Mecca. The Khalif thereupon addressed himself to one of the columns there and commanded it to migrate to the Nile, but the column would not stir. He repeated his command more urgently, but still the column remained immovable. A third time he repeated his command angrily striking the

column with his 'kurbatsh,' but still without effect. At length he shouted, 'I command thee in the name of God, O column, arise and betake thyself to the Nile.' Thereupon the column went, bearing the mark of the whip, which is still visible." The arches are of various forms. Some are almost circular, while others form a nearly acute angle with straight sides. Horseshoe arches also occur, and others are in arbitrary and fantastic shapes. The place of prayer contains three holy niches and the pulpit. One of the niches contains some fragments of Byzantine Mosaics. One column is of that rare black and white speckled marble of which there is a specimen in the pulpit of St. Mark's, Venice. A pair of columns on the west side were once used as a test of character. They were so close together that it was said only an honest man could squeeze through them. The Khedive has now walled up this space.



BARRACKS AT THE CITADEL. — The platform upon which the Citadel of Cairo stands is about 250 feet above the level of the city, which lies to the west below. The citadel was founded in the twelfth century by the great Saladin of history and romance, a character admired by both Mohammedans and Christians. Though he lost Jerusalem to the Christians, "Dante allows him to linger alone in a circle of the nobles of the heathen." "A succession of luxurious and extravagant Sultans greatly extended and magnificently embellished Cairo, and both within and without the citadel elegant edifices were built, while canals and superb roads,

palaces and pleasure grounds converted the ruins and sand hills of the environs into beautiful suburbs," but afterwards came anarchy and carnage. Nearly every Mameluke Sultan who resided within the citadel died a violent death. During the French occupation of Egypt the citadel was strengthened by outworks, and Mohammed 'Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, still further strengthened its defences. It was here that the Mamelukes were destroyed. A place is pointed out below the high wall of the citadel as the spot where Amyn Bey reached the ground when he forced his horse to make the celebrated leap of forty feet.



THE CASTLE OF BABYLON.—This has nothing to do with Babylon the Great, but is a relic of the town which Cambyes is said to have founded B. C., 525, on the site now occupied by old Cairo, and where, according to some, the Epistle of St. Peter was written. During the Roman period, this became the headquarters of one of the three legions stationed in Europe. Remains of the Roman castrum are still preserved here. New Babylon was captured A. D., 638, by Amr ibn el-Asi, General of the Khalif Omar, who destroyed at Omar's order the Alexandrian library. Here at Babylon his tent (*fostat*) was left standing, and after the capture of Alexandria, Amr wished to reside there, but Omar would not permit it, and the victorious general returned to his tent,

around which a new city sprang up, to which the name Fostat was given in memory of its origin. It is within the ruins of Fostat that we find this ancient Roman castle called Babylon. "There can be no mistake about the banded masonry, the thin bricks, the hard mortar, or any other of many marks by which Roman work may be identified."—*Loftie*. The western front of the castle is, perhaps, two hundred yards long and ends with a semi-circle tower facing south. This tower is very perfect to a height of, perhaps, twenty feet, and is first of a series of three, each some fifty feet in width, which range along the side looking toward Memphis. "Here the soldiers of Cæsar watched the Nile and held the chief link in the chain which bound Egypt and Memphis to Rome."



WAITING PROCESSION IN THE FESTIVAL OF THE MAH'MAL.—Most tourists leave Cairo before the middle of April, and hence fail to witness the festival of the Mah'mal, annually observed by the Cairenes about this time. The manager of Shepherd's Hotel informed us, the night before, that what is popularly called the procession of the Holy Carpet would take place on Saturday, the next day. This was April 14th, 1894. The morning was as bright as the eastern sun could make it, as are all the mornings in Egypt. It was easy to see at the beginning that this was a day the people of Cairo had selected to spend on the street. The crowd gathers at the Rumeleh, an open square at the foot of the citadel. With our dragoman, we were in our carriage and on the ground by eight o'clock. We

were not too soon, for even then, it was all we could do, with the utmost tact of our dragoman, and the aid of plenty of "backsheesh" to the police, to get a place in the living, tumultuous throng from which to see the Mah'mal pass. Not only were ropes stretched along the street to keep the people back, but soldiers with gleaming bayonets in their hands, were stationed in regular order to see that they observed the line indicated by the ropes. The crowd as we see it above is waiting for the procession. The people are in a gay mood, and water-bearers and sellers of red sherbert pass among them, advertising their willingness to provide refreshment for them by a kind of jingling music they provoke from a couple of brazen instruments held between their fingers. The festive and cheery voices heard on all sides indicate that the day is given up to universal good humor.



START OF THE PROCESSION OF THE FESTIVAL OF THE MAH'MAL.—According to Ebers, who devotes a chapter to this festival, beginning with page 125, Vol. II., of his splendid work on Picturesque Egypt, the Cairenes owe this festival to a beautiful woman who lived at the beginning of the rule of the Mamelukes. Her name was Schagaret-eddurr (the pearl tree). After the death of her husband she ruled eighty days as Sultana, and then married again to the Emir Eybeg. To her husband she gave not only her hand but her throne also, and withdrew herself into the retirement of the Harem. This festival is in honor of her having made a pilgrimage to Mecca in a magnificent litter, borne between camels. In after years the rulers of Egypt sent a litter to Mecca along with the caravan of pilgrims who annually made the journey to the holy Mohammedan city. After the conquest of Egypt by the Turks, under

Sultan Selim, in 1517, the continuance of this custom was conceded, and has continued to this day. The Mah'mal, or litter, is a wooden erection in pyramidal form and is hung by embroidered fabrics, which are very beautiful. These hangings, or coverings, accompany the litter and are intended for the most sacred sanctuary of the interior of the Mosque at Mecca. The pieces for the hangings, which are to be left at Mecca, are manufactured in Constantinople at the cost of the Sultan. They are then brought to the citadel at Cairo, where they are sewed together preparatory to the procession from the citadel to the Mosque of Huseyn. The ceremony we witnessed was the one observed in honor of taking the coverings from the citadel to the Mosque of Huseyn. Here the sacred fabrics remain for two or three weeks, where they are embroidered and packed ready to accompany the great caravan of pilgrims to Mecca.



HEAD OF THE PROCESSION IN THE FESTIVAL OF THE MAH'MAL.—The coverings for the sanctuary at Mecca are sent every year from Cairo by the representative of the Sultan of Turkey. The Mah'mal having made the pilgrimage to Mecca often is not only a symbol of royalty, but is also regarded as a sacred relic. Even the sight of it in the esteem of devout Muslims brings a blessing. At the head of the procession we see soldiers who are followed by camels, highly decorated, and bearing on their humps palm-branches, with oranges attached. Each section of the procession is preceded by a band of music, the largest being that which accompanies the Mah'mal. The cavalcade moves very slowly. The people cheer the "Prince of the Pilgrimage" as he goes by between two camels, one in front of the other. He is to conduct the expedition when it finally starts


from the Birket-el-Hagg to Mecca. The leader of the pilgrims follows the "Prince of the Pilgrimage." He goes before in the desert to lead the way. An unusual commotion is created as the Mah'mal or litter goes by. It is seen far down the street on the back of a camel, swinging right and left, and up and down, as the ship of the desert makes its way through the sea of excited and tumultuous humanity on every side. Another festival such as we witness above is held when the hangings are taken from the Mosque of Huseyn for the journey to Mecca. Every devout Muslim feels it his duty to make once in his life the pilgrimage to Mecca. Most of the way is now made by water. On approaching Mecca the pilgrims undress, and put on aprons and a piece of the cloth over the left shoulder. They then perform the circuit of Ka'ba, hear the sermon on Mt. Arafat, pelt Satan with stones, and conclude with a great sacrificial feast.



SARCOPHAGUS OF APIS BULL, SAKKARA.— If the Holy Family, according to a traditional account spent a part of their sojourn in Egypt at Memphis they were in sight of the step pyramids. North and west of the step pyramids, was situated the mausoleum of Apis, the sacred bull of Memphis, which had spent its life in its temple (Apieum) and after death, was buried in the vaults of Sakkara. The Apis bull was the sacred animal of Ptah. He was the chief god of Memphis. Rawlinson says: "The Apis bull dwelt in a temple of his own; had his train of attending priests; his harem of cows; his chamberlains, cup bearers and grooms, and on fixed days, was led in a festive procession through the main streets of Memphis." The people made obeisance to him as he passed. At death he was

embalmed and deposited with magnificent jewels, statues and vases in a polished granite sarcophagus, cut out of a single block, and weighing between sixty and seventy tons. His funeral cost as much as one hundred thousand dollars. The sarcophagi of the sacred bulls were placed in arched lateral chambers, or vaults, reaching out from long galleries cut in the solid rock, near Memphis. The number of Apis bulls buried in these galleries, was sixty-four. Mariette in November, 1851, penetrated these vaults. He found one that had been untouched, although thirty-seven hundred years had passed since it was closed. Everything in the chamber seems to have been in precisely its original condition. The finger marks of the Egyptian who had inserted the last stone in the wall built to conceal the door, were still recognizable on the lime.




LD CAIRO.—In going from Heliopolis to Memphis the Holy Family would pass through or near Old Cairo. After the conquest of Egypt by Cambyzes, B.C. 525, the victorious Babylonians founded New Babylon where old Cairo now stands. Under the Fatimite Khalifs the modern City of Cairo was built near the old, which is a place of interesting ruins, ancient churches, mosques, castles, tombs, cemeteries and aqueducts. We reach it by following the boulevard Abdul Azis, the Rond-Point Bâb el Lûk and the square of that name, beautifully planted with flowers of the Turkish national colors. The Coptic quarter of old Cairo contains St. Mary's church and several other basilicas. In one church "there is a pulpit of colored marble, in-laid with mother of pearl, and a jug and basin with old Arabic enamel work." Tradition claims that Elijah and Moses

both appeared in one or other of the old Cairo synagogues. Immense rubbish heaps mark the site of old Babylon (Fostat). Loftie says, "Expeditions to the mounds are sometimes made by the English residents to hunt, not wild beasts or creeping things, but to search for old Arab beads and beautifully colored fragments of pottery. One hillock abounds in beautiful beads, perhaps it marks the site of the bead bazaar of Fostat." As Fostat was burned in the twelfth century, most of the things thus found date beyond six hundred years ago. A very striking view of the Mokattam hills may be obtained from some points in Cairo. These hills, which flank the valley of the Nile, belong to a great range of mountains which extend from northwest Africa across Egypt and India to China.



WATER CARRIERS.— Customs and habits in Egypt are probably very much the same to-day as when Joseph and Mary were there with the infant Jesus. In the above view you look upon a scene such as they witnessed perhaps many times. "Ya Anwad Allah" (May God recompense me) is the cry of the Sakka or water carrier as he plies his trade in the streets of Cairo. True the new water-works could easily supply every house in the city, but in that case the picturesque Sakka with his goat skin of water, carried by himself or a donkey, would have to be dispensed with. During eight months of the year he brings his heavy load all the way from the Nile, and the labor, which is severe, is miserably under-paid. During the remaining four months, while the river is rising, he obtains his supply from the canal which intersects Cairo. Many of the Sakkas sell water to the people on the streets. These are known as "Sakka Sharbeh." Sometimes they

carry the water in a large earthen vessel on their backs, at other times it is carried in the ordinary goat-skin bag. The thirsty passer-by receives his draught in a brazen chalice or in a Kulleh (porous bottle), and if he be generously inclined he bestows a small copper coin on the dispenser; otherwise the Sakka must find his satisfaction in the consciousness of a good deed done. On festivals, and especially on birthdays of Saints, the Sakkas are frequently employed by pious and generous persons to dispense water without money and without price. The invitation to drink gratuitously is half shouted, half sung by the Sakkas. Occasionally he turns to his employer, who generally stands near, saying: "God forgive thy sins, O dispenser of drink offering," or "God have mercy on thy parents," to which the persons, who have received the draught, reply: "Amin" (Amen), or "God have mercy on them and on us."



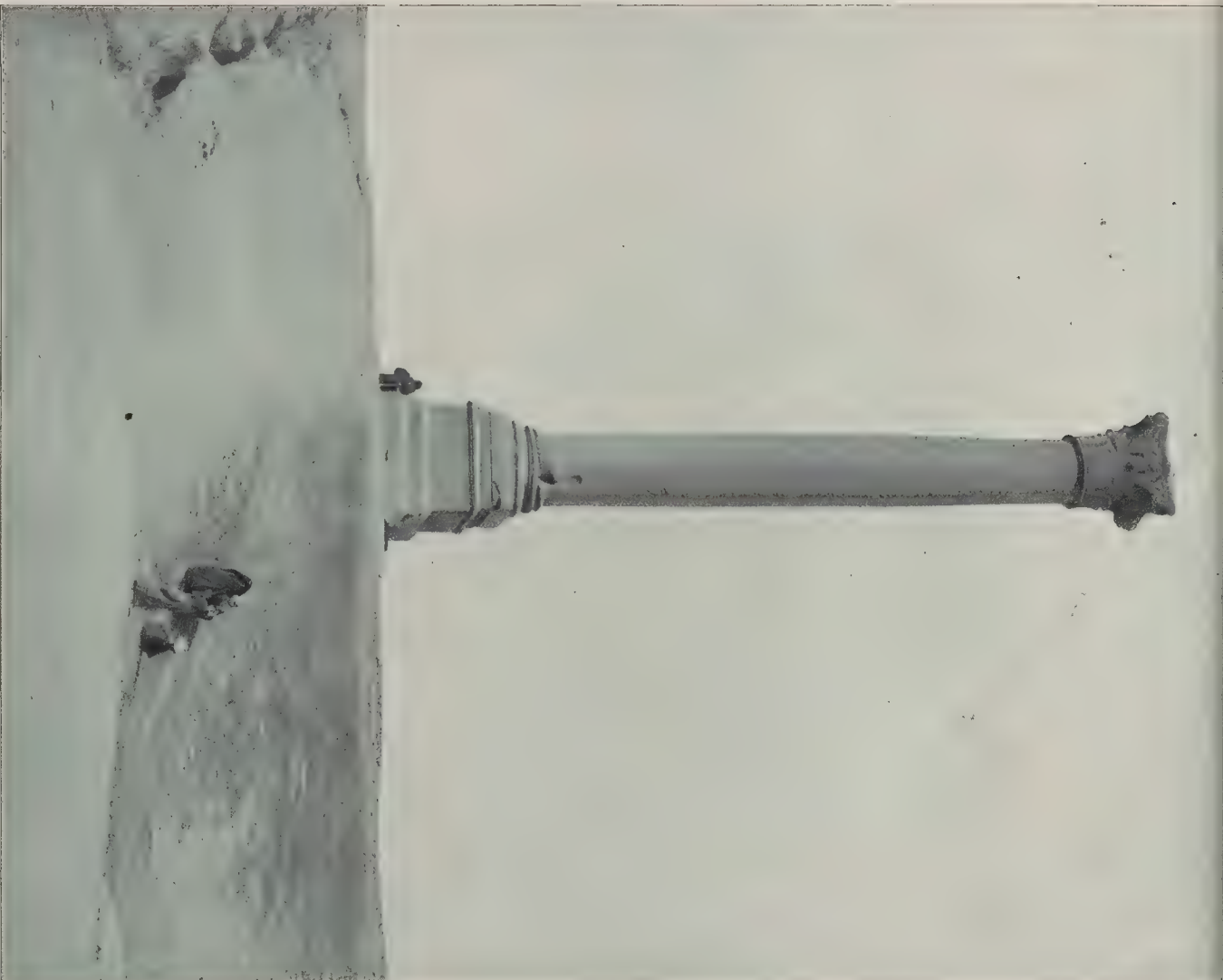
MARRIAGE CEREMONY, CAIRO. -We have remained in Egypt with the holy family long enough not simply to give representations of the tombs and monuments they saw nearly two thousand years ago, but also to give pictures and descriptions of customs and ceremonies and structures which have grown out of the civilization in the midst of which they spent the time of the flight. The Egyptian girl is generally married in her twelfth or thirteenth, and sometimes as early as her tenth year. Before the wedding the bride is conducted in gala attire, and with great ceremony to the bath. The procession is called "Zeffet et Hammam." Musicians with hautboys and drums head the procession. Pairs of married friends and relatives of the bride follow, and after these come a number of young girls. The bride is usually enveloped from head to foot in a cashmere shawl. On the head she wears a small cap or crown of pasteboard. The procession is followed by another body of musicians. Hideous shrieks

of joy greet the bride by women of the lower classes. The bride is then conducted to the house of her husband with the same formalities. He has not seen his bride until the wedding day. The match has been made by a relative or by a professional matchmaker. He is required to pay a bridal portion. Egyptian women in early life are generally erect and graceful. They color their eyelashes and eyelids dark, and their fingers and toe-nails a brownish yellow. Miss Edwards thus describes a wedding procession: "Here we fall in with a wedding procession consisting of a crowd of men, a band and some three or four hired carriages full of veiled women, one of whom was pointed out as the bride. The bridegroom walks in the midst of the men who seemed to be teasing him, opposing his progress; while high above the laughter, the shouting, the jingle of tambourines and the thrumming 'darabukkeh's' was heard the shrill squeal of some instrument that sounded exactly like a bagpipe."



PALM TREES AND PYRAMIDS.—It is proper to bring the sojourn in Egypt to a close with the above view. The first thing Joseph and Mary saw upon coming into the neighborhood of Heliopolis and Memphis were the pyramids and palm trees. The last thing they saw upon leaving Egypt were the pyramids and palm trees. One can never think of Cairo and Heliopolis and Memphis without having the pyramids rise on the horizon of his vision. Pyramids and palm trees become part of the permanent mental furnishing of every traveler who has ever visited Egypt. Authorities differ widely as to the length of time Joseph and Mary sojourned in Egypt. In the Gospel of the Infancy it is put down at three years; in the history of Joseph at one year; in the Harmony of Tatian at seven years; Epiphanius regards it as two years; Athanasius thinks Jesus was four years old when he came from Egypt, and Baronius thinks the Holy

Family spent eight years in Egypt. All we know from Scripture is that Joseph and Mary were in Egypt until the death of Herod the Great. Many of the tombs and monuments we have described were doubtless seen by Joseph and Mary. As they were familiar with the history of their race, Egypt must have been very interesting to them. The Holy Land gets its name from the fact that God's chosen people lived in it, and as the Hebrews spent 430 years in Egypt, Egypt during this time may be regarded as the Holy Land. We have lingered in Egypt, not simply to describe the objects of interest in the midst of which the Holy Family lived, but also to give some idea of the Egypt of modern times founded upon the Egypt of the past. And now we turn away from Egypt with Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus to make our way slowly back to Nazareth.



POMPEY'S PILLAR.—We have no record from any reliable or even traditional source that Joseph and Mary were in Alexandria. This city is very interesting, however, because of its connection with the development of Christian theology. The Holy Family, upon their return to Nazareth, passed back through the desert. This handsome monument, which all tourists in Egypt hasten to see, does not derive its name from Pompey the Great, but from the Roman Prefect Pompeius, who, according to the inscription, erected it in honor of the unconquered Diocletian, "The Defender of the City of Alexandria." It is a red granite monolith, from Assuan, which has withstood centuries of exposure to the elements. It is now the only important relic of antiquity in the city. The height of the column, together with the disintegrated or perhaps never quite completed Corinthian capital and the pedestal, is 104 feet. The shaft

is sixty-seven feet high, and is about nine feet in diameter below and not quite eight feet at the top. The proportions produce an exceedingly harmonious effect. It stands on an eminence outside of the gates of the city. In an ancient illustrated plan of Alexandria, Pompey's Pillar is represented with a figure of a man on top. It was probably erected in commemoration of a gift of corn presented by Diocletian to the citizens during a time of great scarcity. "Few places," says Bartlett, "are more difficult for the imagination to connect with the facts of their history than this. Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle stand in historic isolation and, misnomers as they are, suggest what seems a myth. It is not difficult to imagine that here Caesar was once in straits, that Cleopatra may have been conveyed to his residence rolled up in a carpet, and that here Anthony and Cleopatra held high revelries."



THE OAK OF MAMRE, OR ABRAHAM'S OAK.

The traditional road of the return from the sojourn in Egypt is the same as the one the Holy Family passed during the flight as far back as Hebron. At Hebron it is supposed they left the road leading to Jerusalem and turned somewhat in the direction of the sea coast. A mile and a half northwest of Hebron is the traditional Oak of Mamre, or Abraham's Oak. The garden, with the oak, belongs to the Russians, who have here built a hospice for pilgrims. The drive to the famous oak through the beautiful and extensive vineyards lying north and west of Hebron is very charming. These vineyards cover the valley on the sloping hill sides for a long distance and are a main support for a large proportion of the population. Thomson says, *In the Land and the Book*: "The appearance of these vineyards is quite peculiar and very striking; a veritable wilderness of hills, walks, rough

garden walls, brushes, small trees and an infinite number of crooked sticks inclined in every possible attitude except the perpendicular; vines are often trained upon trees, and their long drooping clusters of many colors—white, yellow, pink, purple and black—are truly beautiful." The oak shown as the Oak of Abraham was highly revered as far back as the XVIIth Century, and is undoubtedly of great age. It is a fine old ever-green oak, and is said by Thomson to measure twenty-six feet in girth at the ground, while its thick branches extend over an area ninety-three feet in diameter. The location is beautiful, near the head of Wady Sebia, and a fine old well of sweet water is just behind it. "The ground used is covered with grass, green and clean, and many a picnic is held by the Jews of Hebron upon the soft sward that is allowed to grow beneath this old oak of Father Abraham." — Thomson.



KURYET EL 'ANAB.—If upon leaving Hebron, Joseph and Mary passed through Ain Kârim, where Elizabeth lived, they would reach the Jaffa road near Kuryet el 'Anab. Kuryet el 'Anab, "The village of grapes," has long had a bad notoriety as the residence of Abu Ghosh, the mountain robber. Dr. Robinson identifies it with Kirjath Jearim, often mentioned in the Bible from the time of Joshua who assigned it to Judah in the days of Jeremiah. It was here that the ark rested for twenty years in the house of Abinadab, when it was brought up from Beth-shemesh. The village is on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, about ten miles from the Holy City, on the right bank of a wady. The ancient Hebrew name signified "City of Forests;" "rather," says Dr. Thomson, "of tangled woods and thorny thickets; * * * in subse-

quent times, when the name was changed to Kuryet el 'Anab, vineyards had become the characteristic feature of the place." The place is now called Abu Ghosh, by the natives, in memory of the powerful village Sheikh of that name, who was virtually master of the surrounding country during the early part of this century. His daring robberies and cold blooded murders for a long time kept the whole country in terror, Turkish pashas included. "The village consists of a number of substantial stone houses grouped around two or three, which, from their size and strength, might almost be called castles. These are the hereditary mansions of the once celebrated chief." Dr. Robinson identifies Kuryet el 'Anab (Kirjath Jearim) with Emmaus. Dr. Thomson says: "It is the right distance from Jerusalem and may be both Kirjath Jearim and Emmaus."



SCENE ON THE JERUSALEM ROAD.—We are taught by the Scriptures that Joseph and Mary did not pass through Jerusalem on their return from Egypt to Nazareth. St. Luke does not speak of the flight into Egypt, but simply says: "And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city, Nazareth."—Luke, ii: 39. St. Mathew, however, says: "But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought the young child's life. And he arose and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel. And when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea, in the room of his father, Herod, he was afraid to go thither; notwithstanding being warned of God in a dream, he

turned aside into the parts of Galilee. And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth." Mathew, ii: 19, 20, 21, 22, 23. According to tradition, they left Jerusalem to the right and passed Lydda and Ramleh, and thence following a line not far from the sea-coast northward. If they came into the road leading from Jerusalem to the coast, as near to the holy city as Kuryet el-Anab, they would pass the scene given in the above picture. At any rate, we get in this picture a view typical of the Judean Mountains. Dr. Andrews, whose chronological order we follow in this work, thinks the return from Egypt took place in the summer. This being true, the wild flowers which illuminated this whole region in the spring of 1894, as the writer and the artist of this work passed through these mountains, were withered and gone. These wild heights in summer are said to be utterly barren and desolate, the hot sun parching the flowers and plants to their very roots.



HILL OF SARÍS.—Leaving the scene described on the Jerusalem road, Joseph and Mary would next pass the Hill of Saris. The village of Saris lies on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem on a plateau with numerous olive trees. Winding up the side of another valley we ascend the hill on which lie the ruins of the ancient Saris. From the top of this hill a beautiful view of the tree-crowned, flower-decked plains may be seen, while beyond lies the silent sea shining in the sunlight. The hill wears a crown of wild olives, which graciously spread their protecting arms as if to shut out the very memory of the desolate ruins at their feet. "I have often tried," says Thomson, "to realize the appearance of these valleys and hills around Jerusalem during the great feasts. Covered with olive groves, fruit orchards and terraced vineyards, beneath whose friendly bowers

many a happy family and neighborhood group assembled, rising rank over rank to the very top of the mountains; I marvel that no artist has thought of reproducing the scene." On the hills in this region the carob-tree (Locust), with its gnarled branches and dense foliage may often be seen. A wonderful profusion of flowering shrubs are found here, which in their season are masses of perfumed blossoms. Tristram, who visited this region in the right season for observing the full display of bloom, says: "Then the ground, wherever there was a fragment of open space, was covered with tall, red hollyhocks, pink convolvulus, valerians, a beautiful large, red linum, a gladiolus, a gigantic mottled arum, red tulips, tufts of exquisite cyclamen, a mass of bloom under every tree. * * * It was the Garden of Eden run wild; yet all this beauty scarcely lasts a month."



MOSQUE OF WADY 'ALI.—This quiet praying place on the Jaffa road, of course, was not here when Joseph and Mary, with the infant Jesus, passed. It is interesting, however, as an expression of the religious life of a people who now largely occupy the country in which our Savior grew up. Entering the Wady 'Ali through the Bâb el Wady, or Gate of the Valley, a short walk takes us to the ruins of a mosque situated at a spot called Nasara, the narrowest part of the valley. A few fragments of massive walls overhung by wide, spreading branches of trees, are seen by the curious traveler; but how little they have to tell of the years gone by. The wady, or valley, in which these ruins are found, is a long, deep ravine, extremely wild and dreary on either side. Hackett says: "It is so narrow sometimes as scarcely

to allow the traveler to pass between the rocky walls which enclose it. In some places these mount up so high with overhanging crags as to spread a gloom, a sort of twilight, over the chasm below." The mountainous parts of Palestine abound in such ravines. South of Larnel, on the way to Jaffa, there is a rent between the rocks which is known as "Valley of Death Shade." It may have been King David's familiarity with such scenes that led him to sing:

"When I walk through the Valley of Death-shade,
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me,
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."



WADY 'ALI.—Leaving the small village of Saris, nestling among olive trees and watched over by the solemn ruins of ancient Saris on the near by hills, Joseph and Mary would go down into Wady 'Ali by a very steep path. "A more suitable place," says a traveler "for bandits could not be imagined. The road is so bad that it is impossible to flee from threatening danger; the tangled dwarf forest is so dense that it is impossible to see it; and the sharp rocks are in places so close to the narrow path, that the muzzle of the rifle may touch the traveler's breast while its owner is hid by the projecting cliff." This unpromising path leads us to Bab el Wady, or "gate of the valley," where the ravine opens out into the plain. Ages ago, when the Philistines "came up even to Micklash" with their horses and chariots, they may have ascended this same Wady 'Ali, and thence across the country to Gibeon, as travelers do in these days. "That

little caravan of modern Gibeonites," says Dr. Thomson, "which we have just passed, with their old sacks and lean donkeys loaded with brushwood and dry roots for the Jerusalem market," easily suggests the narrative in the ninth chapter of Joshua. In the rude and ragged rabble from Abu Ghosh, one can easily discover very plausible Gibeonites. True they carried water-bottles in place of the "wine-bottles old, and rent, and bound up," but they certainly displayed to good advantage the old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old, old garments upon them "of which Joshua speaks." Near the Bab el Wady, there is a little ruined "mukam," or station, sacred to the famous Imâm 'Aly, to whom the deeds of Samson and Joshua are commonly accredited by the peasants. "It is conspicuous," says Lieut. Conder, "from the fine group of aged terebinths which shade the little mihrab, or prayer-niche."



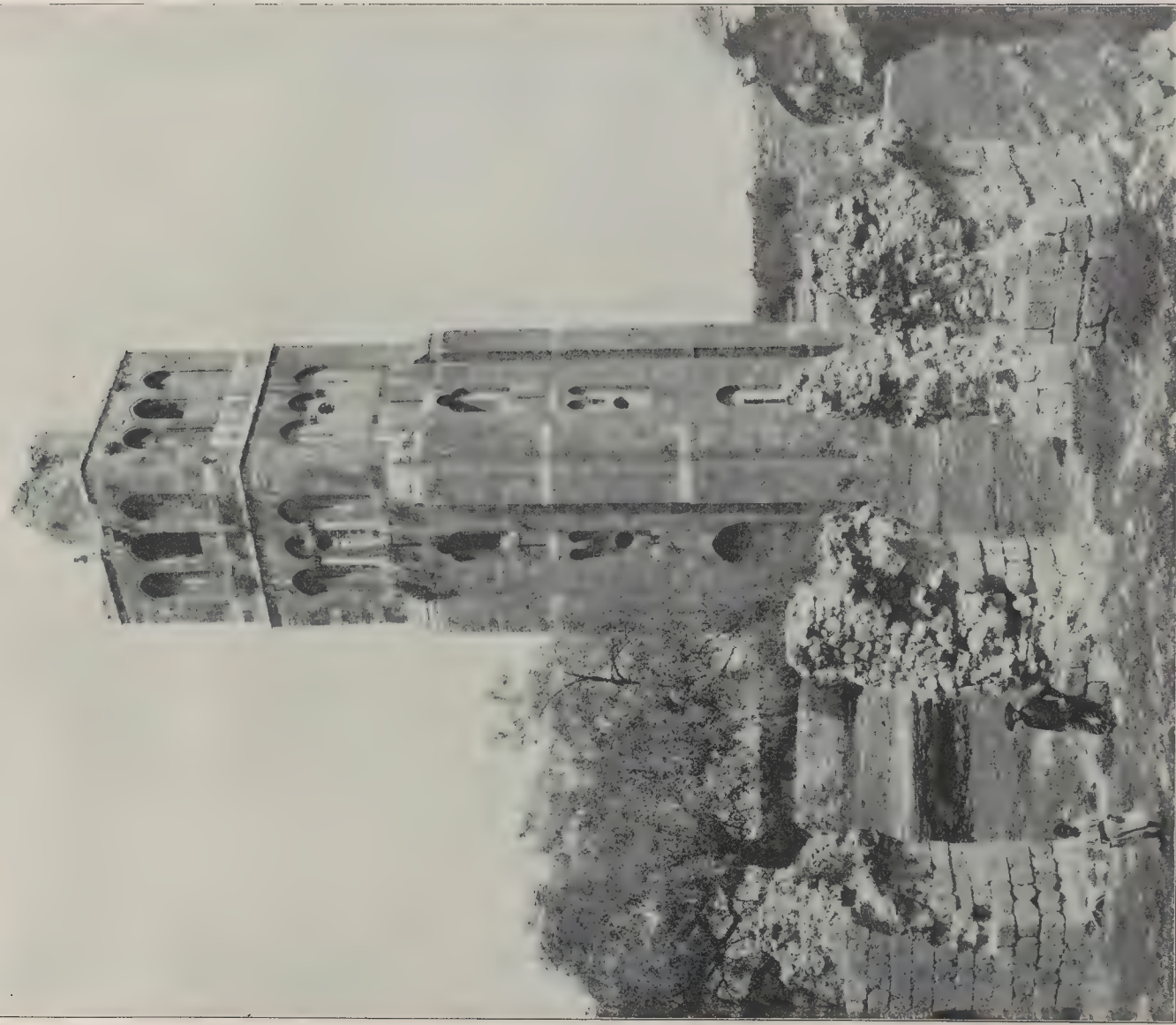
VALLEY OF AJALON. —Leaving Wady 'Ali, our pilgrims would pass down into the valley of Ajalon. A broad, fertile valley, about fourteen miles from Jerusalem, called Merj Ibn 'Omier, is the celebrated Valley of Ajalon, where Joshua, the great leader of Israel stood on one eventful day, looking back towards Gibeon and down upon the noble valley before him, and uttered the celebrated command, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." The confederate host that attacked Gibeon and was defeated by Joshua, fled down the valley past Beth-horon, and the victorious army "chased them along the way that goeth up from Beth-horon, and smote them to Azekah and unto Makkedah." Thomson says: "These places are all still found in exact agreement with the account of the great victory, as given

in the tenth chapter of Joshua." Ajalon, "a place of deer, or gazelles," was a Levitical city of Dan. It was also one of the cities of refuge.—Joshua, xxi: 24. The noted valley was, doubtless, near at hand. Ajalon is the modern Galo, on a long hill, on the south side of the noble valley whose name it bears. Dean Tristram thus describes the entrance to the valley of Ajalon: "We ascended a rounded ridge, when the Mediterranean and Plain of Sharon burst upon our view, and we descended rapidly towards the plain. Keeping at the bottom of picturesque, rocky ravines, clothed with dwarf oak, arbutus, and other shrubs, and with many a plantation of olive and carob trees, the young foliage of which gave life and lightness to the landscape. Flocks of goats were browsing in the valleys and on the hill-sides, and altogether the country had a civilized and homely look."



GENERAL VIEW OF RAMLEH.—Though the traditional road our pilgrims followed on their return, is supposed to have passed the spot where Ramleh now stands, it must be remembered that no town was here then. Ramleh (signifying sand) is a name of purely Arabic origin. The town was founded in 716 by the Mayyad Khalif Suleimán, the son of Abd el-Melik. Ramleh is three miles southwest of Lydda, at the intersection of the great roads from Damascus to Egypt, and from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Edrisi, in the XIIth Century, calls Ramleh and Jerusalem the two principal cities of Palestine. Its position made it a place of importance during the wars of the Crusades. Ramleh was once fortified and had four large and eight smaller gates. Christians lived there, and churches were built before the time of the Crusades. In 1099 a bishopric of Lydda and Ramleh was established.

During the wars between the Franks and Saladin, Ramleh was twice taken by the Saracens. After 1266, when it was wrested from the Franks by Beibars, it was wholly occupied by Moslems. Near the close of the XVth Century it fell entirely into decay and is now a village of about 3000 inhabitants—two-thirds Moslems and the rest Christians. It now contains few buildings or ruins earlier than the times of the Crusades. Its chief monuments are the Tower of Ramleh, the "White Mosque," southwest of the town. One traveler thus describes Ramleh: "On approaching the town we enter a tract of heavy sand, which covers the narrow lanes, even among the fields and gardens. The town is embowered in olive groves and orchards, among which the palm, Kharúb, and sycamore abound, gardens and fields of grain, fenced by hedges of cactus, give a rich and flourishing aspect to Ramleh."



TOWER OF FORTY MARTYRS.—The Tower of Ramleh (Jāmi' el Abyād) known by various names, as the White Mosque, White Tower, Tower of the Forty Martyrs—and by the Moslems, Tomb of the Forty Champions—stands on high ground about a quarter of a mile from the town of Ramleh. Around it are the remains of a large quadrangular enclosure—once, doubtless, a spacious Khan. The tower is now isolated, but there can be little doubt that it was once attached to a mosque. The tower is Saracenic, square, and beautifully built. The angles are supported by slender buttresses, and the sides taper upwards in stories. A winding staircase, lighted by pointed windows, leads to the top, opening on an external stone gallery, which is carried around the tower. The height is about 120 feet. Migred Din ascribes the building of the tower to Māsir Muḥammed ibn Kalāwun, Khalif of Egypt. He is believed to have begun it A. D. 1370, and finished it in eight years. An extended and beautiful view is

obtained from the gallery of the tower. "Orchards and olive groves of Ramleh lie at our feet; on the northeast they are touched by those of Lydda, which is seen seated on a gentle eminence. Beyond these, north and south, the eye wanders over a boundless plain, tinted, according to the season, with the verdure of spring, or the golden hue of early summer, or the unvarying gray of autumn. On the west is the sea, and on the east the 'Mountains of Israel.'" There is a Mohammedan tradition to the effect that forty companions of the prophet are buried in the vaults of the mosque. The Christian version has it that forty Christian martyrs of Cappadocia, repose here. Conder gives a first impression of Ramleh thus: "We arrived before sundown in sight of the tower, which is first visible from a rise of ground on the road. The long olive groves here formed a dark oasis in the treeless plain, and above them rose the beautiful tower of the Forty."



LYDDA.—After passing about three miles from Ramleh our homeward pilgrims would come next to Lydda. Lydda, Lûd or Ludd, was occupied by the Benjamites after the captivity. It was also the place where Peter healed the paralytic Eneas—Acts, ix: 32-35. It was burned in the time of Nero, but soon reappeared as the capitol of a district of Judea. It was long famed for its learned rabbinical school. In 445 an ecclesiastical council was held at Lydda, at which Pelagius defended himself. In 1191 Lydda was destroyed by Saladin, but recovered itself, though never reaching its former importance. The great attraction of Lydda is the church of St. George on the south side of the village. Lydda is mentioned at a very early period in connection with St. George. A tradition says that Mohammed declared that at the last day Christ would slay Antichrist at the gate of Lydda. This is no doubt a distorted version of the story of St. George and

the dragon. A church was erected over the tomb of St. George, at Lydda, at a very early period. The Crusaders are said to have found a "magnificent monument" here, though the church had been destroyed. The present church is in possession of the Greeks who restored it a few years ago. In the XVth Century it was converted into a mosque. Thomson describes Lydda, or Ludd, as "a flourishing village of some 2000 inhabitants, embowered in groves of olive, fig, pomegranate, mulberry, palm, sycamore and other trees, and surrounded every way by a very fertile neighborhood. The village contains remains of large and well constructed buildings mingled in with the modern huts. Several extensive soap factories are now deserted and falling to decay. A special interest attaches to Lydda as being the village to which Peter was summoned on account of the death of Dorcas.



SITE OF THE HOUSE OF TABITHA.—The route conjectured as the one followed by the Holy Family upon their return from the sojourn in Egypt to Nazareth, reaching Lydda turns more directly to the northward. Jaffa is not entered. This old sea-coast town, however, is intimately associated with the history of the race to which our Savior belonged, and is also the scene of the conversion of St. Peter to the conception that the love of God in Christ is without respect to races or climes. This work then would not be complete without giving illustrations of it. At Lydda, Joseph and Mary were about ten miles from Jaffa. We will leave our pilgrims for a while and enter Jaffa from the Jerusalem road. Before entering the city we pass through the sandy downs and bushy slopes of the plain of upper Sharou and come in the suburbs of the city to the site of the House of Tabitha. This woman was full of good works and of alms deeds which she did, and her tomb is marked by a group of sycamore trees near the house which

is given in the above view. The peasants seen about here look wretchedly poor. Looking at their rags and squalid appearance one can not help wishing that Dorcas might again make coats and garments for the people of her old town. While Peter was at Lydda he received word that Tabitha was dead. "And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh unto Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men desiring him that he would not delay to come unto them. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber, and all the widows stood by him weeping and showing the garments which Dorcas had made while she was with them. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down and prayed. And turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes, and when she saw Peter she sat up. And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord." In the above view we are looking toward the East.



PANORAMA OF JAFFA.—Leaving the house of Tabitha, we pass through the streets of Jaffa down to the sea. In a little boat we row some distance from the shore that we may get a view of the town. One can only get a complete panorama of Jaffa from the sea. Nearly the entire city can be seen at a glance. It occupies the north and northwest sides of the small cape on which it stands. The houses rise tier above tier from the very verge of the sea. The declivity is so precipitous that the flat roofs of the several tiers of houses make a continued stairway. The prospect is very interesting. Stretching southward over the quarantine ground, over the plains of

Phistea, over the gardens and across the plains of Sharon to the distant Judean hills, while westward the grand and wide sea rolls far away to the distant horizon. Conder says: "The glory of Jaffa consists of its gardens, which stretch inland about a mile and a half, and extend north and south for a length of two miles, where oranges, bananas, pomegranates and olives grow in thick groves, surrounded by prickly pears, and narrow lanes of thick sand lies between them." He adds that, "The scent of the oranges is said to be at times perceptible some miles from land to approaching ships." The view from this point one can never forget.



ROAD IN THE HARBOR OF JAFFA.—The writer approached the shore of Palestine on the 10th day of March, 1863. He saw the yellow sands of the Philistian plain, the Judean hills veiled in the delicate mist, and the town of Joppa standing on its projecting headland, rising up house above house, with minarets and towers, and on every side of the city, green fields and pleasant gardens. Jaffa is called "The Port of Jerusalem," but has no proper harbor, and it is only under favorable circumstances of wind and wave that a vessel may come to anchor and ship her freight for the city. There is a little road or enclosure, sometimes called a harbor. It is beyond a dangerous reef that runs parallel with the shore, and the opening through it is only sufficient for one boat, and the noisy surf tumbling about the rocks around him makes the voyager exceedingly

glad to reach the little space of quiet water beyond. This was the only harbor possessed by the Jews throughout the greater part of their national existence. There is no other port along the coast and through it nearly all the foreign commerce of the Jews was conducted until the artificial port of Cæsarea was built by Herod. Through this road Hiram brought his rafts of fragrant cedar wood and pine for the building of the first temple at Jerusalem; and Cyrus, generations after, used it as a port of entry for the material of the second temple. From various tourists we have thrilling accounts of the landings of travelers. It is the true monster who has devoured many Andromedas for whose deliverance no gallant Perseus was at hand.



HOUSE OF ST. PETER, JAFFA.—Descending from the highest part of Jaffa to the extreme northwest corner of the city, we find the house of Simon, the Tanner, “by the sea.” Tradition says, it was here Peter prayed about the sixth hour, fell into a trance, saw heaven open and the great sheet let down. A distinguished writer says, “We Gentiles should regard this vision of Peter with special interest, and I see no reason why tradition may not have preserved the knowledge of the site. Both Christians and Mohammedans reverence the place. The roofs of the houses even now have a wall or balustrade around them where a person may sit or kneel without exposure to the view of others.” Dr. Hackett says, “At Jerusalem I entered the house of a Jew early one morning and found a member of the family sitting secluded and alone, on

one of the lower roofs, engaged in reading the Scripture and offering his prayers.” When surrounded by battlements, and shaded by vines trained over them like those of the present day, they would afford a very agreeable retreat even at the “sixth hour.” Peter was here prepared to preach the gospel of salvation to the heathen world. The Christ whom he proclaimed had himself given the commission to his apostles and to his church to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. The tradition which is called to our mind by this locality is quite ancient, but no one pretends to believe that the existing house with its well and tanner’s slab is the identical house spoken of in the Scriptures, but the site has at least this much in its favor—it is in “Joppa,” and “by the seaside.”



BAZAR OF JAFFA.—Passing through the bazars of any of the cities of Palestine we doubtless witness the very same scenes common in the days of our Savior. The very same things are sold, and the disposition to use many words in buying and selling is the same to-day as in the time when He was upon earth. In the above view we are looking toward the sea. A lone palm tree stands to the left of the picture and the entire view is typical of Jaffa. The liveliest spot in the city is the market place. Here the venders, dressed in unique costumes, raise their canvased canopy, spread out their wares, sit in the shade and wait for custom. Turbaned men and veiled women, with here and there a little brown-skinned, bare-footed boy among them, move in

and out among the booths. Heavily laden camels go slowly along, and over-burdened donkeys do their share in this bewildering march. It is a veritable Oriental fair, a Babel of confusion; every one for himself and each ambitious to make the loudest possible noise. Here are exposed for sale oranges, pomegranates, quinces, apricots and all kinds of vegetables in their season. The Fellahins, also from the villages, bring here their sheep and goats, lambs and kids, cows and calves, milk, butter and cheese, poultry and eggs, figs, olives and every other kind of fruit, fresh or dried, which they have to sell. They display these things in baskets, or round trays, or small earthen jugs. With the proceeds of their sale they buy articles such as they need and then return to their homes.



JAFFA FROM HOTEL WINDOW.—"Jaffa," "Joppa" or "Yafa" is a city with a history. Traditionally it is the oldest city in the world.

"Oldest of cities! Linked with sacred truth
And classic fable from thy earliest dawn,
By name 'The Beautiful.'"

No city in the world has had a more remarkable record. It has been alternately Pagan, Jew, Moslem, Arab, Mameluke and Christian. It has been sacked and wasted by war, swept by pestilence, fire and sword, rebuilt, walled and fortified only to be again destroyed.

"City of gladness where Apostle's hands
Wrought miracles of love and dried up tears;
And with a word unlocked the gate of death."

The town is defended by a wall, on which a few old guns are mounted. Its dirty lanes and alleys are uninviting, but this aspect is redeemed by the freshness and beauty of its towering palms, its lemon groves and its orange orchards and fruit gardens. The sudden transition from the discomfort of the ship to these quiet gardens is something to be remembered. A traveler says, "In March and April these Jaffa gardens are indeed enchanting. The air is over-loaded with the mingled perfume of oranges, apples, apricots, quinces, plums and China trees in bloom." The legendary and historic associations combine to make Jaffa a center of interest to the visitor, who, coming to Palestine by sea, there first sets foot upon the soil of the land where the Savior was born."



MOUNT CARMEL.—Coming back to Lydda, we start with our pilgrims again toward Nazareth. The route north of Lydda is represented as leading by Antiratis and Bethar and Aner, in the Tetrarchy of Herod Archelaus. Entering the plain of Esdraelon, they would be in sight of Mount Carmel, overlooking the sea to their left. Carmel is one of the prominent objects in sight of which Christ grew up. It is one of the sacred mountains of Palestine. It is associated especially with Elijah—I. Kings, xvii: 30. One thinks of the "Altar of God," the "River Kishon," and the failure of the "Priests of Baal." The sea is invisible from the traditional spot of Elijah's miracle, therefore the Prophet's servant must have climbed to a higher point of Carmel to see a "little cloud no bigger than a man's hand spring gradually over the sea."

Carmel is described as "a triangular block of mountains, the apex being the promontory on which the Carmelite monastery stands." The little town of Haifa nestles under the promontory, and is thus sheltered from the southwest wind, and its bay forms the best harbor on the coast. Sweeping seaward, Carmel is the first of the hills of Israel to meet the rains. George Adam Smith, in his *Historical Geography*, says: "The two hills; Carmel and Tabor, stand on opposite ends of Esdraelon, each separated from the other hills, but Carmel's long sweep northward invests him with the air of having 'come there. As I live, saith the King, whose name is the Lord of Hosts, surely as Tabor is among the mountains, and as Carmel by the sea, so shall he come." In 1799, the sick of Napoleon's army were sheltered in the monastery at Carmel, but were killed by the Moslems.



MOUNT TABOR.—To the right and to the east of our pilgrims, as they passed through the plains of Esdraelon, they would see Mount Tabor. Tabor is one of the traditional mounts of transfiguration. Hermon, on the north, contests with Tabor this honor. Churches have been built upon Tabor and pilgrimages have been made to it, and for fifteen centuries it has been honored as one of the shrines of the Holy Land. Tabor is situated on the frontier of Issachar and Zebulun. It was here that Deborah directed Barak to assemble an army, and hence the Israelites marched into the plain and defeated Sisera.—Judges, iv. It is more than 2,000 feet above the sea, and is dome-like in form. The slopes are wooded, the soil fertile, the pasture rich. The view from Mount Tabor is extensive. To the east the north end of the sea of Tiberias is visible,

and in the extreme distance the blue chain of the Bashan Mountains. Toward the south and north the view resembles that from the high ground above Nazareth. To the west rises Mount Carmel, to the north are lofty hills, and the south of Safed is in sight. * Out-towering all other summits is the majestic Hermon. Rev. J. L. Porter says of the view from Mount Tabor: "It is one of those wonderful panoramas which time can never obliterate from the memory." The ruins on the summit of Tabor are extensive and are overgrown with thorns, briars and thistles. Some of these may date back as far as the sixth century, when three churches were erected here in memory of the "three tabernacles" which S. Peter proposed to build. The two monasteries which now occupy the top of the hill are comparatively modern.



JENIN BY EARLY MORNING LIGHT.—Jenin is perhaps ten miles to the right of the route Joseph and Mary are supposed to have followed on their return from the sojourn in Egypt. It is one of the places, however, our Lord often passed during the years of His active ministry. Jenin is supposed to be the Ginea of Josephus, which again answers to the ancient En-gannin or "Garden Spring" (Joshua, xix: 21) with the territory of Issachar. The road from Nazareth to Jerusalem always passed this way, therefore, we are on sure ground again as we think of Mary on her way to Jerusalem with Joseph; on her way from Egypt; on her way from Nazareth to Jerusalem again when the lad Jesus was twelve years of age. Jenin is a well-built town of some importance. It was never a fortress, but its soil is fertile and its verdure uncommonly beautiful. It is situated on the boundary between the mountains of Samaria and the plains

Esdraelon. An excellent spring, rising to the east, is conducted through the village which abounds with fruit orchards and large gardens. Jenin is now the chief town between Nablous and Nazareth. Its people are Moslems, fanatical, rude and rebellious. There are a few families of the Greek faith. The inhabitants deal in all the products of the country, and their best customers are the Bedouin Arabs on the east of Jordan. Their dress is peculiar. H. B. Tristram describes it thus: "They wear no trousers, but a long blue and white striped cassock reaching to the ankles and bound around the waist by a broad leather girdle." This was the dress which was selected by Holman Hunt for the boy Jesus in his picture of "The Finding of Christ in the Temple." Jenin is also the very neighborhood where Deborah sang her unique song of triumph after Barak's glorious victory.—Judges, v: 3.



BEDOUIN CAMP, JEZREEL.—In the above view we have a scene characteristic of Palestine from the days of Abraham to the present time. Joseph and Mary doubtless passed many such scenes on the lonely journey they were making to Nazareth. The valley of Jezreel may truly be said to be "the home of the wandering Bedawy." The Swgr, a tribe from the East, in the spring time occupies the whole valley of Jezreel, and in times of disturbance goes into the plain of Esdraelon. These various tribes migrate between assigned limits, wandering over some two hundred and four hundred square miles. Their migrations are regulated by the temperature of the seasons and by the water supply and pasturage. Thus they wander from one spring to another, to the sheltered valleys in winter and to shaded, breezy slopes in summer. These nomads resemble the Jews when for forty years they lived in the wilderness going from

place to place. The Midianites and the Amalekites and other children of the East invaded Palestine three thousand years ago with their flocks and herds. They were numerous and destructive. In the valley of Jezreel were their headquarters, and with their tents, cattle and camels, horse-men and domedary-men, swept the whole country. Murray thus describes a scene on this spot in the spring of 1857: "The great Bedawy Chief Akeil Agha assembled his followers and allies after the massacre of the Kurds at Hattan, to divide the spoil. There they lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude and their camels without number. I almost felt when I looked on their wild faces and heaps of plunder as if the sacred Scriptures were realized." The dress, the trappings, the habits of the Bedouins are just what they were thirty centuries ago. The Bedouin camp is an object of peculiar interest. The tent of the Sheik is always known by a spear which stands on the ground before it.



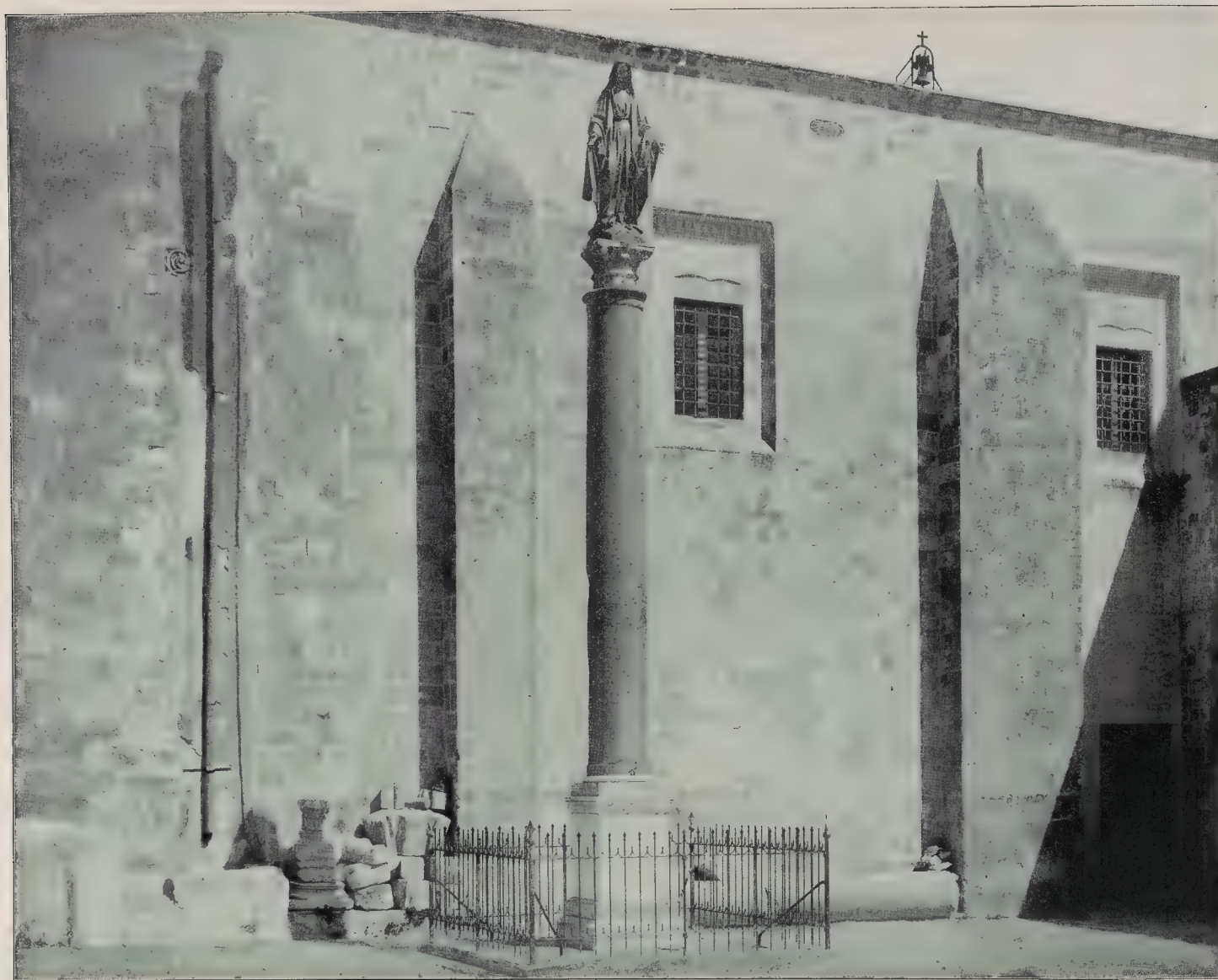
NAZARETH FROM THE EAST.—After an absence, according to Dr. Andrews, of something like six months, the Holy Family with the infant Jesus came in sight again of their own home. If they approached the city from the East they would get the view, as far as the topographical features are concerned, given above. Nazareth stands almost mid-way between the Jordan and the Mediterranean Sea, as we have already said. It lies on the eastern slope of the hill, from the summit of which a magnificent prospect opens out. Toward the north are the hills of Galilee and the majestic summits of the snow-crowned Hermon. On the east is the Jordan valley and in dim outline the heights of the ancient Bashan. To the south spreads the beautiful plain of Esdraelon, with Mount Tabor, Little Hermon and Gilboa; in sight, beyond, are the hills of Samaria, and on the west Carmel faces the blue waters of the Mediterranean. No traveler should miss this view from the hill behind Nazareth. It is perhaps the richest

and most extensive in all Palestine. The nearer hills are wooded, and drop in graceful slopes to broad and widening valleys of "living green." In the village below, upon this eastern slope, the Savior of the world passed his childhood. His feet must frequently have wandered over these hills, and his eyes looked again and again from the summit as do the eyes of pilgrims now. Here the Prince of Peace looked upon the great plain of Esdraelon, where had so often been heard the din of battle; and upon that sea over which the swift ships were to bear the tidings of his salvation to continents and nations then unknown. The history of Nazareth seems to cluster about one remarkable event, "The Annunciation." Before that the place was unknown. But to the Christian, Nazareth is the home of the Savior's boyhood; the scene of his early labors, his prayers, his domestic relations, his whole private life for thirty years. This gives unspeakable charm to the town.



STREET IN NAZARETH.—In the spring of 1887 we rode into Nazareth about two o'clock in the afternoon. After the pitching of our tents we rambled through the bazaars, going to the "Holy Places," the "Altar of the Annunciation" and "Mary's Kitchen," just back of it, and some distance away "Joseph's Workshop." We went into a veritable carpenter shop in the town of Nazareth and watched a Nazarene at work. He sawed and planed a small piece of wood for us, and the sight was helpful to our faith and suggestive of the genuine life there nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Many of the houses of Nazareth are of the simplest and most primitive order—made of bricks which are a combination of clay and straw. A piece of rough masonry is softened by the whitewash of lime. The houses of the better classes are often built of

white limestone. The gardens scattered among them laden with figs and olives, and rich with the white orange blossoms and the scarlet pomegranate, form a charming contrast. On the streets we meet the people of Nazareth in their bright oriental costumes. Nazareth may have shifted its position slightly during the centuries, but not to any great extent. We can easily see that it is, as to its location, the Nazareth of our Lord's time. The memories of the dear Child still haunt these hills. Here he lived and played and worked. He lived as lived the other children of peasant parents in this quiet village, and in great measure as they live now. Here he prepared himself amidst this hallowed obscurity for His mighty work on earth.



COLUMN AND STATUE OF THE VIRGIN, NAZARETH.—

In the above view we have a column and statue erected in honor of the Virgin. It is enclosed by an iron railing, and stands on the side of the Latin church.

Another column is lying near it, and these are parts of columns which entered perhaps into the structure of former buildings. It is said that there was not a Christian inhabitant in Nazareth until the time of Constantine, nor was there a Christian pilgrimage made to it until about the sixth century. In the seventh century two churches were built, one where the Greek church now stands, and the other on the site of Mary's house, where the Latin convent is built. After Nazareth fell into the hands of the Crusaders Tancred built a church at Nazareth and turned it over to the See of Scythopolis. This

church was destroyed in 1266, and was not rebuilt until 1620, when permission was granted for its restoration and possession of the Grotto of the Annunciation. The different structures and objects pointed out in Nazareth as connected with the Annunciation, the Last Supper, etc., are interesting, but to most tourists the charm of Nazareth is due to the fact that it was the home of the Savior's boyhood, and the scene of thirty years of His earthly life. Of this there is no question. The houses we see here, to-day, were not here when Christ was a boy growing up in this quiet country town. There can be no doubt, however, but that the hills and sky lines are the same. And one must be insensible to the noblest things in our civilization and in our life who can look on Nazareth unmoved.



CCOURT-YARD OF THE ENGLISH ORPHANAGE.—We know but little of the wonderful childhood of Christ in Nazareth save that "He grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." Here were passed the years of the ripening manhood of our Lord, and here he came in the early days of his ministry to declare his high calling to his old neighbors and companions. Little remains of the old Nazareth which can be identified, but the surrounding hills and the distant sea, upon which the Savior so often gazed, remain the same. Truly it was "a central spot in the world which He came to save." Some fine buildings have been erected of late years. Among these is an institution for orphan girls, sustained by the "Female Educational Society" of England. We have already in

these pages seen a fine picture of Nazareth from the esplanade of the orphanage. It is pleasant to remember that He who loved to gather the children about Him, and who taught one of His most heavenly lessons when He "set a little child in the midst," is represented by his followers here in their sacred care and culture of the little ones. In the Latin and Greek churches of Nazareth there are Sunday and day schools in which the Bible is taught, and where is told again and again, as in our own land, the story of the life and death of the world's Redeemer. Marion Harland writes of the children of Nazareth: "They are healthy, well formed and evidently well-cared for. In all Nazareth, as we note with gratification, we see no deformed child or one professional beggar of tender years. All this may signify less than we fancy, but we are glad that these things are so."



SAINT MARY'S WELL, OR THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN, is situated near the "Church of the Annunciation." The spring is a little to the north of the church and is conducted past the altar on the left side.

There is an opening here, and the Greek pilgrims bathe their eyes and head in the sacred stream. Through this conduit the water runs to St. Mary's Well. It is strongly probable that the child Jesus and his mother often came hither to draw water. An arch is built above it, and steps lead down to the tank and trough. The motley throng which gathers around it toward evening presents a picturesque scene indeed—women with quaint costumes are constantly to be seen drawing water in pitchers of graceful form or climbing

the wet steps bearing the full vessels upon their heads. The water leaps from a spout into a stone trough where women wash and rinse clothes and chat cherrily among themselves. Marion Harland writes from this spot: "Mary was a peasant and a working-woman like these. We think ourselves as if guilty of irreverence in wondering if she bore the narrow-neck pitcher upon her head with the audacious grace of that laughing girl who does not touch it with her hand, and if she adjusted it before mounting to the steps, upon the colored cloth such as the handsome woman down there has impressed between her veiled head and the dripping vessel. Yet, and again, 'the highly favored among woman' was a daughter of the people and her son at thirty-three years of age 'had not where to lay his head.'"



CAMELS FEEDING AT NAZARETH.—The Bedouins are professedly Moslems, and are the direct descendants of the half savage nomads who have inhabited Arabia from time immemorial. They live by cattle breeding, and possess immense herds of sheep and camels, as we said under a former picture. The eastern branch of the plain of Esdrælon and the valley of Jezreel, are the home of the wandering Bedouins who often pitch their tents near there. The little town of Nazareth is often harrassed by the quarrels of the Arab chiefs and the predatory attacks of the Bedouins. Their herds feed upon the grassy slopes, the camels seeking the sunshine, or loaded with tents and the multifarious furniture of the camp, go roaming abroad "for fresh fields and pastures green." To the stranger the slow-paced camel with his soft-

cushioned feet, his noiseless solemn tread, imperturbable patience imprinted upon his dun colored face, seems a picturesque and amiable animal, but to one who knows him well he is cross, discontented and often treacherous. H. M. Field in his "Review of Recent Events in Egypt," says: "As my camel and I were to be on somewhat intimate terms, I approached to make her acquaintance, and even tendered her some little caressing. I attempted to stroke her gently; she instantly swung around her long neck and gave me a vicious snap which warned me not to presume on any familiarity." The camel, with all its faults, is an interesting animal. The riding camel, which forms an indispensable feature in processions of special character, when smartly caparisoned with shawls and strings of coins, is exceedingly artistic.



ENGLISH ORPHANAGE, NAZARETH.—The thirty years from the time of the return from Egypt to the beginning of the ministry of our Savior are passed over by St. John and St. Mark in absolute silence. St. Luke tells us that "The child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him." Two or three times we have been permitted to look at this Orphanage. It is a Protestant memorial on a sacred site, commanding a charming view and serving a philanthropic, a Christian purpose. It connects the thought of childhood in our day with the childhood of Jesus. One almost envies the good people who are permitted in this place to do this work. Farrar says: "The education of the Jewish boy of the humbler classes was almost solely Scriptural and moral, and His parents, as a rule, were his sole teachers." Marion Harland says: "Those who have

Christian parents think and speak of Him as do the children of other Christian countries. The rest know little of Him, and care nothing for Him. We have here Sunday and day schools, in which the Bible is taught, and the story of our Lord's life and death is well known to the members of the Latin and Greek churches." "His infancy, a sinless childhood, a sinless boyhood, a sinless youth, a sinless manhood, was spent here in humility, toil, obscurity, submission, contentment and prayer," "and whatever Jesus may have learned when a child in the house of His mother or in the synagogue, His best teaching was derived from immediate insight into His Father's will." He seemed to be doing nothing wonderful. The saintly Bonaventura said that "His doing nothing wonderful was in itself a kind of wonder. For His whole life was a mystery—there was power in His silence."



SITE OF JOSEPH'S WORK SHOP.—The most massive structure in the little town of Nazareth is the Latin Monastery. A little to the northeast of this building is the traditional House or Work Shop of Joseph. The Franciscans gained possession of this spot about the middle of the last century. It is hardly worth while to describe the modern chapel, built in 1859, for it lacks the flavor of antiquity, but this we know that in this little town Jesus grew up from infancy to youth. Here he, too, spent the years of his ripening manhood in humble labor. It was his home, a home of trustful piety, of purity and of peace. This we may believe with Joseph to guide, with Mary to hallow and sweeten it, and with Jesus to illuminate it with the very light of heaven. When Joseph returned to Nazareth, to the calm, untroubled seclusion of that happy valley, he knew that the life of the Virgin and of the Holy Child would be

spent with him in honest poverty and in manual toil. One writer says: "We may safely infer that these years in the home and trade of the carpenter were happy years in our Savior's life. Jesus chose voluntarily 'the low estate of the poor.'" Throughout the whole of his life our Lord was poor. If tradition be true, Joseph held a very humble position as carpenter, was "not very skillful and received, probably, a very moderate competence, and with him Christ labored, working with his own hands." Farrar in his life of Christ says: "It has tended to console and sanctify the estate of poverty; to ennoble the duty of labor; to elevate the entire conception of manhood, as of a condition which in itself alone and apart from every adventitious circumstance, has its own grandeur and dignity in the sight of God."



WHEAT MARKET, NAZARETH.—Nazareth—from the question, Can anything good come out of Nazareth?—has come to be thought of as situated in a barren and unfertile region. There could not be a greater mistake. It is really in the midst of the richest soil in Palestine. It overlooks the plain of Esdralon, perhaps the most fertile valley in the world, and has always existed in a region capable of producing abundant harvests of wheat. In the above picture we have a small open square beside one of the streets in Nazareth where the country people bring their wheat to sell. In Palestine public life is spent chiefly in the open air, in streets or fields. Such scenes as we witness above were, perhaps, familiar to Christ in His boyhood home. Wheat in Palestine is called corn, and has always constituted a staple element of breadstuff. According to Edersheim, there was not a more beautiful country than Galilee proper. It

was here that Ashar had dipped his foot in oil. According to the rabbis, it was easier to rear a forest of olive trees in Galilee than one child in Judea. Corn grew in abundance; the wine, though not so plentiful as the corn, was rich in quality. Proverbially, all fruits grew to perfection, and altogether the cost of living was about one-fifth of that in Judea. Josephus says there were two hundred and forty towns and villages in Galilee, each with not less than fifteen thousand inhabitants. "In the center of industry all the then well-known trades were busily carried on. The husbandman pursued his happy toil on genial soil; while, by the Lake of Genesaret, with its unrivaled beauty, its rich villages and lovely retreats, the fisherman plied his healthy vocation. In the above picture we are looking toward the west."



ALTAR, LATIN CHURCH.—We can never understand the depth and continuity of the religious life of the Jews without remembering that from the beginning a religious atmosphere surrounded the child of Jewish parents. "These are the things by which a man enjoys the fruits in this world, but their possession continueth for the next; to honor father and mother, pious works, peace-making between man and man, and the study of the law, which is equivalent to them all." Devotion to the law constituted, in the esteem of the Jews, the chief aim in life. Jewish parents were more concerned to give their children a knowledge of the law than they were to leave them an earthly inheritance. Among the memorable sayings of the Talmud there is one to the effect that "Knowledge of the law may be looked for in those who have sucked it in at their mother's breast." Of what the true mothers in Israel were can be known by studying the lives of the mothers of Zebedee's children, and of Mark, of Dorcas, of Lydia, of Lois, of Eunice,

and of Priscilla. There is no department of study that could be pursued with more profit at the present time than the national history of the Jews, especially as it respected the methods adopted by parents to bring up their children. The private and united prayers, domestic rights, weekly Sabbath, and the festive seasons were all employed with a reference to bringing up Jewish children in the knowledge of and with a true love for the lands, traditions, and institutions of their people. And it is true, even to this day, that the children of the Jews are better trained in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and in the ordinances and customs of the Jewish Church, than the children of any other people on the earth. So during the thirty years our Savior spent in Nazareth, He was being trained as other Jewish children in the Holy Scriptures, and all the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish Church.



INTERIOR LATIN CHURCH OF ANNUNCIATION, NAZARETH.—It is said "that the best starting point for a walk through Nazareth is the Latin Monastery." The Church of the Annunciation is situated within its walls, consequently it is naturally the first to be visited. In 1620 the famous Druse Emir, Fakr ed Din, subdued this part of Palestine, and by him permission was given to some Franciscan Monks to build the Church of the Annunciation and a convent near it. Since then Nazareth has continued to be a Christian village. Upon visiting this Franciscan Convent you will be conducted by a solemn, reverend monk of that order into the Church of the Annunciation. You will see its long aisles, its vaulted ceiling, whose arches rest upon four immense pillars. On either side are altars. The high altar is reached by a

flight of marble steps on each side. This altar is dedicated to the Angel Gabriel. Behind this altar is the choir, a large, dark and sombre place, from which mass is said at an early hour. One writer says: "I went at the call of the bell, and heard the monks say mass. The mellow tones of the organ and the impressive chanting of the monks were quite affecting in this strange land and sacred place at early dawn." Nazareth, where our Savior was brought up, is so far away that few people can ever hope to make a journey to it, but the Book of Leviticus, the first portion of the Scriptures, that as a boy in school He studied, is in all our homes. If Nazareth is sacred because He was trained there, should not the Book of Leviticus be doubly sacred because He began His studies there?



PALACE OF HEROD, SAMARIA OR SEBASTE.—Thirty years of silence in the midst of which our Savior grew up is broken only once. This was upon the occasion of the visit of the Holy Family to the feast of the Passover, when Jesus was twelve years of age. "Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the Passover. And when he was twelve years old they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast." The feast of the Passover began on the 8th of April, according to Dr. Andrews, and this visit to Jerusalem was made by the Holy Family in the year A. D. 8, according to the same authority. It must be remembered, in order to understand the calendar which began the Christian era, that from some error in the calculation it is four years too late. The journey of Jesus and His mother, from Nazareth in Galilee to the Holy City of Jerusalem, would be full of historic associations which the lad with His ample knowledge of the Jewish Scriptures would readily recall. The lad of Shunem whom the prophet so long ago brought to life; the mother's faith

and devotion; the joy of that restoration; the cruel arrest and sale of Joseph over there at Dotham; the cruelty and crimes of Ahab, brought to mind by the sight of Jezreel and the remains of that King's palace. How memory piled on memory here in the neighborhood of Gilboa, the plain of Esdraelon, the valley leading down to the Jordan, the river of Kishon, the outjutting promontory of Carmel and the great sea beyond! Did His young soul approve, though with solemn feeling, the fate of Ahab and of Jezebel? Certainly with all the purity, gentleness and grace of His later life and ministry, we see that His love was not mere amiability, but that with it was a righteous wrath against sin cherished and indulged. The glory of Ahab's palace, as of Ahab's fame, has long since faded. A miserable hamlet now full of poverty and squalor, is all that is left of the splendor and power of that godless king.

"How are the mighty fallen!"



THE VALLEY OF SHECHEM.—Leaving Samaria the Holy Family would pass through beautiful valleys until they reached the entrance to the Valley of Shechem—now Nablous. In all Palestine, from Dan to Beersheba, there is no finer spot, as far as natural scenery is concerned, than this verdant valley, sparkling with fountains and streams. It opens westward from the plain of Mukhna. It is about two hundred yards in width, shut in on the north and the south by the rocky ascents of Ebal and Gerizim. As you approach from the plain the valley ascends gently and is full of cornfields for a half mile. For another half mile the road curves through a belt of olive orchards, their gray tints contrasting with the delicate green of the cornfields. Then you come upon the fruit orchards, with here and there the white dome

of a dwelling among them, until the town is reached. Nablous (the ancient Shechem) lies chiefly on the south side of the valley, running up into a bay or nook in the side of Gerizim. Beyond the white town, which is on the watershed of the valley, lie gardens and orchards again, with fields beyond blending their lovely tints of soft green, gray and russet as they melt into the purple distance of the mountains. The view through the valley from east to west is most beautiful, the domes and minarets of Nablous springing from the clustering orchards of the lower valley. In the picture we look toward the south. We see a mill, with olive and fig trees, in the valley, while beyond are the slopes of Mt. Gerizim. This is on the road from Shechem to Haifa, and near this we leave the Haifa road for Nazareth.



RÂS EL 'AIN, NABLOUS, OR NÂBULARS.—The ascent of Mt. Gerezim is made in an hour, and that hour will be a memorable one to the traveler. If he begins the ascent from the west corner of the town he will follow the valley thence toward the south, and soon come upon the full-flowing spring Râs el 'Ain, which sends its waters down through the gardens that lie in terraces south of Nablous. The springs of Gerezim make the valley of Shechem the most beautiful and fruitful of Central Palestine. Above Râs el 'Ain is a lofty plain, where the Samaritans keep the Feast of the Passover, dwelling in tents. Seven white lambs are slaughtered, in strict accord with Old Testament ritual, at a point a little nearer the summit, a ceremony that few strangers have ever witnessed. Upon the summit once stood the temple of the Samaritans, built by them for worship when the Jews, returned from captivity, would not

allow them to help rebuild the temple at Jerusalem, because they had become a mixed race. Christian and Mussulman have since worshiped from the same lofty plateau, and have left their ruins there, but the Samaritans point to a projecting rock as having once been the site of the altar of their temple. Across the valley is Mount Ebal, the lofty, snow-crowned Hermon just visible beyond it. Did Jesus recall the account he had read again and again of the meeting here of "all Israel," when the voice of Joshua, pronouncing "all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings," could be heard from Ebal to Gerezim? Tristram and many other travelers have tested the acoustic properties of this open temple between the Mount of Blessing and the Mount of Cursing, and under the bending dome of azure.



TEMPLE OF THE ARK, SHILOH. Leaving Shechem, the Nazareth party would pass by Jacob's Well and in sight of Joseph's Tomb. Another day's journey would bring them to Seilûn—the Shiloh of the Scriptures, and probably the site of the first temple to Jehovah, the home of the Ark of the Covenant. Shiloh is used also as one of the names of the Messiah, as in Genesis, 49:10, and means the Savior and the tranquility of peace from Him. It is written of this place: "But go ye now unto my place in Shiloh where I set my name at the first."—Jeremiah, 7:12. Here Eli lived, and Hannah prayed and was answered, and here Samuel served and was called to the priesthood. Here the holy oil burned before the ark "ere the lamps of God went out in the temple of the Lord," and the ark, captured by the Philistines, came no more to Shiloh. If you approach it through the Valley of Ain El Haramyeh you follow the path

skirting the east slope till it reaches the top of the pass, where a glimpse of Mt. Hermon is caught in the distance, and the green basin of El Lubbôn (Lebonah of Scripture). Below, at the gushing fountain of Lubbôn, you leave the direct road to Bethel to make a detour to "Shiloh, on the side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah."—Judges, 21:19. Here is an oblong hill on which has been cut a level court seventy-seven feet wide by 412 feet long. The rock has been cut at the edges to join the terrace, and cisterns are found along the side. May not this have been the plateau proposed as the site for the tabernacle, which, according to tradition, was "a structure of low stone walls with a tent drawn over the top"? At any rate, says Maj. Wilson, there is no other level spot on the "Tell" large enough to receive a tent of the dimensions of the tabernacle."



BETHEL.—In the picture we are looking toward the northeast. Here we pitched our lunch-tent the first day out from Jerusalem. Here the boy Jesus must have thought of Jacob—

"The bed was earth, the raised pillow stone,
Whereon poor Jacob rests his head, his bones;
Heaven was his canopy, the shades of night
Were his drawn curtains to exclude the light."

Bethel, "House of God," now called Beitin, is situated about twelve miles north of Jerusalem. At the present day it is one of the most desolate looking places in Palestine. The name Bethel sounds like a household word. Four thousand years ago Abraham pitched his tent upon this very spot. "Here Jacob slept, as many an Arab sleeps now, on the bare ground with a stone for his pillow." Here, in his dream, he saw the ladder and

the angels. Before that time it was called Luz. The ruins of the ancient city are about three or four acres in extent. They consist of foundations, fragments of walls, and large heaps of stones. South of the village is the great reservoir. The author of "The Land of Israel" said: "There is a strange and delightful charm in camping by the fountain of Bethel which was rippling in my ear as I wrote up my journal."

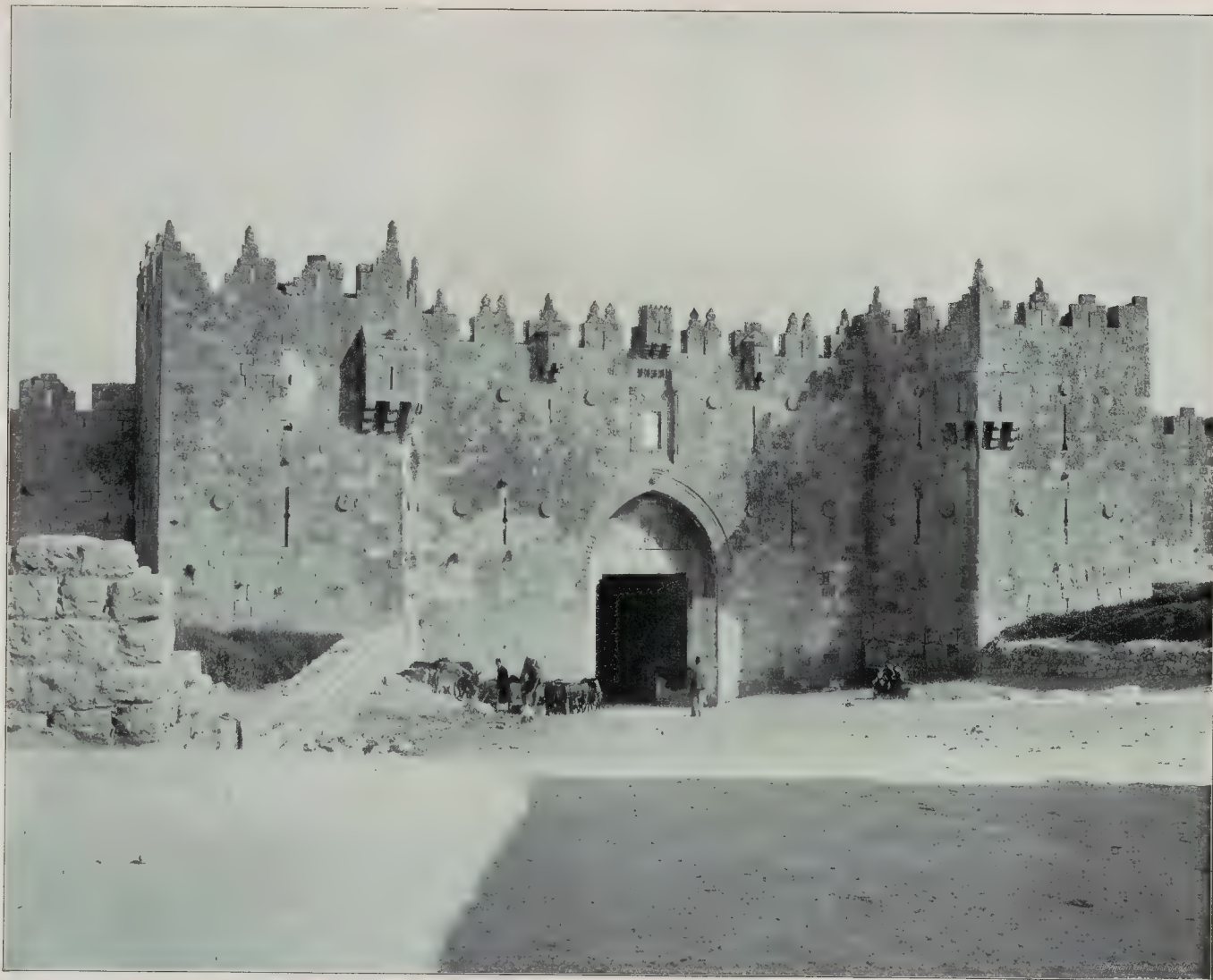
"Who would not sleep on such a bed,
With stony pillow for his head,

If they might dream with thee,
Whose glad dreaming is no seeming,
Nor whose sleeping ends in weeping,
And whose waking is no breaking
Of the bright reality."



VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM BETHESDA.—Bethesda (house of mercy) is generally supposed to be the pool now called Berkit Isrâ'el, within the wall of the city. It is north of the temple and close by St. Stephen's Gate, which is supposed to occupy the ancient site of the sheep market. It is an immense reservoir, 360 feet long, 130 feet wide and seventy-five feet deep to the rubbish which has accumulated at the bottom. It now rarely contains water. Whether this be the true Bethesda or not we know the true site is not far distant where "an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water," and that not far from this spot stood Jesus, and said: "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." Looking southward from this point one gets a magnificent view of that "Holy City which has now occupied a permanent position on the page of history for nearly thirty-eight long

centuries. A high battlemented wall, in some places nearly eighty feet high, encompasses the city. The red rays of the setting sun shed a halo round the Castle of David, and tips with gold each "tapering minaret," and gilds each dome of mosque and church. The Mosque of Omar, the most splendid mosque in the world, encrusted with encaustic tiles of gorgeous colors, and surmounted by its graceful dome, the dazzling whiteness of its pavements and fountains, and, most of all, its sacred associations, make it one of the most interesting and charming spots on earth. The above view is taken near St. Stephen's gate. The architectural features of the scene are wholly changed since the boy from Nazareth looked on Jerusalem. But the hills, the valleys and the sky are the same. Here He walked and wondered, the simple lad from Galilee.



DAMASCUS GATE.—The pilgrims from Nazareth in all probability passed into Jerusalem through this gate, or through one occupying about the same position. The Damascus gate (the Bab El Amud) is by far the handsomest and most striking of the five entrances into Jerusalem. At either side, on the inside of the gate, are very slender columns, above which is a pointed pediment bearing an inscription. The Damascus Gate, with its towers, battlements, turrets, and projecting parapets on either side, and above "the chamber over the gate," presents an appearance both beautiful and imposing. According to the inscription, it was built, or at least restored, by Soliman in the year 944 of the Hegira (beginning June 10, 1537), and is a fine example of the architecture of the sixteenth century. The tower of the gate commands a magnificent view. On both sides of the entrance are some fine specimens of ancient work. The

stones employed are evidently the fragments of ancient structures, which have attracted the attention and discussion of students of Jerusalem topography. Captain Warren commenced excavations on both sides of the gate, but was not allowed by the authorities to complete them. He says: "This gate is at present built of two very different styles of masonry, the older portion of which is probably of the same age as the portions of the sanctuary wall." The results of Warren's explorations are important since they confirm the opinion that there was at that point a city wall and gateway at least as ancient as the time of Herod the Great. Under the gates there still exist subterranean chambers. The rushing of a subterranean water course is said to have been frequently heard below the Damascus gate.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.—This beautiful mosque has a meaning within and above its beauty that no other edifice can claim. It is the shelter or inclosure of the great altar of the world. It has a post of sublime interest, and one always asks oneself, "What will be the next great event in its history?" Away back in the childhood of the world Abraham climbed these heights, yet untouched by man, and laid his son, Isaac, there for an offering to the Lord, who had claimed it. After the trial was over it became the "Mount of the Lord," and the Messiah was then promised. Later the great plague that fell upon Israel was stayed at this spot—"the threshing floor of Ornan, or Araunah"—and here David saw the great angel stand between the heaven and the earth, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem. And another altar was built by David, upon which the Lord sent holy fire. A

few years later Solomon laid the foundation of the Lord's house around the rock altar, and the great altar of the temple was built above the sacred spot. After the glory of the temple had passed a church was built by the Crusaders here, and then Caliph Ab El Melek (twelve hundred years ago) built a mosque upon the spot and left the naked top of the holy mountain bare, as devout Mussulmen believe that Mohammed ascended to heaven from it. This rock, fifty-six feet long by forty-two feet wide, is surrounded by a richly wrought railing, and is directly under a noble dome. The gorgeous surroundings of tiles, wrought marble, mosaics and jewels like glass, is only the setting of that wonderful stone, the hoary brow of Mount Moriah, where it breaks through the tessellated pavement. Here Jesus and Mary stood on that first paschal visit of the lad who was to be the Lamb of God, the Savior of man.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.—To the Jews and Christians the Mosque of Omar is chiefly interesting because it stands upon the site of Solomon's Temple. The only three buildings of which God is recorded to have given the plans are Noah's Ark, the Tabernacle of Moses and the Temple of Solomon. By far the most elaborate was the temple that stood in the age when Israel ruled the world. The temple summed up and illustrated the glory of the Hebrew theocracy. It emphasized the end of an era of conquest and progress, and marked the beginning of national decline and sorrow. The temple was an expression in stone of the conception which, in the days of the wanderings under Moses, rustled in the blue and purple and scarlet curtains of the tabernacle. In the days when this first visit of our Savior was made to Jerusalem the temple had ceased to be to the Jews what it had been

in the time of Solomon. The day of the temple was already over; the Jews had learned the lesson of the one God, and the interests which centered in the temple were to be distributed in the synagogues throughout the world. Marion Harland says of the Mosque of Omar: "It is exceedingly beautiful without and within. The gorgeous environment of tiles, mosaics, wrought marbles and stained glass detains us but a few minutes in our hurried passage to what would be called in music and poetry the 'motif' of the superb structure. The hoary brow of Mount Moriah breaks through the tessellated pavement directly under the noble dome." Until recent years no Christian has been allowed to enter the Mosque of Omar. The earliest entrances were made at the risk of the intruder's life, but the rule is relaxed. One of the editors of this series entered the Mosque in 1863.



GENERAL VIEW OF "MOSQUE EL AKSA."—Within the sacred inclosure of the ancient temple is the Mosque el Aksa. This mosque stands close to the south wall and near the southwest corner of the haram. About the middle of the sixth century the Emperor Justinian built a magnificent basilica in Jerusalem in honor of the Virgin. The description of the plan and site justifies us in concluding that it was identical with the present Mosque el Aksa. It stands near the beautiful Mosque of Omar. It is 272 feet long, 184 feet wide, covering 50,000 square feet. It has the form of a basilica of seven aisles. The stones in its foundation are immense in size. They were hewn from the mountains and brought from an exceeding height. The historian

says: "First they made wagons equal to the size of the rocks, and placed a single stone on each, then forty oxen, chosen by the Emperor's order for their excellence, drew the stone to the destined spot. It has a Gothic porch of much later date. The arches of three middle compartments are filled in with light columns, with plain capitals. The interior is supported by forty-five columns, thirty-three of which are marble and twelve of stone. The capitals of the columns are of great variety, some of them of heavy and bad design. Some of the windows are good; one particularly attractive is of delicate blue color. The interior of the dome is richly decorated with mosaics, while the exterior of the mosque is mostly whitewashed and is a plain structure as compared with the Mosque of Omar.



MOSQUE EL AKSA, WITH BASIN.—A little north of the gothic porch of the Mosque is a marble fountain called El Kas—"The Cup." Beneath this is a very large subterranean reservoir or basin, into which it is said the water from the Pools of Solomon was once conveyed. It is fifty feet deep and interspersed with small islands of rock, from which arise tapering spires of rock to support the ground above. Not far from this basin, within a few feet of the main entrance, is the passage leading to the southern gateway of the ancient temple. The tank under El Aksa holds 700,000 gallons, and Warren computes the capacity of the cisterns under the Haram area, at 5,000,000 gallons. These reservoirs were mostly excavated in rock. A vast supply of water was needed, not only for the ordinary use of the large population of

Jerusalem, but for the great demand made for the temple service. Forty-three well-months now lead to reservoirs below the Haram area. It was in strict accordance with the laws of the Jews that Christ was taken to Jerusalem at this feast of the Passover, when he was twelve years of age. Edersheim says that when the pilgrim's feet stood within the gates of Jerusalem there could have been no difficulty in finding hospitality, however crowded the city could have been on such an occasion. The more so when we remember the extreme simplicity of Eastern manners and wants, and the abundance of gifts which the sacrifices of the seasons would supply. The first visit to Jerusalem coming from the retirement of the Galilean village must have made a profound impression upon the mind of any child.



PANORAMA OF JERUSALEM.— Between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives on the east, is the deep valley of Kedron or Jehosaphat. In this and in the next two pictures we are to look at the city from the Mount of Olives, beginning toward the south and moving northward. Let us begin with our westward look. To the extreme left is a cluster of buildings with a minaret and small dome. This is the Tomb of David on Mount Zion. A little to the north of it is the Zion Gate. Below and to the left of the Tomb of David is the deep valley of Hinnom, which we shall see again. Looking northward we see near to us, within the temple inclosure, a group of buildings, the

chief one having a long roof and small dome. This is the Mosque 'El Aksa. Coming eastward toward our point of view, near the bottom of the valley, you see the Pillar of Absalom. The road passing it toward the east leads toward Bethany. On the hillside and near the wall of the city is the Moslem burying place. Far away to the west, at the extreme right of the picture, rises the square tower of David, near the Jaffa Gate. The flat roofs, the many domes, the dark green trees, the blue sky, make a charming panorama. No city in the world can boast of such a wonderful history as Jerusalem. She is lifted up on mountains, while mountains are round about her; she is rockbound and undergirded with rock.



PANORAMA OF JERUSALEM.—We now move further northward on the Mount of Olives and again look across the Valley of Kedron upon the Holy City. At our feet are the swelling domes and towers and crosses of the new Russian church on the Mount of Olives. We see more tombs stretching along the eastern wall of the city to the extreme left. We gaze upon the Mosque of Omar, which stands within this inclosure of thirty-five acres. Here once stood the Jewish Temple. Far to the west, and little to the right of the dome of the Mosque of Omar, is the English church, and near it is the hospital for poor Jews. A little to the right is the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is said by tradition to mark the place of the cruci-

fixion and resurrection. The other large buildings, still further to the right, are hospitals, monasteries and other sacred quarters occupied by religious orders. Immediately before us, at the center of the picture, is a two-arched gateway, now closed up. This is the celebrated Golden Gate, concerning which there are many traditions and prophecies. A little to the right, within the Golden Gate and across the grassy temple area, are several arches. This is the residence of the Pacha of Jerusalem, and to the right of his residence, at the extreme north end of the temple inclosure, is the Pool of Bethesda. We shall later on see more in detail the various places of interest within the city.



PANORAMA OF JERUSALEM.—We have moved still further north on the Mount of Olives, and now our eyes take in that part of Jerusalem which extends from the limits of the temple area to the northern wall. Near the center of the picture is the eastern gate of the city, popularly known as St. Stephen's Gate, from which reach out two or three paths, long trodden, white and dusty, contrasting finely with the trees, and in the early spring with the green grass on slope and terrace. Below us, to the right, beyond the little wall, is the Church of the Virgin, and immediately below us, to the left, the Garden of Gethsemane, of which we shall be able to say and see more later on. Tombs still sprinkle the landscape, for here both Jew and

Moslem love to lie when death has claimed them, having a hope always abiding that some time there shall be a reward of some kind—resurrection, power, a glorious vision—because of their proximity in death to the Holy City. Nineveh, Babylon and Rome—cities that represent and were in themselves great empires—have not had a tithe of the power over human thought and affection as has this mountain town of Judea. Jerusalem has never had since the days of Solomon any commercial importance. Its only trade has been in the symbols and objects of affection; in crosses of thorn made of olive wood; in paper weights with the Jerusalem stamp upon them; in carving in mother of pearl of the Savior's face, and in photographs connected with the life of Jesus.



BEEROOTH.—The seven days of the Feast of the Passover have gone by. Joseph and Mary have moved on with the Nazareth crowd toward their home in the North. "The child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem." An ecclesiastical tradition makes Beeroth the place where Joseph and Mary missed the lad. The claims in favor of this town are that it is a day's journey, as pilgrims used to travel, from Jerusalem, and that this was the place where on the first evening the various members of the family would find each other. Beeroth (El-Birch) is one of the four cities of the Gibeonites. El-Birch means "abundance of water." It lies in a poor district, but a little below it to the southwest is a spring. The remains of several ancient reservoirs mark the spot. In

the north of the village is a tower, partly constructed of ancient materials; and on the highest ground are found ruins of an ancient Christian church, built by the Knights Templar, who held Beeroth during the reign of the Latin kings. It is said that at Beeroth Jotham concealed himself for fear of Abime, his brother. In Ezra and Nehemiah it is stated that some of the inhabitants of Beeroth returned with Ezra from the captivity. Hackett says that at Beeroth "several females were washing heaps of clothes in the little stream that issued from the spring. They all wore the occipital ornaments—the string of coins which is so common there."



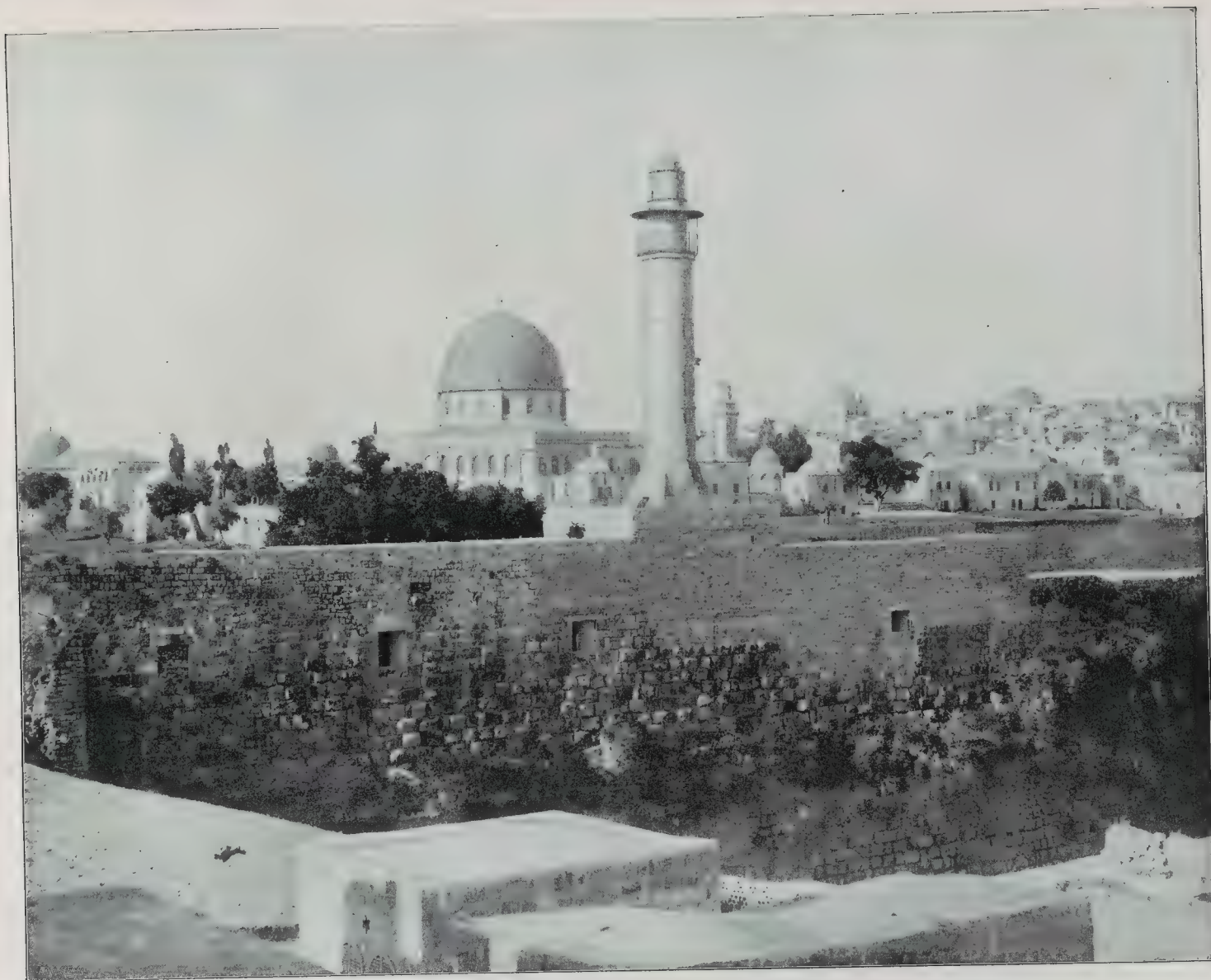
MOUNT OF OLIVES.—With anxiety Mary and Joseph return to Jerusalem from Beeroth in quest of the missing boy. They would pass the tomb of the kings, through the upper edge of the Valley of Jehosaphat, and would enter the city again perhaps through the Damascus Gate. While we leave them in their sacred search let us, from our point of view on the hills of Jerusalem, look eastward and see the Mount of Olives, always conspicuous from every part of the environs of Jerusalem. There are three ways of ascending the Mount of Olives. At the bottom of the picture to the left we see the main road coming down from the St. Stephen's Gate, behind us, into the heart of the valley. Immediately before us, with its dark and tapering trees, is the Garden of Gethsemane. To the left a road goes up the Mount of Olives. This is thought by some

to be the way that David passed when fleeing from his rebel son Absalom. Then we see the middle road, which, in the picture, turns to the southeast and ascends the mount to the left of the new Greek church with its towers of swelling domes. This road passes to Bethany, over the summit of the hill. Another road, passing this side of the Garden of Gethsemane, at the bottom of the picture, is the carriage road which leads to Bethany. The Mount of Olives, now called Jebul et-Târ, is, in a sense, "before" Jerusalem. It is before one's eyes from almost every part of the city. It is still made more conspicuous by the olive groves which clothe its sides. "No name in Scripture calls up associations at once so sacred and so pleasing as that of Olivet."



VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.—We now look westward and northwestward over the wide expansion of the Valley of Jehosaphat, northeast of the city. When Joseph and Mary failed to find the boy in the camp at Beeroth, on their return to Jerusalem they would come down the Damascus road, across the upper edge of this valley. The beginning of the famous Valley of Kedron is about a mile and a quarter northwest of the Damascus Gate. From a slight depression the valley gradually deepens as it extends to the south. As it passes St. Stephen's Gate it is one hundred feet lower than the bottom of the walls of Jerusalem, and is about four hundred feet broad. Below the southeast corner of the wall of Jerusalem it unites with the Hinnom and Tyropoeon valleys and goes down toward the Jordan. Descending into the valley from the Mount of

Olives we pass the graves of a great many Jews, and just below the walls of Jerusalem, on the western slope of the valley, are the tombs of the Mohammedans. There is a belief that the final judgment is to take place here, based on the passage in the prophecy of Joel: "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the Valley of Jehosaphat. Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the Valley of Jehosaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about." We can well imagine that the agitated heart of Mary thought little of the surrounding scenery, and of the sacred associations, or the relations of the landscape with its valley and mountains to the voice of prophecy. Her heart, full of the hidden things, was nigh unto breaking with anxiety for the boy she loved and for whom every minute she lived.



MOSQUE OF OMAR AND JEWISH QUARTER.—“And it came to pass that after three days they found Him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding and answers. And when they saw Him they were amazed: and His mother said unto Him, Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing. And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business? And they understood not the saying which He spake unto them.” It is supposed that our Savior was upon this occasion in one of the schools connected with the temple, which in all probability stood where we now see the Mosque of Omar. The doctors with whom He con-

versed were astonished at His understanding and answers. The beautiful pictures by Holeman Hunt and by Hoffman of “The Boy in the Temple” are fine studies in ancient Jewish life and in the personal character and charms of the Boy of Nazareth. Far lovelier than all the landscapes of Palestine at their best was the face of that Nazarene Boy. It is impossible for us to understand the blending of the human and of the divine in His nature. He was a marvel of wisdom and grace. As we look upon the old walls and the splendid remains of Jewish, Christian and Moslem architecture, the fair face of the Boy with its wonderful expression of divine life and love becomes the central and all-illuminating feature of the scene. What He was gives value to all that is in the City of Jerusalem to-day.



RUINS OF SHILOH.—Having found Jesus with the doctors they at once returned with Him to Nazareth. It is said "and He went down with them and came to Nazareth and was subject unto them; but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart." Leaving the city one would pass by the hill Scopus; by Nob, where the whole family of the high priest was sacrificed by Saul; by Ramah, where Samuel was born and buried; by Beeroth, where they would perhaps again camp for the night, and by Bethel, a picture which we have already seen, coming at length to Shiloh, where for three hundred years the Jewish Ark and Tabernacle remained. Here Abijah, the prophet, lived, and hither came the wife of Jeroboam to consult him. Nothing is left at Shiloh now but the scattered remains of shapeless ruins. We were at Shiloh on the

morning of May 3rd, 1894. We are now looking toward the west. There are but two buildings remaining on this ancient site and these are half ruined. Evidently they were Christian churches. The building farthest north is called El Kûsr (the Castle). It is thirty-nine by thirty-six feet in area and twelve feet in height. The walls are four feet in thickness. Near it is a noble oak held in superstitious reverence by the natives, who hang votive gifts in the branches to propitiate "the inhabitants" of the tree. About fifty rods south of the El Kûsr is another building—the "Mosque of the Forty." This peculiar building has a buttress on the north side ten feet thick at the base, sloping upward to the top. "Utterly destroyed is the place of the Ark of God, the home of Eli and Samuel."—*Tristram*.



TOMB OF JOSEPH, NABLOUS.—The pilgrims from Jerusalem having left Shiloh would in about ten miles' further travel reach Joseph's Tomb, a mile and a half to the south of Nablous. This is supposed to be on "the parcel of ground purchased by Jacob," and is an object of great veneration. It stands at the eastern entrance to the valley between Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal. Jews, Samaritans, Christians and Mohammedans agree on the identity of this sacred place. The low-domed mosque gleams white against the mountain back ground. The tomb itself is about six feet long and four feet high, covered with ordinary plaster, which has been whitewashed, as are all the Moslem graves of the country. Within the entrance to the inclosure is the vine "whose branches run over the wall," recording the words of Jacob when he blessed Joseph.

Hebrew, Arabic and Samaritan inscriptions are on the wall. It is really the tomb that should mark the resting place of the bones of Joseph, the Hebrew prince of Egypt and the savior of his people. For more than sixty years his mummy traveled with the tribes of Israel, after his four hundred years' entombment in Egypt, and it must have been a relief to the people when he was at last buried for all time in the little inheritance in Canaan that "Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor for one hundred pieces of silver." Near by is the "wandering field of Joseph," where, after days of fruitless search for his brother, he met a certain man of Shechem who had heard his brother say, "Let us go to Dothan." He had wandered fifty miles to be rejected of his brethren.



NABLOUS.—Passing between Gerizim and Ebal, Mary, Joseph and Jesus soon came to Shechem. Before us is a fine picture of the city, one of the most thrifty and well-kept of Eastern towns, with a population at the present day of about 20,000, of which 160 are Samaritans, 600 are Christians, 200 are Jews and the rest Mohammedans—bigoted and fanatical. The principal structures of the city are the mosques. The largest stands at the union of two streets, and has a Gothic gateway painted with red, white and blue. It was once a Christian church, but is now called "The Great Mosque." There is also a Samaritan synagogue, not very well kept, but with its dome and skylight and the sacred recess where the ancient manuscripts are preserved. The Samaritans, like the Indians of America, are gradually dying out. Conder says that

"ancient Shechem stood very nearly on the same site occupied by the large stone town of Nablous, with its well-watered gorge, full of gardens of mulberry and walnut, with vineyards and olive groves, above which rise the barren slopes of Ebal on the north and Gerizim on the south." Although almost every traveler visits the Samaritan synagogue at Nablous, it is difficult to become acquainted with this proud and reserved people. And there are very few people living who have seen the oldest of the manuscripts of the Pentateuch—a treasure in their possession. It is perhaps the oldest copy of the Bible in the world, and until it has been read by a competent scholar it is impossible to say what light it may throw upon the Pentateuch.



AMPHITHEATER OF HEROD, SAMARIA.—Passing beyond Shechem the Holy Family, after going seven miles, would reach ancient Samaria. Here is a spot of rare beauty. The perfection of hill and valley, with fine outlines against the sky, and all the wealth which abundant streams could furnish to a susceptible soil. Roberts, in his Journal, says: "It is difficult to conceive any place surpassing this in the beauty of its position or any spot more commanding in situation than that of the ancient capital of Samaria, standing, as it does, in the most fertile portion of Palestine and enriched by the wealth and taste of the most superb of all its governors, Herod. I never was more delighted when, slowly winding round the brow of the hill, it first burst upon my path in a wealth of glory and sunshine." Here

Herod established a splendid amphitheater. Stanley says: "The long colonnade of the broken pillars of Herod's city still lines the topmost terrace of the hill." Below the summit, in a sort of level basin, there are many columns in the form of a square, which are supposed to have been the foundation of a theater in the time of Herod. The picture above was taken at such a long distance from these columns that, as we look at them, they seem like small posts in the ground, but they are really two feet in diameter and about sixteen feet in height. Here it was that Omri bought of Shemer, for the great sum of two talents of silver, this mountain, Shamron, and here "he built on the mountain and called the name of the city which he built Shamron (or Samaria), after the name of Shemer, owner of the mountain."—I. Kings, 16-24.



FAMILY TRAVELING IN GALILEE.—As we made our way through Galilee, in the month of May, 1894, we met on the road a family as you see in the picture. A box is strapped on each side of the mule; a woman holding an umbrella is in one box and two bright-faced little children are in the other. The husband rides sidewise upon a donkey, holding to the mule by a line made up of chain and rope. This family probably belongs to the higher classes among the peasantry of the country. One of our editors, passing through this region in 1887, saw another family riding southward with camel and horses, the woman riding aloft and swaying from side to side on their "ship of the desert." It was in the days of Christ that families journeyed in this way from one end of the land to the other. The traveler approaching Tiberias from

the south rides three hours with Hermon before him, sparkling through its mantle of mist, before he gets a glimpse of the Sea of Galilee. Did the lad approaching the end of His journey look out on this glorious view: The Sea of Galilee to His right, the Mount Hermon before Him, and this side of it the quiet Nazareth, where He was doomed to spend eighteen years of preparation for the great work which He was to accomplish? By the shore and on the bosom of that blue sea He was to teach and work His wonders; on Tabor yonder, or more probably on the glorious Hermon itself, He is to be transfigured; over these hills and through these valleys He is to tread a minister of mercy and of healing—the Son of Man, the Son of God, the Savior of the world.



SARCOPHAGUS DRINKING TROUGH, NEAR NAZARETH.

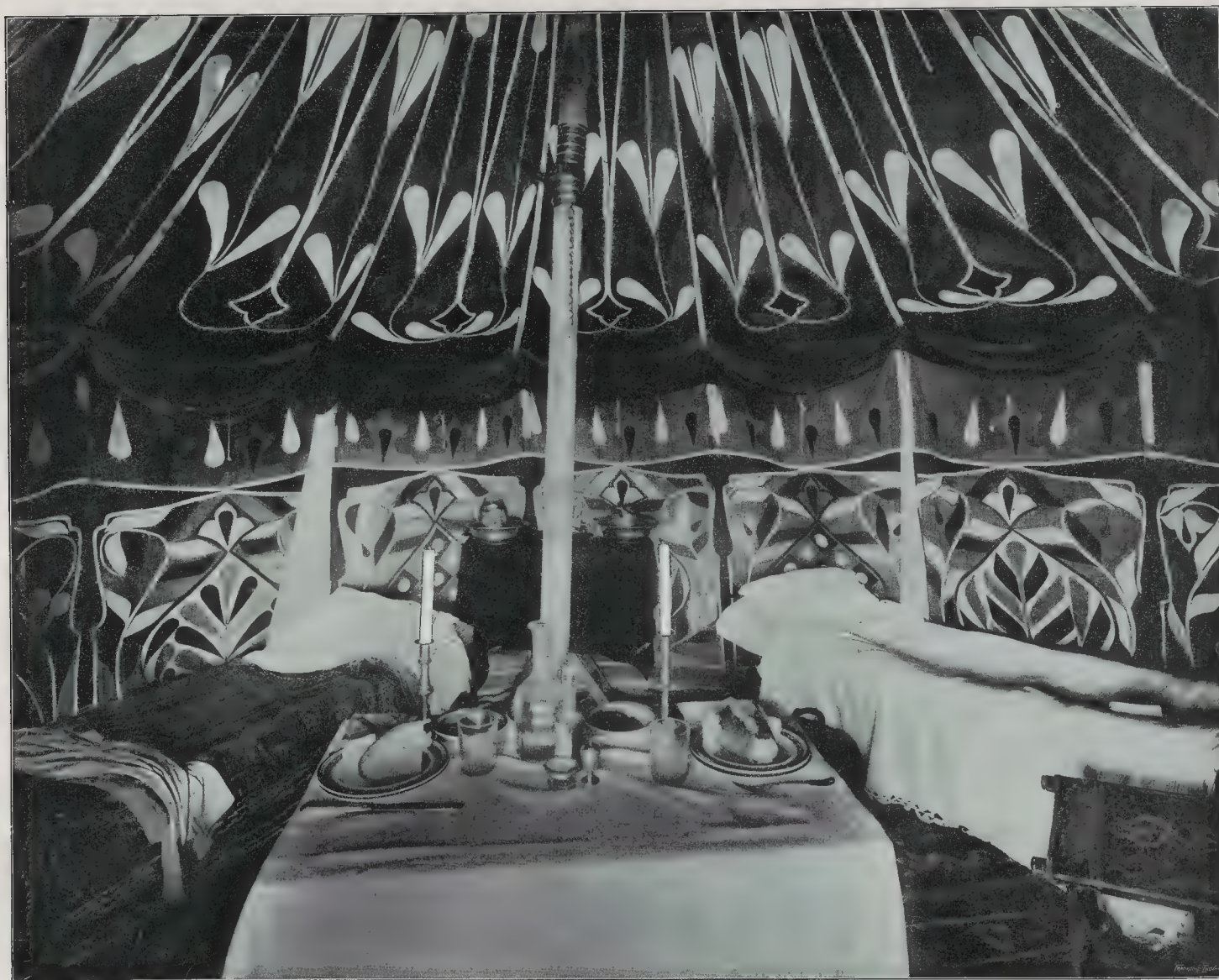
—In a little village near Nazareth is a fountain with an ancient sarcophagus, now used as a drinking trough. The boy on the donkey in the picture was very much embarrassed as he saw our artist taking aim at him with his camera. This village is so near Nazareth that no doubt the Boy of Nazareth often visited it during those strangely silent years of His life. Many of the sarcophagi we find in various parts of Palestine are supposed to date from the time of the Romans. They are the remains of a wealthy age. If, as Josephus says, there were in Galilee alone in the time of Christ two hundred and forty towns, each one containing as many as fifteen thousand inhabitants, this region must have swarmed with a population greater than is now to be found

in the whole of Palestine. One can form little idea of the Palestine of Christ's day by judging it from the Palestine of the present. The boy lived near the highway of travel between the east and the west. This sarcophagus drinking trough belongs to a civilization rich in art and resources. The sculpture on these ancient sarcophagi of Palestine are often fine. A writer says: "On one is a cherub with wings expanded, as if about to fly away to the 'better land'; upon another is a branch of palm, emblem of immortality; others have military figures, coffins, possibly of ancient heroes. Some of these sarcophagi are without any inscription, having no mark by which one may determine their age and origin; nothing to indicate that those who made them had even an alphabet, while others tell their own story."



GREEK CHURCH, NAZARETH.—Just above St. Mary's Well, and built over the very spring from which comes the water that flows through a pipe into it, is the Greek church called the Church of the Annunciation. It is a plain stone structure with a square tower. We found no one present to give us permission to take a photograph, but by inquiry learned that the sexton or janitor lived there. We found him. He opened the door and gave us permission to photograph the inside. This church was built about the end of the last century. It stands half underground. The fountain which sends its water into the church is also known as "Jesus' Spring," and also Gabriel's Spring. It is in fact the only spring which the town possessed. It is almost

certain that the Child Jesus and His mother were among its regular frequenters. A little west of the church is the Greek Orthodox Bishop's palace and the boys' school. The spring and the church are good places to catch glimpses of the women of Nazareth, for do they not go with the greatest fidelity to the place of prayer and to the flowing fountains to bear away their treasures of grace and refreshing to the people who need them. The women in Nazareth do not veil their faces as do the Mohammedan women, but have something of the intelligence and kindness characteristic of the Christian people of the Western nations. They are very attentive to tourists, answering their questions, pointing out places of interest, and are not given to beseeching tourists for *baksheesh*.



INTERIOR OF OUR TENT AT NAZARETH.—Reaching Nazareth on the 5th of May, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, we found our tents pitched just above the Greek church and near the Virgin's Fountain. We had camped the night before at Jenin, on the southern edge of the plain of Esdraelon. After breaking camp in the morning the muleteer, cook and waiter pass ahead of the dragoman and tourists to have tents and dinner ready on the arrival of the tourists themselves. In the afternoon, on this occasion, as we approach Nazareth, from a high hill overlooking the city we see the American flag flying in the breeze over our tent on the edge of the little Galilean town. There is a vast difference in the methods of travel which modern tourists enjoy to-day and the methods in vogue at the beginning of our era.

Travelers now ride on English saddles and on excellent horses, sleeping at night in carpeted tents most comfortably furnished. In our party there were but two of us, the writer and the artist, and so amply were we equipped that our caravan in motion looked like a little regiment passing over the hills. This picture represents the interior of our tent. The figures you observe are bits of different and brilliantly colored calico sewed to the canvas of the tent, giving a picturesque appearance to the interior, serving as the paper does to the modern dwelling. When the tents are once pitched in the Syrian village the natives of the place gather at the front of it to watch the newcomers, and to sell such relics as they have found or such mechanical wooden and stone devices as they have manufactured.



NAZARETH FROM THE LATIN MOUNT.—Here is a charming picture, probably the most beautiful to be gained from any point of observation about Nazareth. It is a restful place, thoroughly in keeping with the silent years of our Lord's life. There is not much stir. There is no bustle or noise. The people walk about quietly. The mountains which encircle the town, rising toward the heavens, are in themselves restful to the eye, and the whole town seems friendly to a life of meditation. It is as different and distinct from other towns of the same size in Palestine as though it belonged to a different country. There is more of devotion in the churches, more of dignity and taste in the bearing of the people. The beautiful, tender and sympathetic life of our Lord seems to have been shared by the people of the place.

As we looked down upon this lovely town from the Latin Mount in the early morning of the 7th of May, 1894, the air was soft, the sky clear and deep, and the very olive groves and vineyards, the distinct mountain outlines, the bending heaven and the charming atmosphere seem to suggest to us the life and ministry of the Christ we honor. A little to the left in the picture we see our tent. The people standing about it seem like toys. The building inclosed by the square wall is the Greek church, and a little below it to the right we see Mary's Well, the water of which flows from underneath this Greek church. Fair Nazareth! Home of the sweet mother and lovlier Child; of the growing Boy and dawning manhood; of the bold Prophet and mighty wonder worker; of the holy sacrifice, the mighty Savior of humanity!



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN IN THE DESERT.—We have now come to the days of John—"the Voice" in the wilderness proclaiming repentance and the coming kingdom. It was in the summer of A. D. 26 that this late Elijah made his appearance. "And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey. Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about the Jordan, and were baptized by him in the Jordan, confessing their sins." From the Jordan, where John appeared preaching and baptizing, over to Ain Kârim, a little south of west, was possibly twenty miles. We have already seen the site of Ain Kârim in its lovely valley among the Judean Mountains. It was at this place that Elizabeth and Zacharias lived and John was born.

Several centuries ago, in the reign of Louis XIV. of France, Marquise de Nointel, his Ambassador, built a Latin monastery, in connection with which was a church dedicated to St. John the Baptist. We are in this picture permitted to look on the ruins of this old church. Here is a blending of ruggedness and of beauty—the old rocks, the delicate leaves and flowers, fresh and green in the early springtime. For centuries here lived and loved and worshiped and died the monks and priests who chose an unworldly life among these Judean hills. They walked over these pavements and passed through these arches. These walls rang again and again with their chants and songs, their matins and vespers. A rugged place was this, with touches of beauty. A rugged man was John, with charms of character which always belong to lives fully consecrated to God.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE POOLS OF SOLOMON.—Between Ain Karim and the Jordan lay the Pools of Solomon. They were very old even in the days of John the Baptist. The view here presented is very fine. To the right of the picture, near the top, is a castle of Saracenic origin; to the west of this castle is a small chamber built over a spring called Ain-Sâlah, which supplies the pools with water. The first pool below the castle is 380 feet long and 25 feet deep, with a breadth on the west end of 229 feet and on the east end of 236 feet. About 50 yards below the first pool is the second, the top of which is a little lower than the bottom of the first. This pool is 423 feet long, 39 feet deep, and at the west end 229 feet wide, and at the east end 236 feet wide. The lowest pool is 248 feet from the middle pool, and its length is 582 feet.

It is 50 feet deep, its breadth on the west end is 148 feet and on the east end 207 feet. The pools are all widest at the lower end. Water from the surrounding springs are conducted into these pools through subterranean channels, with channels also for the collection and conveyance of rain water. There is an aqueduct from the lower pool, winding along the hill side, conveying water to Bethlehem, which is four miles away, and to Mount Moriah, immediately under the temple. This is a cheerful country, and birds sing in the green coppices of oak on either side, and flocks may be seen going to the pools for water. The whole economy of this work of the wisest of kings is most interesting, showing that the object was to provide as full and as evenly distributed a supply of water as possible for the uses of the temple.



THE LOWER POOL OF SOLOMON.—The above view of the lowest and most extensive of the Pools of Solomon gives one an idea of the masonry used in the structure of this remarkable reservoir. Our artist stood upon a hill to the north of this pool. You may see in the picture our horses and dragoman down in the valley, and the few people at the further corner of the pool look like Lilliputians. To the south beyond we see one of the Judean hills. If this reservoir were full it would float one of the largest of ocean steamers. In the narrow valley a short distance below the pools is the little village of Urtâs, with ancient ruins, which is supposed to be the Etham where Josephus says were the Gardens of Solomon. There are gardens and fountains there

at this day, and it is very probable that upon those fertile slopes running down to the green cup of the hills lay the vineyards, orchards and pleasure grounds of Solomon; and he, walking through his great plantations here, may have communed with his own spirit and arrived at the solution of the problem that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Perhaps here after the cares of state he "went down into the garden of nuts to see the green plants of the valley; to see whether the rose budded and the pomegranates were in flower." Near by on the summit of her hill, "clothed with the olive, vine and figs," sits "the little town of Bethlehem," where in a low khan was born "a greater than Solomon," who "opened a fountain in the house of David for sin and uncleanness."



PLACE WHERE CHRIST WAS BAPTIZED.—There has been much speculation concerning the exact spot of the baptism of Jesus by John. It was either at the Ford of Jordan, "right against Jericho," where Israel crossed dry-shod, or, as Dr. Thomson holds, as far up the Jordan as the Ford of Damish—the nearest point, if Jesus "came from Nazareth of Galilee" by vale and brook, that leads from Sâlem to the river ("and John was baptized in Enon, near to Salem"). The bathing place of the Latin pilgrims is nearly due east from Jericho in Judea, and beyond the ruined convent of St. John. It is this part of the Jordan we see in the picture. It is "over against Jericho" and about four miles above the place where the Jordan empties into the

Dead Sea. John had been baptizing in the River Jordan perhaps about six months, when, in the winter of A. D. 27, according to the harmony of Dr. Andrews, Jesus left Nazareth and came to the River Jordan and was baptized. This was a remarkable period of the world's history. The fullness of time had come. The world was ready for the new kingdom and for the King. * * * * In the spring of 1894 the Jordan was swollen with the winter rains and in many places was out of its banks. The birds were singing in the fringe of the forest which lines either bank of the river and the reeds and trees were in full bloom. How sacred is the place where He was baptized who came to open a ministry of power under which men are to be "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire!"



CHURCH AT GILGAL.—In the above view we have a picture of a church built in Jericho by the Greek Christians. There is nothing of special interest on the plains between the Judean Mountains and the River Jordan. Were it not for the historic memories of Abraham, of Joshua and of Jesus, pilgrimages would not be made. The place is about twenty miles from Jerusalem. In reaching it one makes a descent of thirty-eight hundred feet over a rocky road. The historic associations make the region rich in suggestions. One thinks here of Joshua, the Israelites crossing the Jordan, the encampment in Gilgal, the keeping of the Passover, the man whom Joshua saw standing over against him with sword drawn in his hand, the conquest of Jericho; and here one

recalls Elisha and Elijah. Indeed, one goes back to the days of Abraham and Lot, as he looks out on this now deserted landscape. It is doubtful whether the name Gilgal was applied at first to a city or to an open place for encampment. If one walks from Riha in a southeasterly direction he will, in about twenty minutes, reach some foundations of hewn stone and a low mound covered with ruins. These are supposed to be the remains of convents which formerly stood in the plain. Ruins fill the plain to-day, but the everlasting hills are the same, the morning and the evening, the day time and the harvest; and always the swelling flood of the Jordan rushes between its narrow banks or flows upon the fields of its broad valley until they "stand dressed in living green."



PLAIN OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.—In the picture we are looking toward the east. Our chief muleteer is seen sitting upon a rock to the left. The Mountains of Moab rise in the distance from beyond the River Jordan. The picture was taken from ancient Jericho, just underneath the Mount of Temptation. We see in the distance to the left the village of modern Jericho. From the point where we now stand to the top of the Moab Mountains is about twenty miles. The real Nebo can not be distinguished in the picture, but our dragoman points out the "traditional Nebo." From the place where we stand we are looking upon the plain that Mark Antony gave to Cleopatra and that she rented to Herod. The whole country was once irrigated by

waters from the Judean Mountains and was the most fertile tract in Judea. Josephus called it "a divine region." Here Cleopatra had her gardens; here were vast plantations of balsam trees and palm; it is now but a desert. It is to the extreme left of the picture that the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are supposed to have stood. This is the region over which Lot looked and was tempted by its luxuriance and wealth to settle in it. This is the region over which Moses looked when he viewed the promised land from the heights of Nebo. This is the region that Jesus saw when tempted to accept the gift of the world on condition that he would simply bow before Satan, the god of this world, and worship him.



ANCIENT JERICHO.—There is nothing left of the ancient Jericho but a few mounds and ruined aqueducts, which we see in the above picture. Josephus says that "palm trees here grow to an unusual size, the gardens produce honey and balsam, henna and myroballanum." Of these rich products not one remains. It is said that Cleopatra transferred the balsam trees to the gardens of Heliopolis in Egypt. In the distance we again see the Moab Mountains. At the base of these mountains at the beginning of the level plain flows the River Jordan. This region was at one time considered the garden of Palestine. In the time of the Crusades it is said that kings cultivated plantations of sugar cane in the plains of Jericho. In the ancient city at present no people

live. Near by is the fountain of Elisha, the Mount of the Temptation. Quarantania rises loftily above the plain at this point. In 1863 the writer rode to the summit of the mound, where he gained a charming view of this plain of the Jordan, on which the eyes of Lot looked from near Bethel to the west, when he coveted it because of its fertility and beauty. This old Jericho is the place to which Joshua referred when it is said, "Now Jericho was straightly shut up because of the children of Israel; none went out and none came in. And the Lord said unto Joshua, see, I have given into thy hand Jericho and the King thereof and the mighty men of valor, and ye shall compass the city all ye men of valor and go round about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days."



THE MONASTERY AT THE BROOK CHERITH.—In traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho the road narrows almost to a bridal path. "So rough and straight is it," says Marion Harlan, "that I insisted upon alighting and walking round a sharp spur where the track is a narrow ledge overhanging a precipice." The silence is said to be oppressive to the spirit and to the ear. Upon the heights above are seen winding paths, slight threads, apparently, leading to the black mouths of caves. Here the hermits dwelt in their cells ages ago. On the north bank of this wild gorge—this Judean glen—we see a Greek monastery. There are the little paths by which the monks ascended and descended to this, their mountain home. These monks spend their time in prayer and in the cultivation of little patches of flowers in the bottom of the valley. In the picture

we look toward the north and can form a very accurate idea of the depth and darkness of the Glen Kerith—Wady Kelt—"one of the most sublime ravines in Palestine." The founders of the monastery on the mountain's side believed it to be the site, or near the site, of Elijah's hiding place during the miraculous drouth that occurred in Ahab's reign, and where he was fed by ravens while the famine raged in Palestine. In this region Christ wandered when He was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness after the opening heavens, the descending dove and the Father's voice. Here he was with the wild beasts; here he fasted forty days and forty nights; here he resisted the temptations of the adversary by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.



JEWISH WAILING PLACE.—After the temptation in the wilderness of Judea, “the devil taketh Him up into the Holy City, and sitteth Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto Him, If Thou be the Son of God cast thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, and in their hands they shall bear Thee up lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against the stone. Jesus saith unto Him, It is written again: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God.” The pinnacles have fallen, the temple has been destroyed; almost every mark of the old Jewish occupancy of this sacred site has been removed, but against the southwestern wall of the temple area a paved space is given to the Jews, where they may pray and read from their prophets and wail out their woe under the very shadow of the area on which once stood the pride of this nation, the temple of God. On Friday afternoon, March 13, 1863,

the writer visited this sacred spot. Here he found between one and two hundred Jews of both sexes and of all ages, standing or sitting, and bowing as they read, chanted and recited, moving themselves backward and forward, the tears rolling down many a face; they kissed the walls and wrote sentences in Hebrew upon them. One of the words most frequently written is the simple word, as translated in English, “Hoping.” The lamentation which is most commonly used is from Psalm 79: “O God, the heathen ure come into Thy inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt Thou be angry forever? Shall Thy jealousy burn like fire?”



EXTERIOR OF THE TOWER OF DAVID.—We are now in this picture looking toward the northeast. The tower before us is south of the Jaffa Gate and is identified with the Tower of Hippicus by the discovery of an aqueduct twelve feet below the present conduit. Col. Wilson, of the "Palestine Exploration Society," says: "The Tower of David appears to be the oldest portion of the citadel, and its dimensions and mode of construction agree well with those of the Tower of Phaselus as described by Josephus. The superstructure consists of a solid masonry escarp rising from the bottom of a ditch at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with a pathway round the top above this. The tower rises in a solid mass for a height of twenty-nine feet and

then comes the superstructure. The escarp retains to some extent its original appearance, but time and hard treatment have worn away much of the finer work and the repairs have been executed in the usually slovenly manner of the Turks." The old work of the tower is certainly very ancient. The superstructure contains several rooms. In one of them, according to a tradition, David composed the Psalms. Another room is pointed out as the King's reception room. The Tower of David was the last place to yield when Jerusalem was captured by the Crusaders, and when the city walls were destroyed by the Moslems in the thirteenth century it was, for some reason, probably its solidity, spared to come down to our own times as a fine specimen of the mural masonry of the Jews.



THE ARMENIAN CHURCH AND CONVENT IN JERUSALEM.—The modern natives of Jerusalem caused the artist much annoyance when he attempted to take this, his second, photographic view in the City of Jerusalem in March, 1894. The men wanted to walk directly in front of the lens so as to permit the photographer to get a life-size view of themselves, whereas the artist was extremely anxious to get a good picture of the Armenian convent and church. In the above view we are looking toward the east. The Armenians separated themselves from the Catholic Church in 491 on account of the decision of the Council of Chalcedon, which pronounced their monophysite doctrine heretical. Members belonging to the Armenian Church are scattered throughout the Turkish dominions. The building which we now face,

embracing church and convent, stands upon Mount Zion. It was founded in the eleventh century by the Georgians, but on account of the enormous taxes levied upon it by the Turkish Government they were compelled to sell it. In this way it came into the hands of the Armenians in the fifteenth century. The church is dedicated to St. James, and a tradition of no great value makes it stand on the spot where the Apostle James was martyred. The chair of St. James is pointed out, and adjoining the church is a chapel said to stand upon the site of the house of the high priest Annas. Another place is pointed out as the spot where our Lord was confined. The Armenian Patriarch lives here. His authority extends over Palestine and Cyprus.



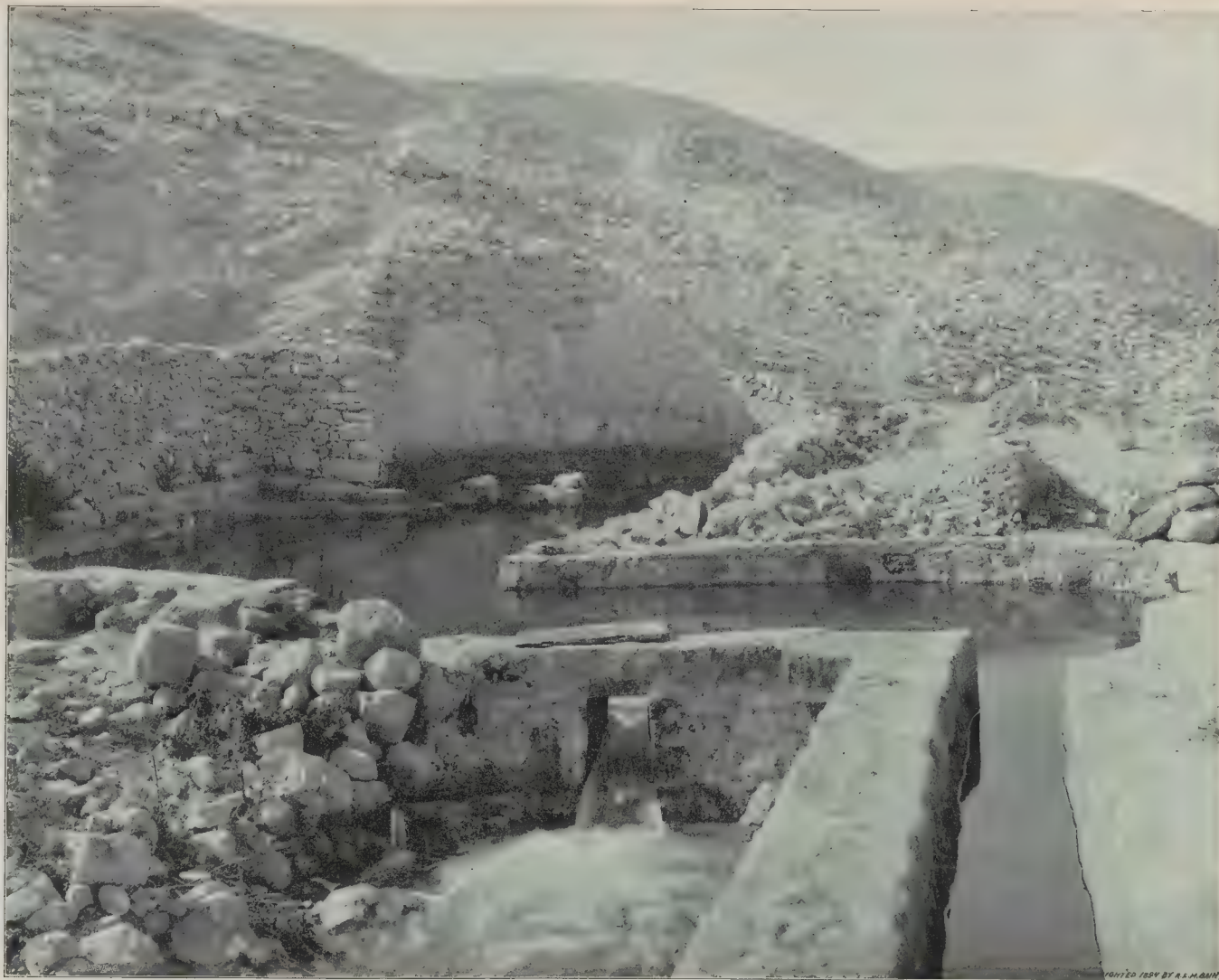
FOUNTAIN OF THE APOSTLES.—On the morning of April 25, 1894, the writer and his company rose early and prepared for the journey to Jericho and the Dead Sea. Passing Bethany, about two miles east of Jerusalem, we rode down the steep hill into the valley. Two miles beyond Bethany, at the bottom of this valley, by the roadside, is the fountain popularly called "The Fountain of the Apostles," but the real name is "The Sunny Spring." The Arabs call it Ain 'Haud, and sometimes Ain 'Shems. This is supposed to be the Enshemesh, one of the border marks which point out the boundary line between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. Near to the fountain is a khan. Being Easter Week of the Greek Church, we found a great number of people at this fountain. "The situation of a khan usually remains the same for countless generations

when it is in the vicinity of a spring of living water." There is a tradition that Christ, our Lord, on His last journey to Jerusalem rested here awhile, telling His disciples that He was going up to Jerusalem to be betrayed and crucified. At this fountain we were furnished a guard by the sheik, whose headquarters are in the low stone structure you see just beside the road to the left of the picture. This sheik levies tribute upon all who pass over this way to Jericho. Our dragoman told us that Thomas Cook & Son pay five dollars to this sheik as a license for every party conducted through this territory. It is pretended that there are robbers between this point and Jericho, in this wilderness of Judea, and that travelers are not safe unless they have a guard. The truth probably is that this is a species of blackmail levied by this old robber in order to replenish the treasury of himself and family.



STREAM FROM UNDER MOUNT OF TEMPTATION.—On the west of Jericho rise the rugged cliffs of Quarantania, which since the twelfth century has been shown as the Mount of our Lord's Temptation. Its great cliffs frown above a green oasis, where the Sultan's Spring, called by Christians "Elisha's Spring," rises and spreads verdure as far as the site of ancient Jericho, which once depended upon it for water. Standing upon this height we can see the plain of Jordan below us, the road taken by Joshua and the army of Israel when they advanced into the interior of Canaan, the road passed by Samuel on his way to Gibeah of Benjamin, and possibly the path on which Elijah and Elisha descended together for the last time. For

many centuries devout persons of many nations have come here for days or years of fasting until the face of the mountain is honey-combed with cells and caves. Even now a few Abyssinian Christians keep Lent here each spring. Canon Tristram, who, with his party, by the aid of Bedouin guides, explored these cliffs, says: "On the eastern face of the mountain are thirty or forty habitable caves or chapels and probably a much larger number on the south face, in the gorge of the kelt." Dr. Thomson at an earlier date found that they were inhabited by Bedouin robbers, and no one could venture near them. This is really a city of hermits. It is claimed that from this mountain Abraham and Lot descended to the fair plain of Jordan. In our picture we see the stream that flows from underneath the Mount of Temptation.



ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN.—Ain es-Sulan, Elisha's Spring, by which Jericho was once supplied with water, still exists and wells forth copiously from the earth. It flows into a pond or reservoir. The temperature is eighty degrees Fahrenheit. Near it stand two mills in a state of dilapidation. The fountain is shaded by a large fig tree. Enough water flows from this spring to irrigate the whole plain of Judea. This is supposed to be Elisha's Spring, referred to in II. Kings, chapter ii, 19-22—the waters which Elisha healed. The land around the spring now belongs to the Sultan of Turkey. His agents had the land sown in wheat in this neighborhood, which was ripe when we passed through it in April. Between this fountain and the modern Jericho the

Russians have secured three or four acres of land, where they have a convent and a school. They irrigate the soil with the water from Elisha's Spring, and the wealth of vegetation seen on these premises gives us some idea of what the land was in the days when it was all cultivated and watered. The remains of a paved Roman road have been found in the vicinity. The site of the house of Rahab was shown as being a short distance above the spring, and it is supposed that the ancient town must have stood at this spot. Certainly there was opened here at the baptism and fasting and temptation and triumph of Jesus a fountain for the healing of the nations. His fierce struggle was like the smiting of a rock.



THE DEAD SEA.—The Arabs call this Bahr Lut, the Sea of Lot. It is the most remarkable inland sea in the world. It is situated in the lowest part of the valley which extends from the base of Hermon to the Gulf of Akabah. The Hebrews call it the Salt Sea. The Greeks at an early period called it the Dead Sea. It is forty-seven miles in length and its greatest width is nine and a half miles. Its mean depth is 1080 feet, its level below the level of the Mediterranean is 1293 feet. The water contains from twenty-four to twenty-six per cent of solid substances, seven per cent of which is chloride of sodium (common salt). The salt of the Dead Sea has from the earliest times been collected and brought to the Jerusalem markets and is considered particularly strong.

To the Government alone belongs all the salt and bitumen brought into and sold in Syria. During the last of April, when the writer and the artist were here, the weather was so hot that it was necessary for us to leave our hotel in Jericho in time to ride to the sea and to the Jordan and back again by ten o'clock in the morning. Dr. H. M. Field writes: "My first impression of the Dead Sea was one of surprise at its beauty. Its very name seemed to be equivalent to the sea of death. Instead of the black waters of death we looked down upon a deep blue expanse that had all the beauty of the Scotch or Swiss lakes." Its one unique feature is its extreme depression on the earth's surface, for it is the lowest body of water on the earth.



BEDOUIN VILLAGE, JERICHO.—The Bedouins are wandering tribes and are objects of peculiar interest to the travelers. "Their object in living seems to be to rob other tribes and to fight injured parties afterwards." They are, nevertheless, polite and hospitable. However crowded the premises, the guest, be he friend, stranger or even foe, has the best place in the tent and the choicest portion of food, and the host would protect him at the risk of his life against insult or attack were the assailant of his own tribe and kindred. A more wretched and degenerate-looking lot of natives we saw nowhere than at Jericho. In the village of which we give a picture the houses are built to the height of seven or eight feet of stone and then covered with thorny acacia trees. A row of these houses is shown, with their apartments separated

by stone walls. They have no doors. During the day these natives roam over the desert upon their horses or mind their flocks of sheep and goats upon the plain. Near the village we see above is the Jordan Hotel, kept by a foreigner and supplied with the comforts of a modern hotel from Jerusalem. It is customary for large bands of these natives to gather about the front of the hotel in the evening, where they sing and dance with the hope of securing *baksheesh* from the tourists. These natives are about the only class of people who are able to live in this region during the summer. The hotels in Jericho are closed from the last of April to October. A foreigner enters this region in the summer time at the risk of his life. It is said that the air here in the month of July is like the breath of a furnace.



CANA OF GALILEE.—Jesus returned to John at Bethabara after His forty days in the wilderness. On the banks of the Jordan He called His first disciples. They went with Him to Nazareth and thence to Cana of Galilee, to the famous marriage where He turned water into wine. The artist and his party were here on the morning of May 8, 1894. It was at half-past eight o'clock. The village is about five miles from Nazareth. In the distance we see the dome of the Greek Church, a building said to cover the site of the house where the marriage feast was celebrated. It is said to contain as a relic one of the water pots in which the wine was made. Near the church are the ruins of a house said to be the place in which Christ rested. Nathaniel lived in Cana. The Prophet Jonah is said to have been born near Cana and his tomb is pointed out near

the village. The location is fine, commanding an extensive view over the plain and the picturesque hills about Nazareth. Innumerable millions in the happy bridal hours have had their thoughts and hearts directed to Cana of Galilee. The proudest city on earth might envy her lot. Nineveh and Babylon might be forgotten, but not Cana of Galilee. Here was wrought His first miracle. With a definite and symbolical purpose did He manifest His glory "and His disciples believed on Him." An obscure village, an ordinary wedding, a humble home, a few faithful peasants—a word of power, a miraculous transformation, a symbol and prophecy of His transforming grace. The place is lovely, but more lovely its suggestions.



WALL OF THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.—After the marriage in Cana of Galilee He, with members of His family and with His disciples, went down to Capernaum. Here He lived after leaving Nazareth. It was an important center of travel on the highway between Rome and Greece in the West, and Damascus and the Euphrates in the East. There was a custom house at Capernaum and Matthew was a collector of customs. It had a garrison also, because a centurion, a Roman officer of rank, lived here. The best authority regards Tell Hum as the site of Capernaum. The view we see is of large stones which are said to have been part of the synagogue which stood in this city. A new monastery has just been erected here. The place is thickly set in briars and weeds, and it is with difficulty that we manage to get our

horses through the fields down to the place of the ruins. In 1887 the writer sailed from Tiberias to Tell Hum when the sun was near its setting. We remained for a time at this place of ruins. Lizards crawled over prostrate columns; we see a few wild flowers, bits of green moss clinging to the stones and tall stalks of oleander, with buds ready to blossom. A dead silence reigns over the broad plain that stretches out toward the Jordan where it enters the north end of Genezareth. The sun goes to his setting. And this is all we could recall of the visit to that Capernaum over which in its days of prosperity our King and Master cried, "Woe unto thee, Capernaum!" The archaeologists say that the ruins at Capernaum indicate work "more massive and in a higher style" than at any place in Galilee where such ruins appear.



TIBERIAS, ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.—After remaining a few days at Capernaum with His mother and His disciples Jesus went up to Jerusalem. We have no record that our Savior ever entered Tiberias, but He must have been in this city many times. It is one of the most sacred cities of the Jews in Palestine, and now has a population of about six thousand souls. Four thousand of them are Jews, three hundred are Christians and the rest Moslems. The view above is very charming. Our artist remarked upon reaching the city that it was the most picturesque place he had ever seen. Here are little boats in the lake, the nets of the fishermen hanging out to dry, the cacti and the palm trees. The people appear to be extremely poor. It was with difficulty that we secured permission to take photographs. When the Governor of the town found out our mission he permitted us to carry out our purpose, conditioning his per-

mission on our promise to send him a picture of everything that we secured in the place. Tiberias is the only remaining town on the shores of the sea. It is inclosed by crumbling fortifications. It was founded by Herod Antipater, and was once a splendid city and center of Jewish learning. Byron might have been on this spot when he penned these lines:

“And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.”

Dr. Porter says: “I sat in my tent door and looked long and eagerly on one of the most interesting panoramas in the world. There was nothing to disturb me, no din of human life, no sign of human toil or struggle. The silence was profound. Far into the night I sat by the silent shore.”



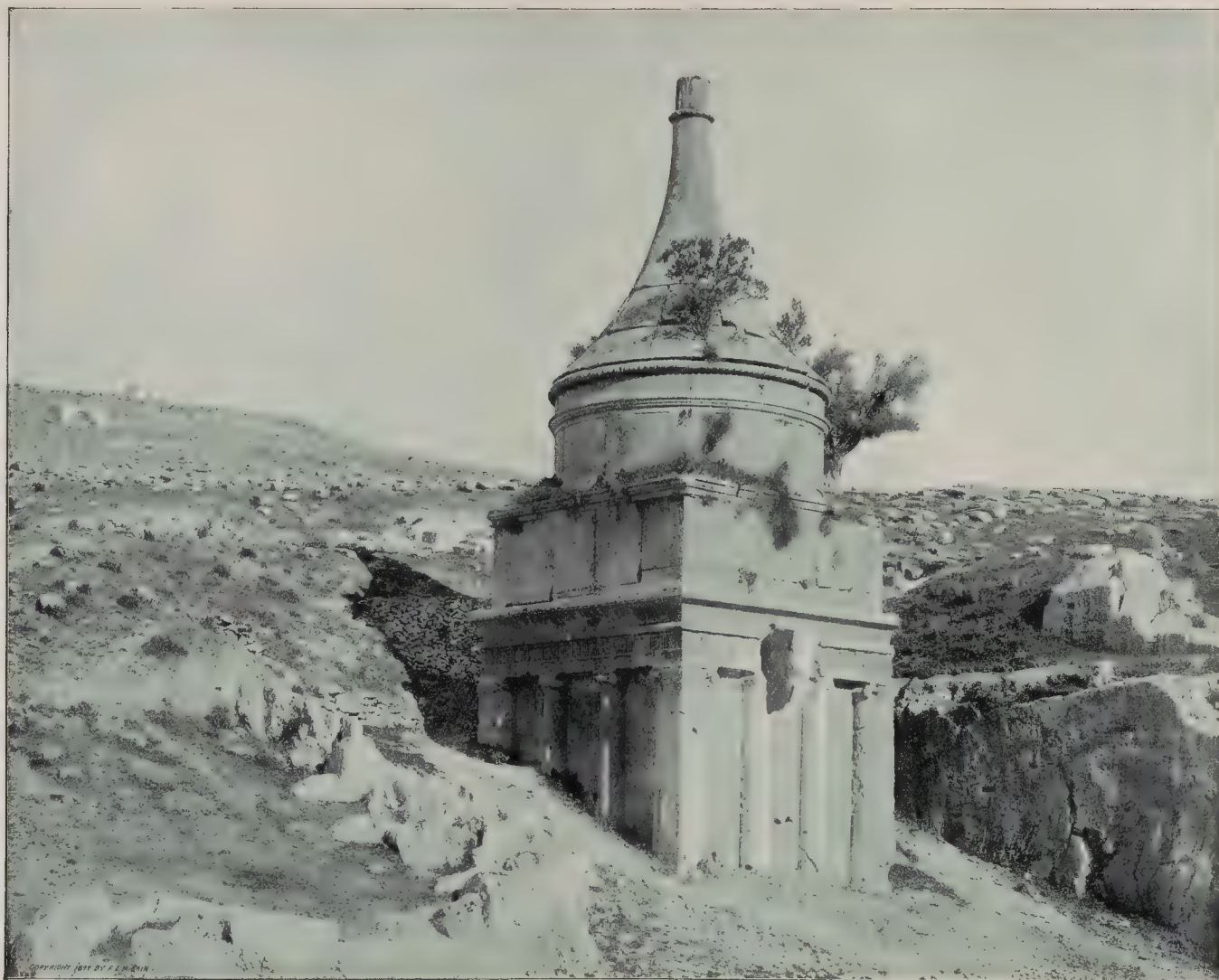
MOSQUE OF OMAR AND TURKISH QUARTER, JERUSALEM.—We now go with Jesus through the valleys and over the hills, from the Sea of Galilee to the Holy City on her throne among the Judean mountains. When Christ came the Jewish Temple stood, as we have said before, where now the Mosque of Omar rises with its beautiful dome against the blue sky of Syria. It is the most prominent and striking building in Jerusalem, and from every point of view we catch the fine outline of the dome. Here the feet of Christ often trod the courts of the temple. Toward its towers He looked with mingled love and sorrow. To His sensitive soul here came memories of a long and eventful history in which His own human ancestors figured, and in which His Holy Father, God himself, had expressed in sundry ways and divers

manners His will, His wrath, His grace. Upon this particular visit of our Lord to the Jews' Passover it is said that He "found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money sitting; and when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables; and said unto them that sold doves: 'Take these things hence; make not My Father's house an house of merchandise.'" It is at this time that our Lord had His wonderful interview with Nicodemus, and set forth before the learned and distinguished Jew the mysteries of the inner kingdom and the higher life which He came to make known; the new life, the birth from above, the life of heaven in the hearts of men.



THE ZION GATE.—To the southwest of the Mosque of Omar, a short distance beyond the Armenian Monastery and the Church of St. James, is the Zion Gate, or the Gate of the Prophet David, which was built in the walls when they were reconstructed by Suliman, or Soliman, between 1539 and 1542, A. D. We have here a very beautiful picture of the Zion Gate. It was the first picture secured by our artist upon reaching Jerusalem, April 24, 1894. We are now looking toward the north. Coming through this gate we pass to the Tomb of David, and near here found many beggars, victims to that terrible disease, the leprosy. The gate has a massive door, with two wings mounted with iron. From the top of the battlements one can see the Moab hills beyond the River

Jordan. The Zion Gate is perfectly plain, and has apparently no importance except to afford an outlet to that part of Mount Zion. Beyond the wall of the city there formerly stood a row of hovels called the Village of the Lepers, but a hospital has since been provided for these unfortunate creatures outside the Jaffa Gate, near the Upper Pool of Gihon. As we look on this bit of stone work, the Gateway of Zion, we recall the inspired things that were written in the Jewish Scriptures and in the hymns of the Church touching Zion—the Zion of David, the Zion of prophecy, the Zion of the Christian faith, the dim shadow of the glorious Mount Zion above, where God's saints shall go in and out, rejoicing in the grace that delivers the soul from sin and exalts it to fellowship with God.



TOMB OF ABSALOM.—

"Oh, Absalom, my son, my son,
Oh, Absalom, my son,
Where is thy dazzling beauty now,
Thy charms by song untold,
Those locks like sunbeams in the air,
Shining like rays of gold?"

In the Valley of the Kedron, in a deep and narrow glen, among other picturesque sepulchral mounds, stands the Tomb (or Pillar) of Absalom. It is a cube hewn out of the solid rock. Each side measures twenty-two feet. The west front is the best preserved. Over the columns is the Doric frieze, and over this an Egyptian cornice. The total height above

the present surface of the ground is fifty-four feet. "The style of architecture shows at once that this can not be the pillar Absalom had reared for himself during his lifetime in the King's Dale." It is difficult to determine the exact date of the monument. The name of Absalom was not attached to it before the twelfth century. The strange mingling of Egyptian and Greek styles would not be inconsistent with the age of the Herods. The heaps of stone around it bear testimony to the habit of the Jews, who cast stones at the monument as they pass, to show their hatred of the very name of Absalom. A wayward man was Absalom, with varied gifts, among them personal beauty, but without filial affection, without principle, without faith in the eternal righteousness. He received his just deserts, and was also the instrument of divine justice to remind David of his own evil deeds.



THE FORD OF THE RIVER JORDAN.—After the conversation with Nicodemus, Jesus, with His newly selected disciples, made a pilgrimage from Jerusalem to the Jordan. These were days of preparation, the beginning of that great itinerant school of theology in which the plain but naturally gifted men were students and Jesus, the great Teacher, “who spake as never man spake,” was Master. What a school of theology it was! Over them the dome of heaven; in the fresh air they walked day by day, hearing the songs of the birds, looking into the faces of the people and talking with them, witnessing deeds of mercy and of power, and listening to the quickening, broadening and strengthening words which their Divine Leader proclaimed. In 1894, on the morning of the 26th of April, our artist secured the fine picture of the Jordan. We are

looking down the river. The mountains in the distance are the Judean Mountains. Although we stand on the western bank, we are able, because of the bend in the river at this point, to get very much the same view that we should command from the eastern bank. The weather was exceedingly warm, although it was only April. A large number of pilgrims just below the ford, having come down from Jerusalem to celebrate the Greek Easter, were bathing in this sacred river. How finely in the picture above the river sweeps around the curve! How beautifully the trees and shrubbery on its banks are reflected in its clear waters! Beyond are fields and forests and ruins and the great mountains toward the west. Among these mountains are Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Bethel and Bethany, and beyond them the plains of Sharon and the great sea reaching out toward the Western world.



AQUEDUCT AT GILGAL.—Before reaching the modern village of Jericho, on the way to the Jordan, we see this beautiful aqueduct, one of the most handsome specimens of stone work that we found in Palestine. It is intended to convey the water from Elisha's Fountain into Jericho, and is a striking contrast to the miserable villages near it and the desolate plain around it. It looks to us like a bit of work belonging to the Western world in the midst of a decaying and degraded civilization. Not far from here the tabernacle was set up. Near here Saul was made King, and near this place also the tribe of Judah came together to welcome David from exile.—II. Kings, 4:38-41. In the fields and plains about this aqueduct one went out to gather the herbs to seethe the pottage for the son of the prophets, when he found a wild vine and

gathered wild gourds from it to mix with the pottage. Near this place Elijah and Elisha passed on the way from Jericho to Jordan. Lieutenant Conder describes "no less than five aqueducts that follow the course of Wady Kelt, some of them irrigating the land south of it, while others carry the water north far and wide over the plain." The aqueduct suggests the original wealth and beauty of the land which was once watered by these springs at the foot of the Judean hills, therefore Jericho was in those days known as "the city of palm trees," but, save a single survivor, there are palms no longer. During the time of the Crusaders there were plantations of sugar cane here that brought large revenue to the Knights of Jerusalem, and the ruins of the vaults and aqueducts that supplied water for irrigation are still seen.



JACOB'S WELL.—Going northward to Judea of Galilee Jesus “must needs go through Samaria.” On this journey He came to Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son, Joseph, where Jacob’s Well is still found. Here we are upon undisputed ground. According to Dean Stanley it is, perhaps, the only place the identity of which is beyond all question. On the 3rd of May, 1894, the artist and one of the editors reached this place about three o’clock in the afternoon. We came, doubtless, over the very road on horseback that our Savior traveled with His disciples in December, A. D. 27. Here the writer read the fourth chapter of St. John’s Gospel. Here the conversation took place between Jesus and the woman of Samaria. We could look to Mount Gerizim on our left and remember the temple to which the woman pointed when she said :

“Our fathers worshipped in this mountain.” Jacob’s Well now belongs to the Greek Church. The keeper of the church wanted us to write our names in a book and make a contribution to the building of a new church over the well. We told him that we did not think a church ought to be built there at all. He seemed to think that this was a cheap argument to avoid giving him money. The well is now seventy-five feet deep and seven feet six inches in breadth. The diameter of the opening is seventeen and a half feet. A ruined vault stands above the well twenty feet long, ten feet broad and six feet high. The pieces of broken marble you see in the front belong to some ancient church. It was here by this lonely well that Jesus told to a woman and to all the world the story of the true relationship between God and man.



WOMAN OF SAMARIA.—As our artist was taking pictures in Shechem a woman and a little boy appeared upon the scene, and showed much anxiety to know exactly what we were about. We were standing upon the hill overlooking Shechem, with the slopes of Gerizim rising to the east. The artist, having taken a picture of the city, quietly turned his camera upon the tripod, and took a photograph of this woman before she knew what he was doing. We concluded that it was a member of the sect of the Samaritans from the fact that she had no veil over her face. One of the things that strikes tourists in Palestine is the naive and unsophisticated manners of the natives. Wherever we stopped they gathered about us, and it was sometimes very difficult to keep them from standing directly in front of the lens. They wanted to discover the

meaning of it all. One can not help being saddened at the sight of so much ignorance and degradation among the natives of the land of our Lord. How different would have been their condition had they received and continued to act upon the instructions which Christ gave them. The soil of the land is sufficiently fertile and the climate sufficiently friendly to produce abundant harvests for the sustenance of man and beast. The desolation and degradation of Palestine are attributable simply to the fact that her people have forgotten the moral and spiritual teaching of the Lord who lived and taught among them. There is still among these natives the same work to do—the work of reproof and conviction, instruction and salvation which Christ performed when He was here.



SYCHAR.—The city to which the disciples went to buy meat while Jesus remained at the well was for a long time supposed to be Shechem, but now the weight of authority is in favor of Sychar. Leaving Jacob's Well, passing by Joseph's Tomb, and then crossing a number of small irrigating streamlets, we come to Sychar, perhaps less than one mile from Jacob's Well. It is a wretched-looking place. The houses are built of stone and covered with brushes and earth. Doubtless in the time of our Savior it was a prosperous and thrifty town. We see Mount Ebal sloping upward toward the west, and in the picture we are looking directly toward the north. The pile of dried switches on a house top are used for fuel. While it is sometimes cold in this region, we understood that the natives use no fire except for cooking purposes. After the night is

over they get out into the air and warm themselves in the sun. The present name of Sychar is 'Askar. Near it is the village of Belláta, with its fine spring and gardens. 'Askar, at the base of Ebal, is like most of the sites in this neglected land, a little picture of life and death—a spring of living water and a ruin or a tomb for the dead. This village of Samaria, like the city of that name, may remind the visitor of the prophecy of Micah; "I will make Samaria as an heap in the field, and as plantings of a vineyard; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and will discover the foundations thereof." One can easily reproduce the picture of a woman of Samaria coming down the open plain to Jacob's Well, thirsty in body and thirsty in soul, and she found what was indeed to her a well of life.



MOUNT GERIZIM.—Here rises a noble mountain. We look at it from the north. It is near the opening of the valley between Ebal and Gerizim. Gerizim is a grim and barren mountain without herbage or flowers, but how interesting are the historic associations which bloom upon it. As Jerusalem was the center of Jewish national life and religion, Mount Gerizim was the center of the life and religion of the Samaritans, who supposed that there could be no other place where worship would be acceptable to God. They really made an idol of the mountain. It was standing in sight of this mount that our Savior uttered the sublime words which taught that worship is not a question of place, but of spirit. The woman said, "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye say that Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." Jesus

saith unto her, "Woman, believe Me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. * * * The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." This conversation was reported by the woman of Samaria, and the whole town turned out and "besought Him that He would tarry with them; and He abode there two days." One of the editors of this volume climbed, in 1863, to the top of Gerizim, from which a fine view is given of the plain el-Mukhna. He gathered some of the ashes of the recent Samaritan pascal lamb which had been offered after the old Jewish custom still observed by the Samaritans.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, SAMARIA.—"Now, after two days, He departed thence and went into Galilee." Leaving Sychar He would pass up the valley between Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, passing Shechem. About one mile beyond Shechem He would leave the valley and turn northward across the slopes of Ebal toward Galilee. After journeying from Shechem about seven miles, He would come again to the City of Samaria. We have here a picture of the Church of St. John in Samaria, appropriate here, not simply because it is directly on the road from Shechem to Galilee, but because our Savior had just left the Jordan, where His disciples baptized and had the controversy with the disciples of John. This church overhangs the steep declivity below the village of Samaria, called also in ancient times Sebaste, and now

known as Sebustiyeh. The windows of the church are high and narrow, with pointed arches and ornaments peculiar to the early Normans, the blocks carved with grotesque heads and figures. Popular tradition attributes the building of this church to the Empress Helena, but others think that it was erected by the Knights of St. John. The church has been converted into a mosque. St. Jerome is the first author who mentions the tradition that John the Baptist was buried here. The roof is gone, but the walls remain entire to a considerable height and the eastern end is almost perfect. The altar niche is a segment of a circle occupying a great part of the entire end, and is richly ornamented. The walls now inclose an open court, in the center of which rises a modern dome over the so-called Tomb of John the Baptist, which is to be seen in the next picture.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, SAMARIA.—Here is another view of the Church of St. John, taken from the interior of an open court inside. We see here the domed tomb of John the Baptist, referred to in our notes on the former picture. When we were there on the 4th day of May, 1894, Moslems were tearing it down in order to build here a mosque. You can see in the above picture some beautiful specimens of the work which entered into the construction of this church. We were, perhaps, among the very last tourists who will be permitted to look upon it, and nothing will be left of the ancient building that once stood in the city of Samaria except the columns of Herod. These also would be taken down by the natives if so much labor were not involved in that work. Certainly it is high time that the European powers interfered with the vandalism of the modern Turks. An author says "that the Church of St. John is on the

whole the most picturesque ruin in all Palestine." The church, including the porch, is fifty-five yards long and twenty-five yards wide. The architectural monuments of great men who have made their impress on the world, although they last for centuries, are ultimately destroyed, but the work and influence of the men themselves survive. The words of truth which they spake are immortal. Pinnacles, walls and foundation stones may be removed, but the ideas of truth embodied and illustrated in heroic deeds and in burning words remain to enlighten, to guide and to inspire all generations. When the earth itself shall perish the truth which shone, and which the Lord proclaimed, and which the apostles emphasized, will abide with a brightness beyond the brightness of the sun, and with the permanency of the eternal years of God.



THE SEA OF GALILEE.—This sea is called the Sea of Galilee because it is embraced in the province by that name. It is called the Sea of Tiberias because this is the largest city on its shores. It is called the Sea of Genesaret because of the fertile plain which skirts its western shore. Lamartine says, when he first looked down upon this lake: "I had come to look on the very shores, on the very waves which had born Him, on the hills on which He had sat, on the stones on which He had rested His head. He had a hundred times walked on that beach which I now trod. With reverential humility His feet had trod the dust which was now under my feet. He sailed in the barks of the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee. He walked on its waves, stretching His hands to the apostles." Here lies before us the scene of so many of our Savior's miracles and teachings. In the times when Christ was here the cities were very numerous.

According to Josephus, the smallest of them contained more than fifteen thousand inhabitants. The waters of this lake were plowed by four thousand vessels of every description, from the war vessel of the Romans to the rough fishing smack of Bethsaida and the gilded pinnacle from Herod's palace. The Savior often crossed and recrossed this lake. Here He taught the listening multitudes. Many nights He spent in tender vigil on the mountain sides overlooking these Galilean waters, and it is here that He called and ordained His twelve apostles. The view before us is very impressive; a strong wind has been blowing and the restless waters dash against the rocky shore, washing the ruins of the old docks. Beyond are the hills resting in soft light and above the overarching heavens, bluer than the sea and full of beauty and benediction.



TIBERIAS.—Leaving Nazareth on the morning of the 8th of May, 1894, the artist and one of the editors passed through Cana of Galilee, and by twelve o'clock reached the high hill which looks down upon the Sea of Tiberias. In the picture we are looking to the east. The lake, because of its distance, appears to be a river not wider than the Mississippi. It is in reality about six miles wide where we now see it. Below us is the little city of Tiberias hugging the shore. The country rising beyond the sea is the region of the Caderenes, where the swine ran violently down the hill into the sea. The city itself, which is a mere miniature from this point of view, is now called Tubariyeh. Herod Antipater named it Tiberias, after the Roman Emperor. According to Josephus, the building of the city began A. D. 16, and was completed A. D. 22. It was the

capital of Galilee for many years, and was the most important town on the coast in the time of Christ, and the only one which has escaped the ruin of the centuries and survived with its name unchanged. Cities lined the entire coast in those early days. After the destruction of Jerusalem, Tiberias became the chief seat of the Jewish nation. The Sanhedrim was transferred hither, and the school of the Talmud developed itself there in opposition to Christianity, which was gaining ground. In 1837, on New Year's Day, the Mohammedan quarter of the city was destroyed by an earthquake. The storms on the lake are now, as formerly, fierce and destructive. Only one year ago a tempest swept over the lake and tore from their foundations and washed into the sea thirty houses from the town of Tiberias. Of its 3,700 inhabitants about two-thirds are Jews.



FOUNTAIN AT CANA OF GALILEE.—"Then when He was come into Galilee the Galileans received Him, having seen all the things that He did at Jerusalem at the feast." It was at Cana of Galilee that He healed the son of a certain nobleman who was sick at Capernaum. In the picture we see the fountain which is, according to the tradition, the one from which the water pots were filled when Christ made the wine at the marriage feast in Cana. The water here is abundant and pure, and as there is no other fountain in the immediate vicinity, the natives of the village regard its claims as beyond dispute. The large sculptured stone near the fountain, to the left of the picture, is a Roman sarcophagus, now used as a trough for watering cattle. A

woman of the village appears in the picture. We find them sometimes in groups, sometimes alone. They often bear jars upon their heads. Beyond the fountain we see a fence of cactus and beyond it are olive and fig trees. The writer and the artist were at this place at about half-past eight on the morning of May 8th, 1894. In the picture we are looking toward the north. To many the miracles of Christ are a source of perplexity and doubt. One has well said that they were the "ordinary and inevitable works of One whose very existence was the highest miracle of all." A German poet said: "One would have thought that the miracle of miracles was to have created the world such as it is, yet it is a far greater miracle to have lived a perfectly pure life therein."



RUINS OF THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.—It was at Capernaum that the synagogue was erected by the Roman centurion in whose behalf the elders of the Jews besought Jesus, saying of him "that he was worthy, for he loveth our nation and he hath built us a synagogue." The miraculous discourse recorded in the sixth chapter of John was uttered "in the synagogue as He taught in Capernaum." Was it on the site of these shapeless ruins and formidable thickets of thorn bushes and nettles that the Master uttered those wonderful words? In the picture we see a confused heap of fluted stone and broken marble. Beyond we see a wheat field. We are standing perhaps two hundred yards from the lake and are looking toward the north. Turning around we should have the Sea of Galilee in full view. Sir Charles

Wilson says: "Tell Hum has been regarded by all the pilgrims from the fourth century downward as representing the celebrated city of Capernaum." Col. Wilson by careful measurements shows that the synagogue was seventy-four feet nine inches by fifty-six feet nine inches in size, and that the walls were nearly ten feet thick. Over one lintel of the old building is what appears to be the pot of manna, and on either side of it something like a reed, which may possibly be Aaron's rod. Is there something in the difficulty we have in identifying these sacred sites which harmonizes with the spiritual mission of our Lord, who sought to break the spell of "things" and of "places" and to call our attention to the invisible and divine? Every place in Palestine seems to say to us "He is not here; He is risen."



KHAN JUBB YÛSÛF.—After the healing of the nobleman's son (according to Dr. Andrews) Jesus spent a few weeks in retirement. It was probably not far from Capernaum that He found this place of rest. In the above picture we have a view of the ruined inn of large size, about two hour's ride from the Sea of Galilee. It is said to have been the place where merchants, with their camels and cattle from the region near Damascus and the east of the Jordan, used to meet for trade. In riding from Capernaum to this place we pass over what is called the "Devil's Backbone," a collection of twisted and unshapely rocks that resemble bones. Our Lord was accustomed often to withdraw Himself from the throngs who gathered about

Him, at Capernaum and on the sea shore, into some quiet region in the neighborhood for meditation and prayer. Is it possible that the region we now tread was thus visited by the Son of God? Our tents were pitched here, and in the quiet of the place we read the history of our Lord's labors in the region round about Lake Galilee. This khan derives its name from a tradition current among old Arab geographers that the pit into which Joseph was thrown was situated here, and the pit is actually shown. It is an ordinary well three feet in diameter and about thirty feet deep, its sides lined with masonry, and the water reached by cutting through the rock below. This is a fabulous tradition.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE EL-AKSA.—After a week spent in retirement in the neighborhood of the Lake of Galilee our Savior went up again to Jerusalem to attend the Passover, which took place, according to the Harmony we follow, between March 30th and April 5th, A. D. 28. On this particular visit to Jerusalem our Savior healed a man at the Pool of Bethesda. The Mosque of El-Aksa, which occupies a part of the place once allotted to the temple, is different in style and inferior in character to the Mosque of Omar. The edifice was originally founded by the Emperor Justinian about the middle of the sixth century, but has been much modified, no doubt, by Moslem architects, for it has been in ruins twice in consequence of earthquakes,

and we may infer that but little of the original building now left can be considered strictly ancient. The interior is supported by forty five columns, thirty-three of which are marble and twelve of common stone. Some of the windows are very good. Some wretched paintings by an Italian artist were introduced when the mosque was repaired at the beginning of the present century. Here, too, is a magnificent pulpit of wood, with exquisite carved arabesques and raised panels, inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl. On the stone behind the pulpit is shown "the footprint of Jesus." On the eastern side of the mosque is the Mosque of "Forty Martyrs," and near this is a gate leading out to the "Cradle of Jesus."



SYNAGOGUE OF CHRIST AT NAZARETH.—In the market place of Nazareth the Greek Catholics, or United Greeks, have built a chapel on the site, as they believe, of the original Synagogue of Nazareth which stood in the time of Christ. It is mentioned in history as far back as A. D. 570, and was converted into a church in the thirteenth century. Thus have men endeavored to perpetuate the memory of the wonderful sermon preached by the Young Teacher in the presence of His neighbors and kinsmen, after which the offended Nazarenes led Him to the brow of their hill to hurl Him thence to His death. But this base deed they were not permitted to accomplish. Jesus spent much time in Galilee after He heard that John was cast into prison. He taught in their synagogues. We visited the Greek quarter of Nazareth and here,

in the northern part of it, found the church already referred to. We descend by a few steps from the streets and come into quite a dark room with two benches reaching along on the one side. The floor is of thick stone and has the appearance of being very ancient. While it is difficult to accept the tradition that our Lord really stood in this particular room, as we stood looking at the cross, with the pictures on either side, we could not keep out of our minds the sermon that Christ preached in Nazareth, the first sermon of His that we have recorded and the only sermon which we know that He preached from a text of Scripture. One would be glad to believe, while standing in this chamber, that it was really here that He took the book of the Prophet Isaiah and read that marvelous text which was by Himself fulfilled in the presence of the people who heard Him.



GREEK MOUNT OF PRECIPITATION, NAZARETH. — After Christ delivered His sermon in the Synagogue there was much excitement. His words would have excited much indignation if He had been a perfect stranger among them, but it was very difficult to hear from one of their own young countrymen and their fellow-townsmen such words of severity. Had they not known Him and His family through all these years? How could He presume thus to address them, His neighbors and seniors, and in every way, as judged by human standards, His superiors! No wonder that they were "filled with wrath!" Then they led Him to "the brow of the hill whereon their city was built that they might cast Him down headlong." We have already given a view of Nazareth from the Latin Mount of Precipitation. In this picture we give a view

of the Mount of Precipitation as claimed by the Greeks. This is in the southeast of the city, upon a hill looking toward the plain of Esdraelon. As we approached this Greek praying place the keeper, whom we now see standing on the porch of the church, appeared with a key to admit us to the inside if we desired to enter. This picture was taken on the 7th of May, 1894, at nine o'clock in the morning. We are looking toward the south. If you were standing on the other side of the church you would be in sight of the plain of Esdraelon, with Mounts Tabor and Carmel. Nazareth is built on a hill. Nazareth is built on the hill, but not on its brow, and the cliffs from which they attempted to cast Him were above and not below the town.



MOSLEM OVENS, NAZARETH.—We are looking toward the north and have in full view the Moslem Ovens of Nazareth, where, as our dragoman told us, the Moslem population of Nazareth have their bread baked. This picture was taken at half-past two o'clock on the 7th of May, 1894. You see the structures, built of stone and covered with clay. They are about seven feet high and six feet broad. The Moslems and the Christians in Palestine have no dealings with each other socially. The Moslems have schooled themselves into a permanent feeling of dislike for Christians, whether they be foreigners or natives, and they take all foreigners to be Christians, and seem to have no use for them except as contributors of "*baksheesh*." The making and baking of bread is often referred to in the Bible, and the Hebrew word for oven

is the same as the Arabic "*tannur*." The manners and the customs of the people of Palestine have changed but a little since the time of Christ. An authority says: "The ordinary *tannur* or oven is merely a hole in the ground about three feet deep and two feet in diameter, lined with cement and smoothly polished. It is filled with thorn brushes, dry grass and weeds, or with any kind of fuel that will make a sudden and fierce blaze, and the heat is kept up by throwing in a fresh supply as occasion requires." In the cities the public ovens can bake bread and meat in large quantities in any form desired by the natives or foreigners. It is only a question of time when Western civilization that has grown out of the Christian religion is destined to take the place of the civilization of Mohammed, and then the old feeling of caste will be utterly abrogated.



THE SEA OF GALILEE FROM THE WALL OF TIBERIAS.—

"Blue as the Galilean lake,
Where the rent tower leans o'er the sunny wave
Which ripples round the ruined battlements
Of old Tiberias, and upon its bosom
Receives the shadow of those hanging palms—
The relics of a brighter, happier day."

We have here the picture of the Sea of Galilee from the wall of Tiberias. With his artist, one of the editors reached Tiberias at noon on the 8th of May, 1894. We passed through the gate, entering the walls of the town, passing out of another gate, and found our tents pitched on the slopes just above the point from which this picture was taken. We see our

muleteers down to the left, watering our horses in the Sea of Galilee. This little inland sea is nearly always rough, especially near the shore. The waves rise and fall, causing a kind of delightful music. The pebbles on the shore have been worn until they are round. Among these pebbles are numerous little shells which tourists greedily pick up, and which have been distributed in all parts of the world. This is the most sacred lake in human history. Most of the active ministries of our Lord were spent in sight of these waters. Here He found His disciples. Here He performed His miracles and preached His wonderful sermons. Near this lake He healed a leper by touching him. Here He called Levi, whom He found sitting at the receipt of customs. Near this lake the disciples plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath. Here Christ healed the man with the withered hand, and here He ordained the twelve.



THE HORNS OF HATTIN. "And there followed Him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan. And seeing the multitude He went up into a mountain; and when He was set His disciples came to Him." Then followed the celebrated "Sermon on the Mount." The Horns of Hattin, supposed to be the mount where this discourse was delivered, are about half a mile from the roadway leading from Nazareth through Cana of Galilee to Tiberias. It is about three miles from the lake. We arrived at ten o'clock on the 8th of May, 1894, and turning away from the regular road pressed our horses through the thick growth of prickly pears and briars, as you see them in the picture, to the top of the Mount of Beatitudes. The view from the summit is a glorious one. Below

us to the east is the sea, with the Gadarene country rising beyond. To the northeast is Hermon, with its patches of snow. In the distance to the north is Safed, probably "the city on a hill" referred to in this memorable sermon. Here was fought the famous battle between Saladin and the Crusaders, July 5, 1187, after which Palestine and Jerusalem fell again into the hands of the Moslems. The horns or cone-like crests rise against the sky with the sweeping curve of their high valley between. All this depression may have been made in some remote age by the crater of an active volcano, as the "Horns" are masses of black basalt and the plain is marked by its presence of broad streams once liquid, but now solid rock.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT NAIN.—At the foot of Little Hermon, looking northward, lies the little mud village that marks the site of the city of Nain, where our Lord raised the widow's son to life. The town lies on a spur of the mountain, fifteen hundred feet below the summit, and the road to Nazareth ascends in a hollow to the west of it. After the Sermon on the Mount our Savior returned to Capernaum and found there a centurion, an officer of the Roman army, whose servant he healed. "And it came to pass the day after that He went into a city called Nain; and many of His disciples went with Him, and much people." It was at this time that He stopped the funeral procession, and said to the dead body: "Young man! I say unto thee, arise! and he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and He delivered him to his

mother." Nain is at present a miserable village, but there are many ruins round about. The Arabs have a mosque here with the curious name, "The Shrine of Our Lord Jesus." It is said to stand upon the site of an early Christian chapel. There is another small church in Nain of which we give above a view. There is nothing very remarkable about it, except that the walls, floors, pictures and furniture are arranged with neatness and taste. Lieutenant Conder says: "The procession bearing the young man's body would have come down the slope toward the little spring westward, meeting our Lord on the main road. The mud hovels on the gray tongue of limestone have no great marks of antiquity, but the surrounding ruins show the village to have been once longer than now."



THE GADARENE COUNTRY FROM THE WATCH TOWER OF TIBERIAS.—After leaving Nain and coming again into Galilee, John sent his disciples to Jesus.—Matthew, xi: 2-19. Jesus was here anointed by a woman in the house of Simon.—Luke, vii: 36-50. At this time He preached in the cities of Galilee.—Luke, viii: 1-3. At Capernaum He healed a blind and dumb man.—Matthew, xii: 22-23. Near Capernaum Jesus is visited by His mother and brethren.—Matthew, xii: 46-50. Upon the sea of Galilee He delivered the parable of the sowers.—Matthew, xiii: 1-23; Mark, iv: 1-25; Luke, viii: 4-18. And the parable of the tares, with still other parables.—Matthew, xiii: 24-25; Mark, iv: 26-34. It was at this time that He stilled the tempest on the Sea of Galilee.—Matthew, viii: 23-27; Mark, iv: 35-41; Luke,

viii: 22-25. And now He went over into the country of the Gergesenes—the Gadarene country, which we see from the watch tower of Tiberias in this picture above. It was there that “there met Him two possessed with devils, coming out of the tombs exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass by that way,” and He suffered the devils to go into the herd of swine, and “behold the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea and perished in the waters.” The site of the city of Gadara is identified with the extensive and remarkable ruins of Um Keis, which occupy a circuit of about two miles. The inhabitants still dwell in tombs, while not a house or wall remains. Dr. Merrill says that “for two or three miles beyond Gadara it was lined on both sides with costly tombs, which can still be counted by hundreds.”



ENTRANCE TO TIBERIAS.—The above picture is very beautiful—the heavy wall, the fine arch, the graceful palms, the sea and the mountains beyond. This entrance is on the western wall of Tiberias. Through this all travelers from Nazareth pass into the city. Like Jerusalem, “Tiberias is regarded as a holy place by both Christian and Jew.” Here Christ taught; here the Jews believe that the Messiah will rise from the waters of the lake, land in the city and place His throne at Safed, three thousand feet above the city. Tiberias occupied a very high rank as a Roman city. It was surrounded by a wall three miles in circumference—longer than the ancient wall of London or of modern Jerusalem. Here Herod Antipater resided during our Lord’s ministry. It was for this reason that Pontius Pilatus, when he heard that Christ was a Galilean, sent

Him to Herod. How earthly names and earthly fortunes change! Herod in his day was famous, rich and conspicuous; Christ was unknown, poor and despised, but as we look back through two thousand years, we find that the kingdom of Herod was only relieved from oblivion by the fact that the obscure but holy Nazarene grew up in his country. The now squalid city of Tiberias, mentioned but once in the New Testament, has been the chief home of Jewish learning since the destruction of Jerusalem. Once the region was full of activity. It is now utterly forsaken; but the lights and shadows at morning and evening dwell on the hillsides, the ruins of massive walls, of fallen pillars, of straggling columns standing in dismal solitude near the waters’ edge or half buried on the slope above, suggesting the sumptuous buildings, the wealth, the luxury and revelry of ages ago.



CITADEL OF TIBERIAS. —The reason for the building at Tiberias by Herod Antipater of his citadel is very clear. It was not too much of a commercial town and the site was dominated by a hill where he could build a castle and yet be near the shore. And the neighboring baths made the place famous throughout the Roman world. The building of the citadel took place but a short time before our Lord began His ministry on the lake. The fact that the city was so new, artificial and unclean partly explains its absence from the records of Christ's ministry. Our Lord avoided the half-Greek cities, and among the courtiers and officials He would have been less at home than among the common people of the country. In 1837, as we have already said in these notes,

there was a great earthquake in Tiberias. There is little to be found of the remains of its former grandeur. Walter Besant says: "This town in the time of Herod was covered with beautiful villas, provided with winter and summer rooms, warmed by hot iron pipes, decorated marble pavements, columns, cloisters and porticos, having gardens round them. * * * This was the city upon which our Lord gazed from the lake before it. A pile of noble buildings rising from the level of the lake behind a low sea wall; theaters, amphitheaters, forums, temples, synagogues, baths, rich houses, all crowned by the lofty fortress looking down upon the city. In the streets wandered the Roman soldiers, the slaves ran about working, the gladiators lay in the shades, and the scholarly rabbi sat fiercely dividing the word."



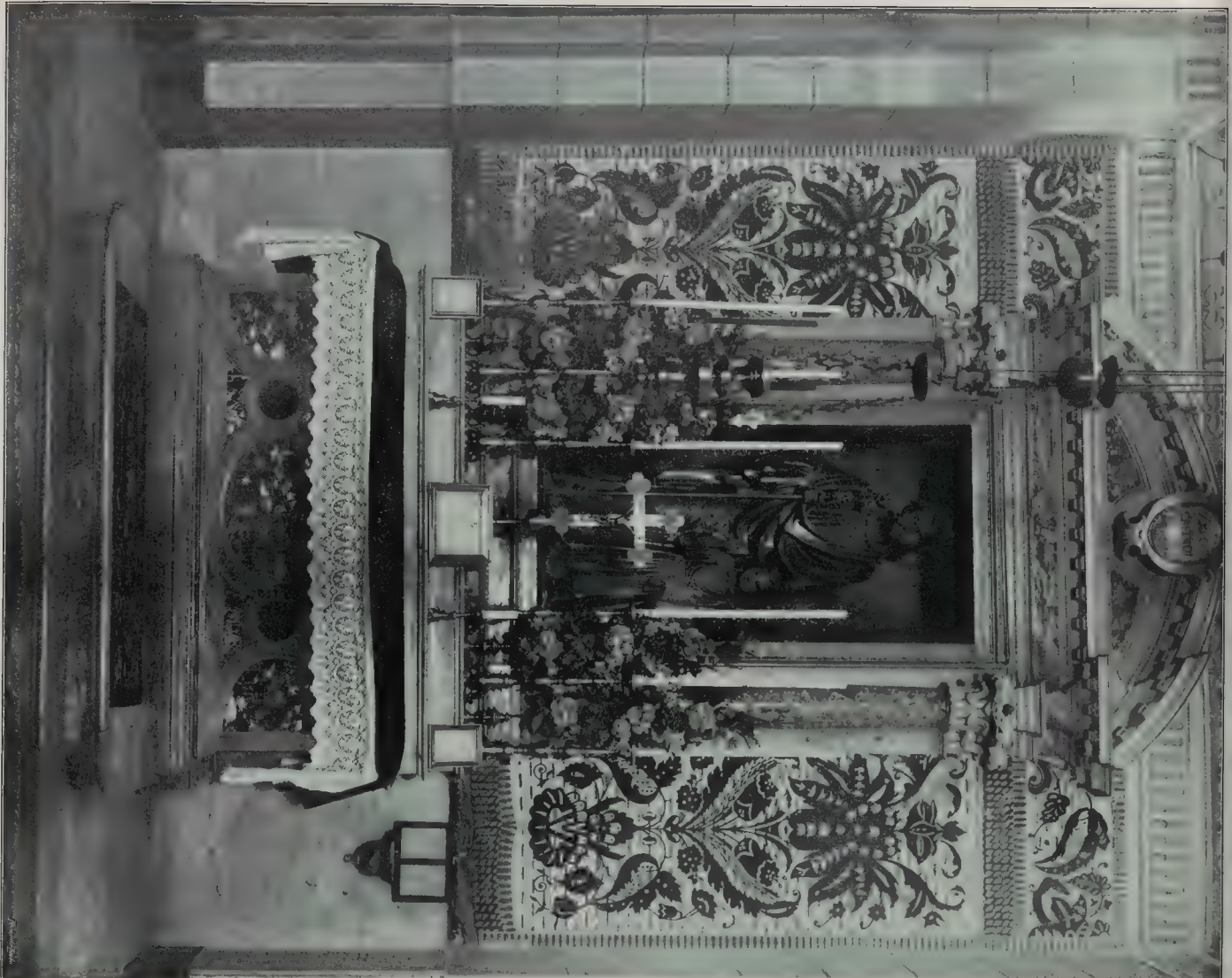
FISHERMEN MAKING NETS, TIBERIAS.—A little way from the lake, in the Town of Tiberias, we came upon a group of men sitting in the shade of one of the stone buildings preparing, as we see in the picture, a fisherman's net. It was in this way that the fishermen made their nets in the early ages. The fisherman of the Sea of Galilee represents the highest class of men living on the lake. They are sincere and have force of character. They live much in their boats, plying their oars, and take sufficient exercise to make them vigorous and healthy looking. The ancient fishermen were not learned men, but they were earnest, robust, fair-minded and holy. The Talmud speaks of the Sea of Galilee as famed for its fisheries. The two Bethsaias took their name from the fish market. The first men to whom Jesus offered "the bread of life"

were fishermen. Four, at least, of His apostles were fishermen. One morning early in the spring, while teaching the people, two fishing boats came to the shore. The crowd pressed so closely to hear Him that for convenience He asked Peter for his boat from which He might speak, while the multitude pressed closely upon the water's edge. Near this took place the miraculous draught of fishes, which so astonished Peter that he said "Depart from me, O Lord!"—feeling himself unworthy of such a master. Jesus kindly, said, "Fear not, Peter, after this thou shalt catch men." At another time He said to Peter and Andrew, "I will make you fishers of men"; and a little further on, James and John, with their father, Zebedeus, mending their nets, heard the call of Jesus, "and they left all and followed Him."



ANCIENT BRONZE DOORS, TIBERIAS.—While we were getting photographs of the historic remains in Tiberias our dragoman insisted upon our visiting an old building in the southern portion of the town. Here he said we could see some bronze doors very ancient and very interesting. We followed our guide and found the doors. Just how old they are no one can say. They are certainly of superior workmanship and unlike anything produced in modern times in Palestine. There is little doubt that they belong to the time of the Romans. They would fit well into the character of Tiberias as it has been graphically and elegantly pictured by Walter Besant. A number of people were standing in the opening of the building and were very much

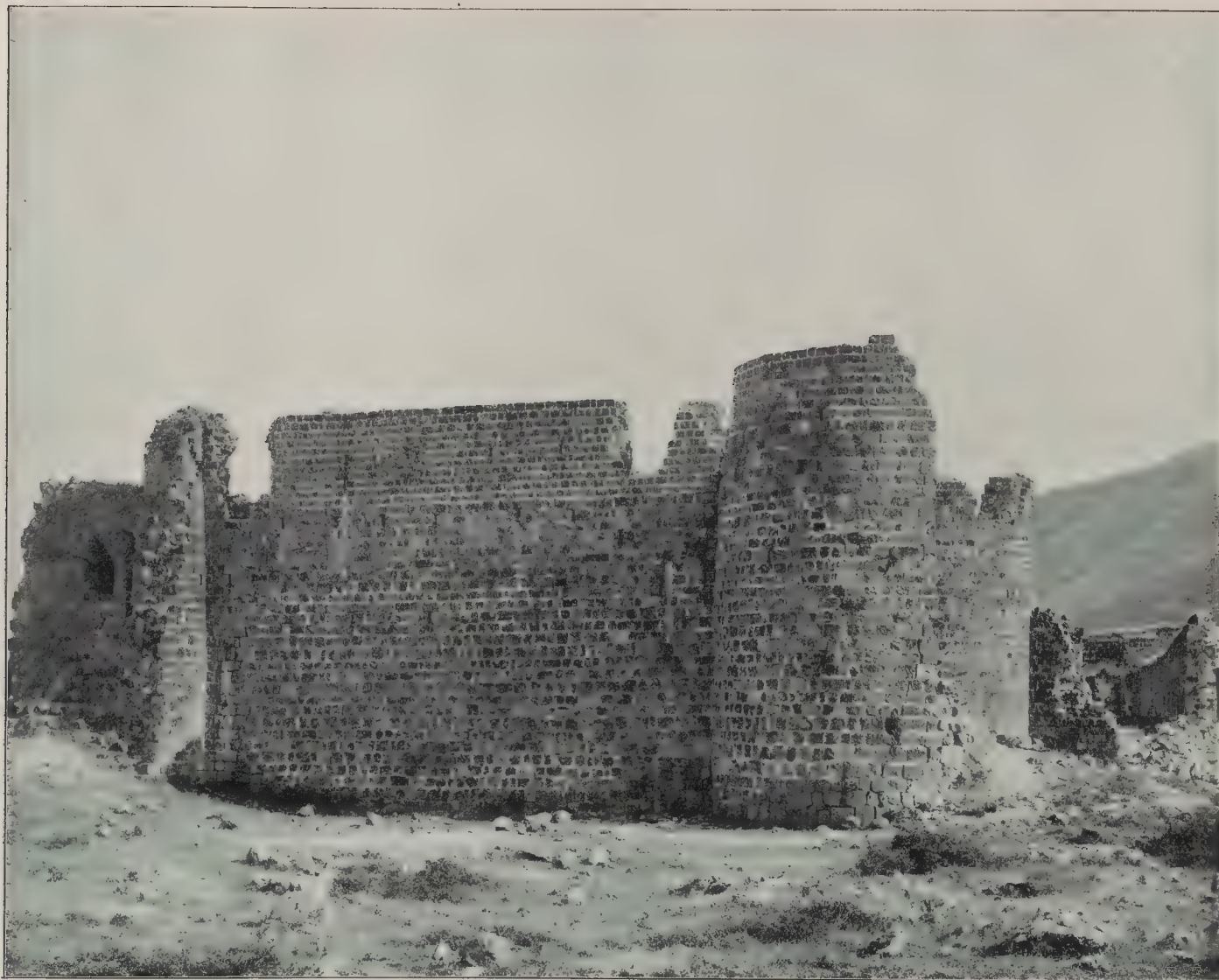
amused at our artist when he undertook to photograph the same. Two of the women turned their faces sideways as though they did not care to be photographed. The one in the center, however, seems to have "posed" with as much care as would any woman in an American photograph gallery. Over the shoulder of the woman in the center we see a beautiful baby face. We then moved toward the south of Tiberias and found the hot baths, close to the shore. There are four springs here and three others a few paces further south. The temperature of the water is 144 degrees Fahrenheit; the taste is salt and bitter and the presence of sulphur very manifest. These baths are regarded as especially adapted to the cure of rheumatic complaints and are visited in the summer by people from all over the country.



SIDE ALTAR LATIN CHURCH, NAZARETH.—

After healing the demoniac of Gadara, our Savior returned to Capernaum and was entertained at a feast in the house of Levi.—Matthew, ix:10-17; Mark, ii:15-22; Luke, v:29-39. Here He raised the daughter of Jairo, and a woman was healed.—Matthew, ix:18-26; Mark, v:21-43; Luke, viii:40-56. Here He also healed two blind men and cast out a dumb spirit.—Matthew, ix:27-34. Thence He came into His own country and taught in their synagogue, “in so much that they were astonished, and said, Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter’s son? Is not His mother called Mary? and His brethren, James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Judas? and His sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man

all these things?”—Matthew, xlii:1-33, etc. But they were offended at Him when on the Sabbath day He again taught in the synagogue. Thence He was rejected by His neighbors and companions, and we have no record that He ever returned again to His own city. In the view above we have a picture, and a very pretty picture, of the side altar in the Latin Church. Nazareth has been wiped out of existence again and again since our Lord lived there. The perishable nature of its rocks (chalk and lime-stone) has made it an easy prey to the elements as well as to the tread of the Gentile, for Roman, Moslem and Frank have in turn laid its buildings level with the ground. The Latin Church and Convent at Nazareth cover the alleged place of annunciation and of the house of Mary and Joseph.



EXTERIOR WALL, TIBERIAS.—After the second rejection at Nazareth Jesus went forth into Galilee and sent forth the twelve.—Matthew, ix: 35-38; x: 1-11; Mark, vi: 6-13; Luke, ix: 1-6. Here He heard of the death of John the Baptist; and at this time Herod gave his opinion of Jesus.—Matthew, xiv: 1-12; Mark, vi: 14-29; Luke, ix: 7-9. In going from Nazareth to Capernaum he would doubtless pass again in sight of Tiberias. In the above view we have the exterior of the citadel. Tiberias was quite a modern town when our Lord frequented this region. The walls were strengthened by ten round towers on the west, five on the north and eight on the south. There were also towers along the shore to protect the city against attack from the water.

The spacious castle is now entirely in ruins. Within the walls dwell about 2,000 inhabitants. To the west, on the hillside behind the town, are the tombs of many rabbis, and near to this sleep many modern Israelites who deemed it almost as great a blessing to have their dust lay by the side of these holy men as in the Valley of Jehosaphat itself. "The shores of Tiberias form one of the gardens of the world." The plain near it was called "the unparalleled garden of God." The rabbis testify that the shores of the lake were covered with cities, villages and market places. Renan speaks of it as a "country very green and full of shade and pleasantness; the true country of the Canticle of Canticles and of the psalms of the well-beloved."



MILL AT BETHSAIDA.—Bethsaida (Fisher-Home), the city of Philip, Andrew and Peter, is one of the Galilean towns associated with our Lord's ministry, the site of which is disputed by latter-day research. Some authorities claim but one Bethsaida, believing that it was located upon both sides of the Jordan where it enters the lake; others that there were two, one on the east and one on the west of the Jordan. Robinson, Tristram and McGregor have contended that Ain Tabighah was the site of the western Bethsaida; Ritter, Van der Velde, Caspari and Weiss have contended that this was the site of the original Bethsaida. The view we give above is from Tabighah, which is between Tiberias and Capernaum. It is, probably, the home of Peter,

Andrew, John and Philip. It was one of the many towns that girded the lake, and which now helps to form that line of debris of dead cities that encircles it. Not far from this must have been the scene of the feeding of the multitude.—Matthew, xiv: 13-21; Mark, vi: 31-44; Luke, ix: 10-17; John, vi: 1-16. Josephus, speaking of this region, says: "Such is the fertility of this soil that it rejects no plant, and accordingly all are here cultivated by the husbandman, for so genial is the air that it suits every variety. * * * When some one at one of the feasts of the Jews in Jerusalem asked why he could find none of the fruits of Gennesaret there, the answer was that no one may be tempted to come to the feast, merely for the sake of enjoying those fruits." Here in this neighborhood grows the finest wheat of the land.




STREET IN TIBERIAS.—We look toward the south.

The Tiberias Hotel is not an attractive place externally, and the universal testimony of travelers is less favorable concerning its interior. The tent of the tourist is better than these village hotels in Palestine. In walking through the town of Tiberias the traveler will be struck by the predominance of the Jewish element. Many of the Jews are from Poland, most of them living on alms sent from Europe. Others come to use the baths and thus to cure their bodies, or to come in contact with the places sacred to the Jews, and thus purify their spirits. Some are fugitives from Russian despotism. Marion Harland says: "Tiberias has never been comely; the alleys, that do duty as streets, are lined in some quarters with booths and stalls, in

others with mean dwellings that are dirty white in the sunshine and dirtier gray when wet. The inhabitants have retreated to the rear of the shops, even where the streets are covered with matings or with rickety wooden roofs, and eye us listlessly as we pass. The horses splash through filth made liquid by the rain, and course in vile-smelling rivulets down the middle of the street." There is, perhaps, no town in Syria so filthy as Tiberias or so little to be desired as a residence. It is several hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. To the west are lofty mountains which shut out the western breezes from the great sea. It is therefore intensely hot in summer. A traveler says: "The last time I encamped there near the baths the thermometer stood at one hundred degrees about midnight."




OUR CAMP, KHAN JUBB-YUSEF.—After walking about the Sea of Calilee, Christ is represented as healing many at Gennesaret. Above we have a view of our camp at Khan Jubb-Yusef. We spent a day and a half here. The tent to the right is the cooking tent. In the front of this the cook had a long square iron framework in which he placed the charcoal, and about which were ovens, pans and other cooking utensils. This was the entire outfit for cooking. It was carried about day by day, and also the charcoal which furnished fuel for the fire. By means of this primitive and simple cooking appliance he was able to furnish a dinner of six or seven courses. The tent in the middle was used for a lunch tent, when the two large tents and the muleteers had passed on for the camping place in the evening. At ten o'clock every

day this lunch-tent was stretched in about two minutes, a couple of rugs placed on the ground and each one provided with a pillow, that tourists might rest while the black coffee and lemonade are being made and other articles prepared for the lunch. The large tent to the left is the sleeping tent. There are several partitions inside, so that we have sitting room and bed rooms, and the whole place carpeted and comfortably furnished. It was our custom in the evening after reaching camp to pin our maps to the sides of the tents, get out our books and write out our notes. This tenting place is on the Roman road running from Damascus to Egypt. Here the Bedouins pass with their camps from the Hauran on their way to Egypt. This place also bears the name of the "Fountain of the Fig Tree." There is a spring near by surrounded by fig trees.



STONE CARVED WORK IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT CAPERNAUM.—At Capernaum in the deep rank grass we observed a beautiful square piece of carved work. This relic is supposed to have formed part of the synagogue which was found in Capernaum at the time of our Savior. Some antiquarians believe that these ruins do not belong to a date earlier than the fourth century. After healing many afflicted people at Gennesaret, Jesus came to Capernaum and delivered a discourse in the synagogue, and here answered the criticism concerning His disciples eating with unwashed hands.—Matthew, xv: 1-20; Mark, vii: 1-23. Colonel Wilson says: "A number of slabs with different floral ornaments were found which may have formed part of a frieze; also several portions of a heavy cornice which may have run above the

frieze." Remains of the Corinthian capitals that crowned the twenty-eight columns lie scattered about with debris of ruins of a later date—perhaps of a basilica. Captain McGregor, while on the Sea of Galilee, read the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. He says: "The very places mentioned in this chapter are on all sides in view, and they frame the page of print into a charming picture. From that pure strand He went over the sea; along that plain a great multitude followed Him; among these hills He went up into a mountain. * * * It was upon those heights He lingered alone till in the dark and in the storm, and somewhere close to the spot where I am now reading the disciples saw the same Jesus walking on the sea."



GENERAL VIEW OF TYRE.—"Then Jesus went thence and departed into the coast of Tyre and Sidon." It was here that a woman of Cana—the Syro-Phœnician—made that plea for her daughter grievously vexed with the devil. It was here that Jesus wrought a cure and said to the woman, "O, Woman! great is thy faith!" Tyre is a very ancient city. Its ancient and present name is Sûr. It was powerful as early as 1200 B. C. During Solomon's reign two hundred years later it had the largest commerce anywhere on the Mediterranean. There were two (or really three) cities. Old Tyre (Palatyrus) lay on the mainland, on two rocky islands; in front of this lay the seaport, arsenals and storehouses; on the mainland Tyrus, of perfect beauty, made glorious in the midst of the sea, "stood," with all her palaces, temples, castles, towers, her beautiful

gardens and fountains. "Tyre was a fair and beautiful possession" which nearly all the old conquerors wished to make their own. The names of Sargon, King of Assyria, and Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander are associated with this royal city. Modern Tyre is an unimportant place, its trade having been diverted almost entirely to Beirût. It contains about five thousand inhabitants, half of them Moslems, the other half chiefly Christians, and a few Jews. The streets are miserable, the houses dilapidated and few antiquities are to be found.

"Where are they now? The note is o'er.

Yes! For a thousand years or more
Five fathoms deep beside the sea

Those halls have lain all silently."



MAGDALA.—After performing the many miracles upon multitudes of people.—Matthew, xv:29-31; Mark, vii:31-37, and having fed the four thousand—Matthew, xv:32-39; Mark, viii:1-10, He sent the multitude away and took ship and came into the coast of Magdala—Matthew, xv:39. Magdala is now called Mejdal, a miserable little hamlet, the only inhabited spot on the plain of Gennesaret. There are here about twenty miserable houses and the ruins of a watch tower of not very ancient date. This is supposed to have been the birthplace of Mary Magdalene, out of whom Christ cast seven devils, and to whom He appeared after His resurrection—Mark, xvi:9. In the picture above, which was taken at half-past eight o'clock in the morning of May 9th, 1894, we are looking toward the north. This is all that remains of a spot associated with

a name familiar and fragrant as "ointment poured fourth," because of the lesson of love and forgiveness left us in the story of Mary Magdalene. Edwin Arnold has given a splendid picture of the Magdalene showing the power of the Christ over her life and character. Whether she was a dissolute woman, as tradition represents her, or merely the victim of some terrible disease attributed to the presence and domination of demons, the power of Christ's grace was sufficient to transform her into a sweet and lovely saint, obedient to His will who redeemed her and eager to serve Him. We turn from Mejdal and look again toward the sea. Great was this Wonder-worker of the land of Galilee! But He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and in all lands under the sun.



MONASTERY NEAR BETHSAIDA.—"The Pharisees also, with the Sadducees, came," it is said, "and tempting desired Him that He would show them a sign from heaven.—Matthew, xvi:1-4; Mark, viii:11, 12. Christ warns the disciples against the leaven of the Pharisees.—Matthew, xvi:5-12; Mark, viii:13-21. "And He cometh to Bethsaida and they bring a blind man unto Him and besought Him to touch him."—Mark, viii:22. From this western Bethsaida Christ called three of His disciples, Philip, Andrew and Peter, and it is supposed also that this was the home of Zebedee and his two sons, the Apostles James and John. It is called by John "Bethsaida in Galilee," to distinguish it perhaps from the other.—John, i:44-12-21. In the above view we have

the new monastery near the western Bethsaida. We look toward the east. We have a view of the upper Gardarene country beyond the Sea of Galilee and see the gradual falling of the country as it slopes toward the sea on the north. The monastery is a favorite stopping place for tourists who pass through the country on horseback without a tent. The monks who keep the place are very kind to travelers. As a rule they make no charge for entertainment, but all tourists stopping with them reward their kindness and hospitality. The stone walls are thick and the air likely to be cool. One may be refreshed by water, by most excellent lemonade and by delicious coffee. Before us is the lovely sea. When we made our first voyage upon it many years ago not a breath of air swayed the canvas or rippled the sea.



ARCHES, HARAM esh-SHERIF. — The Jews' Feast of Tabernacles was at hand. Jesus sent His disciples on before Him to Jerusalem and afterward went up Himself, "not openly, but as it were in secret."—John, vii:2-8-10. Then He Himself came to the Holy City and taught.—John, vii:14-17. We look in the picture above at the site of the temple as it appears to-day. The Haram esh-Sherif, the "Noble Sanctuary," is the pride and ornament of the City of Jerusalem." The massive and lofty walls that surround it, the broad, elevated platform, encircled by graceful arches, its pulpits and prayer-niches and cupolas; and the beautiful Mosque of Omar, rising above all and glistening in the sunbeams; the marble fountains, groups of olive and cypress trees, all together form a picture which is scarcely surpassed in the world. Fergusson proves the

arch to have been used in the time of Sargon, 721 B. C., but there are "too many Herodian signs to permit us to indulge the dream." One writer relates: "With no other escort but our Mohammedan guide, we entered the jealously guarded precincts of the Haram, and were conducted down a gradual decline for some distance over smooth rock, and then upon the sward or green grass to the foot of a flight of steps which led up to the lofty and pointed arches which stood on the paved platform of the mosque called el-Mawâzin, or "the Scales," because on the day of judgment the scales are to be suspended there to weigh the evil and the righteous. In the picture we are looking toward the north, and beyond the walls see the hills of Judea. One can almost hear the echo of Christ's words spoken here: "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of Myself."



JOAB'S WELL.—This is now called *Eu Rogel*, and by the natives *Bir Eyüb*. It was known as the "Well of Joab," and by Europeans, "the Well of Nehemiah." It is situated in the Valley of the Kedron near its junction with the Valley of Hinnom. It was by this well that Jonathan and Ahimaaz, David's servants, waited for instructions from Hushai during Absalom's rebellion, in order to collect and send news to David. And here also Adonijah, David's son, assembled his friends when he aspired to be king in his father's stead. This well is one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, walled up with large hewn stones, with an arch above apparently of high antiquity. At the depth of about one hundred and thirteen feet there is a large chamber, from the bottom of which a shaft leads downward to a rock-hewn chamber below. From this Col.

Wilson thinks the well was once deeper than now. The people of Siloam carry on quite a trade in this water. A small, rude building of stone is now over it, furnished with troughs, into which the water is poured when drawn. "After abundant rains the water of this well overflows, forming with the surface water of the neighboring hills a little stream in the Kedron. The water is pure and entirely sweet, quite different from that in Siloam, which proves that there is no connection between them. I have seen it gushing out like a mill-stream some fifteen rods south of the well, and then the whole valley was alive with people bathing in it and indulging in every species of hilarity." In the above view we look toward the south and get an excellent idea of the mountainous character of the country about Jerusalem.



DRAGON'S FOUNTAIN, JERUSALEM.—To the east of the Kedron valley, in the center of the Ophel Hill, is the Fountain of the Virgin ('Ain Umm ed-Deraj). This is an intermittent spring, the waters of which are carried into the pool of Siloam by a rock-cut canal which passes through the hill. This is called the Dragon's Well from a tradition of the natives, which places a dragon in the bottom of the well, who is sufficiently thirsty to swallow up all the water when he is awake, but who, when asleep, does not drink, thus giving the natives a chance to get water. This tradition is founded on the fact that the water is intermittent in its flow. The Palestine Exploration Survey has identified this place with the Upper Pool of Gihon. The water rises from a cave twenty-five feet deep, cut in the Ophel rock. Passing down a flight

of sixteen steps, we come to a chamber eighteen feet long, ten feet wide and ten feet high. The sides of it are built of stone with a pointed arch at the top. By passing down a flight of fourteen more steps, we come to a rock grotto containing the fountain itself. The intermittent flow is said to be very irregular, and can only be counted on two or three times a day in the spring, and only once in two or three days in the fall. It is thought to be the King's Pool mentioned in Nehemiah, ii:14. It is also thought to be the place referred to by Josephus as Solomon's Reservoir. It was while Jesus was on this visit to Jerusalem (see chronological outline) that an attempt was made to stone Him.—John, viii:15-29. He also healed a man born blind.—John, xiv:1-38; and gave His discourse on the Good Shepherd.—John, ix:39; x:21. He then returned to Galilee.



MILL NEAR THE WATERS OF MEROM.—The next reference made to Christ, in the Harmony we follow, is in Matthew, xvi:13, where it is said: "When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, He asked His disciples, saying, Whom do you say that I, the Son of Man, am?" Reference is also made to this in Mark, vii:27-33; Luke, ix:18-22. We have already illustrated the way Jesus would likely pass from Jerusalem to Galilee. Leaving Galilee and making His way toward Caesarea Philippi, He would necessarily pass up near the Jordan. Lake Merom, or the Marsh of Huleh, is only a part of the Jordan River, as in the case of Lake Galilee. Lake Merom is about ten miles north of the Sea of Galilee. It is triangular in shape, from ten to sixteen feet in depth and six feet above the level of the sea. It abounds in

pelicans and wild duck. In the above view we give a picture of a mill on the waters of Merom, taken at ten o'clock on the morning after we left our camp at Khan Jubb Yusef. We are looking toward the west. In this mill the natives grind wheat. The miller, standing in the door, is curiously observing our movements. The country in the neighborhood of this mill is very fertile, inhabited mostly by Bedouins, who seem to be more thrifty than the natives in the lower part of Palestine. These Bedouins have great herds of cattle, sheep and goats, and they mind them by day and carefully watch and feed them. Here, about Merom and on the neighboring mountains, "is one of the finest hunting grounds in Syria." Lake Merom is associated with the life of Joshua.—Joshua, xi:5-7.



THE BRIDGE OVER THE JORDAN.—This is a bridge over the Hasbany, one of the leading sources of the Jordan. Leaving the plain of Huleh, we crossed the bridge which tradition assigns to Roman times, but it perhaps belongs to a much later date than that. It is sorely in need of repairs. You will observe a rock-paved roadway coming down to the bridge from the right. This extends up the hill the same way; but directly over the bridge this rock road has been removed, and there is nothing now but the layer of stone which makes up the arch of the bridge to constitute a roadway. It is a wild, picturesque place. This prong of the Jordan dashes down the declivity, throwing up its spray on all sides. "We pass up a deep gorge, worn by the mountain stream and cut into a channel, at some points nearly 200 feet deep. Along

its bed the stream dashes against great volcanic boulders, while the banks are lined with oleanders, willows, honeysuckle, and other sweet and flowering shrubs. The noise of the water and the charming scent of the flowers, together with the wild natural scene, combine to make this place romantic and beautiful." This bridge is called Jisr el Ghujar, or Jisr Benât Yâ' Kôb (Bridge of Jacob's Daughters), and is about three miles from Tel el Kady, or Dan. Over this bridge probably ran the road from Damascus and the Hauran to the west side of the Jordan. Was it across this bridge that Saul of Tarsus passed, "breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord"? The scenery here is wild to the last degree. Under the arch of the bridge we see the wild waters of the Hasbany torn into fury as they encounter the rocks in their hurrying sweep to the south.



DAN.—Tell el Kady—"The Well of the Judge"—the Dan of Scripture, once the great border city, is "laid waste." "It has no name in history, no story or legend to attract the notice of the passing pilgrim or the Bible student. It had once a historic name, which is not yet quite gone. Upon this hill Jeroboam built a temple and set up in its shrine one of his golden calves, thus polluting that "Holy Land" which the Lord gave in covenant promise to the seed of Abraham. Therefore has this curse come upon Dan. The ruined foundation can still be traced. At the edge of the wide plain below a long succession of olive yards and oak glades, which slope down from Banias, rises an artificial-looking mound of limestone rock, flat topped, eighty feet high and half a mile in diameter. Its western side is covered with an impregnable thicket of

reeds, oaks, and oleanders, which entirely conceal the shapeless ruins, and are nurtured by the "lower springs" of Jordan. On the eastern side of the mound, overhanging another bright feeder of the Jordan, are a holm oak and a terebinth, side by side—two noble trees which shade the graves of Arab saints and the luncheon of European travelers. This terebinth is the largest of its kind in Syria. Tell el Kady, the site of the ancient city, is cup-shaped. Standing in the midst of the plain, it resembles an extinct crater, which it may be, for the stones about the plain are volcanic. Though one of the noblest sites in Palestine, though encompassed by a plain of unrivaled fertility, it and its plain are now alike desolate. The prophetic curse is fulfilled to the letter. There is not a single inhabitant in the ancient City of Dan.



THE JORDAN AT DAN. - From the western base of Tell El-Kady bursts forth one of the largest fountains in Syria, and what is said to be the largest single fountain in the world. Its waters form a miniature lake, and then dashing through an oleander thicket and across the plain southward a deep, rapid river. This is called the "lower springs of Jordan." On the eastern side of the mound is a smaller fountain, which springs up within the tell and flows off through a break in the rim on the southwest, and foaming down the bank joins its sister. This is the principal source of the Jordan. "Just at this break stands a noble oak and a terebinth, whose branches are hung with votive offerings of all sorts of rubbish, as Israel of old set up their altars under the great trees and in the groves of high places." The

fountain springing from the western side of the mound is supposed to be where the drainage of the southern side of Hermon, pent up between a hard and a soft stratum, seems to have found a collective exit. The waters of the fountains soon unite and wind down the rich plain, both fountain and stream bearing the name El-Seddon, possibly some Arab corruption of Dan. The united waters flow on through the plain to the lake, some six miles distant. Such is the principal fountain and such is the gradual formation of the River Jordan. Near the place we stood in taking this picture are several Moslem graves. The Phœnicians once owned this site, and their city was called Laish. A band of six hundred Danites seized it, and it was then called Dan. "From Dan to Bersheba" defined the limits of Palestine.



ENTRANCE TO CAESAREA PHILIPPI.—Caesarea Philippi, Bâniâs. This ancient city occupies one of the most picturesque sites in Syria. It is about three and a half miles from Dan. This was anciently the old Greek city of Panium, which Herod the Great rebuilt and renamed Caesarea Philippi. In the picture we are looking northward. We enter the old city through a gateway beyond a narrow single-arched bridge. "Two sublime ravines cut deeply into the ridge, having between them an isolated cone more than 1000 feet in height crowned by the ruins of Subeibeh. On the terrace at the base of this cone lie the ruins of Caesarea Philippi. The terrace itself is covered with oak and olive trees, having green glades and clumps of hawthorn, acacia and myrtle here and there, all alive with streams of water and cascades." The main attraction of Bâniâs is the great fountain, the "upper source" of the Jordan, bursting from the mouth of

a cave, sweeping down a rocky bed, scattering its spray over thickets of oleander and dashing away over fallen columns and rocks, and at length plunging over a precipice into a dark ravine. The citadel, the walls, the moat, the bridge, the gateway, the towers, are all worthy of study, but there is one episode in the history of Caesarea Philippi which has served to impress it more deeply on the memory and heart of the Christian than all the pomp and circumstance of Syrian, Greek and Roman idolatry. Into the coast of Caesarea Philippi came our Redeemer. Six days at least did He sojourn here. Among these rocks St. Peter confessed His divinity, that confession which was the "Rock of the Church," while still in the same region Christ led three of His disciples "unto a high mountain" and was "transfigured before them." It is strongly probable that Mount Hermon was the mount of transfiguration.



SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.—The fountain at Dan, Tel el-Kady, is the main, permanent source of that sacred river in which the Son of Man was baptized. The stream which flows from this spring is called the Leddan. This is the birthplace of the Jordan. It is called the chief of the Jordan from its being the most copious. It is 504 feet above the sea level and contains twice as much water as the stream from Banias. There is another spring about half as large as this one at Dan at Cæsarea Philippi, two and a half miles to the east. The spring at Cæsarea Philippi is the eastern source of the holy river. There is another source near the town of Hasbeya, under the west side of Mount Hermon. These three noted springs are fed by the snows of Mount Hermon and maintain their flow through-

out the whole year. In the above view we are looking toward the north. You will observe a large vigorous fig tree just at the point where the Jordan issues from under the tangled growth of vegetation. How exquisitely beautiful are the tiny blossoms to the left of the picture! The artist, and one of the editors of this work, were at this place on the 11th of May, 1894, when this picture was taken. The sun was at high noon, the birds were singing in the groves, the aroma of the flowers filled the air, and the noise of many waters came up from many sections. There was here just the combination that goes to make the most delightful scene we had enjoyed in Palestine—the colors of the flowers, the songs of the birds, the perfume in the air, the rush of waters, and the light of this glorious oriental sun.



SECOND VIEW OF THE SOURCE OF THE JORDAN.—

"Full grown at first," the river dashes through an oleander thicket among stones and fragments of the ancient ruins, sparkling and leaping to the valley below.

George Adams Smith in his "Historical Geography of the Holy Land" says:

"Among the rivers of the world the Jordan is unique by twofold distinctions of nature and history. There are hundreds of other streams more large, more useful or more beautiful; there is none which has been more spoken about by mankind." While standing here at the source of this sacred river let us look down the plain of the Jordan and give some of the measurements furnished by Professor McGarvey. The first expansion which the Jordan makes is in Lake Huleh, or the waters of Merom. This is three miles wide at its northern

end and four miles long. The beginning of Lake Huleh is twelve miles from the great spring at Dan. From Huleh to Lake Galilee is about ten miles, and the difference in the elevation between the two lakes is 682 feet. The second expansion of the Jordan is in the waters of the Sea of Galilee, which lake is about twelve and a half miles long and six wide. Dr. McGarvey compares the form of the lake to the longitudinal section of a pear with the stem-end toward the south. Lake Galilee is 682 feet below the Mediterranean. Its greatest depth is 165 feet. From its southern end the Jordan River takes a zig-zag course toward the Dead Sea. In a straight line the distance is but sixty-five miles. To follow the windings of the river one must go two hundred miles.



CATARACT OF THE JORDAN.—Dean Stanley compares the fountains and the cataracts which constitute the sources of the Jordan to a “Syrian Tivoli.” He says: “From the cave, from the ruins, from every chink and every cranny in the soil and rocks around, the water gushes forth, which soon collects into a torrent, dashes in sheets of foam down a rocky bed and at length plunges over a precipice into a dark ravine.” The cataract of the eastern branch of the Jordan, which we see in the above picture, is 1,000 feet above the level of the waters of Merom, which are on a level with the Mediterranean Sea. As these waters make a descent of 682 feet in the whole distance from Lake Huleh to the Sea of Galilee, and 610 feet from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, we are, therefore, at this point 2,292 feet above the Dead Sea, which shows

that the fall of the River Jordan in a direct line, not more than ninety-five miles, is 2,292 feet. In making this descent, the Jordan runs with every point of the compass. It flows north, south, east and west. In some places the fall is equal to forty feet to the mile, in others it is eleven feet to the mile, and in others eighty-five feet. Some one has compared its movement to that of a “coiled serpent.” As the interior of the country is on either side for a great part of the year parched with drought it is only along the banks of the Jordan that the vegetation is green and fresh. For this reason the birds come from all the country round about and sing along the banks of the Jordan throughout the entire year. Thus did the multitude gather by this river from all parts of the land to hear the teachings of the Christ, which, like fountains of living water, refreshed the people.



TEMPLE OF PAN.—In the above picture we see niches and recesses cut in the face of the perpendicular cliff of the Hermon range that slopes down to Caesarea Philippi. This is in the north part of the town. There are on the rock inscriptions in Greek letters. This, it is thought, was a temple dedicated to the god Pan, who is the god of shepherds. To this day the place is a general resort for sheep and goats. Tradition made Pan haunt the mountains and the pasture. In form, it is said, he was both man and beast, having a red face, horny head and flat nose, with legs, thighs and feet of the goat. Servius says that "Pan is the rustic god formed in similitude of nature, whence he is called Pan, that is, 'The All.' He has horns in the similitude of the rays of the sun and of the moon." The stars are represented on his spotted breast. His shaggy limbs

represent trees, shrubs and wild beasts. His goat feet denote the "stability of the earth." He has "a pipe of seven reeds on account of the harmony of the heavens, in which there are seven sounds." We have never seen a place more in accordance with the nature of the traditional Pan. Here are the streams, the wild woods, the goats, the mountains and all things in nature friendly to the genius of this heathen god. The Christ who came to Caesarea Philippi was appointed to make contest with the powers of evil and with heathen gods. The Greek deity Pan had superseded the older Syrian Baal. The Roman hero-god Panens supplanted them both. For this reason the place is called Baniâs. The Christ shall yet subdue all to himself.



SUMMER HOUSE, CAESAREA PHILIPPI.—Here are curious structures on the top of low stone houses. The natives in Caesarea Philippi living among the ruins of the ancient city are afraid of scorpions, and the people to escape them during the night build on the top of stone buildings summer houses made of reeds and brush, and into these they crawl to spend the night. They are lifted about two feet on poles above the roof and are said to be very cool and comfortable at night. Summer houses are used only for sleeping purposes. Whatever of cooking is done is in the lower stone apartment. These people are extremely superstitious. Many of them are diseased, and in their ignorance suppose that any kind of medicine will do them good. It is quite common, therefore, with them to plead with

travelers for medicine. A gentleman from Canada, whom we met frequently on our journey, had learned, when a boy, several sleight-of-hand devices. When our Canadian friend came to Caesarea Philippi the natives gathered around him. He astonished them by stooping down and picking up a pebble about as large as a marble, put it in his mouth and seemed to swallow it, then reaching down, he pulled it out of his ankle. The natives at once regarded him as a man endowed with divine power. He was immediately surrounded by rheumatics and people with various ailments, who besought him to relieve them. George Adams Smith, referring to the coins used in the neighborhood, shows the extraordinary mixture of religious and political interests which characterized this place during the first century of our era.



CASTLE AT CAESAREA PHILIPPI.—Passing up the slopes of the Hermon range, we came after an hour's ride from Caesarea Philippi to the Castle of Subeibeh. This castle is about one thousand feet long and three hundred feet wide. Its walls in some places are one hundred feet in height. It is large enough to accommodate a small army, and is, perhaps, the strongest fortress in Syria. The antiquarian finds in it traces of the work of all periods, from the Phoenicians to the Crusaders. The view from the summit is very fine. Looking toward the southwest we see the plain of the Jordan and the hills of Galilee, the slopes descending in terraces to Caesarea Philippi, just below us. We approached it from the east. On the north side of the castle it is six hundred feet to the bottom of the ravine. Dr.

Selah Merrill calls this the "Gibraltar of Palestine." We left Caesarea Philippi on the morning of May 11th, 1894, and reached the castle about twelve o'clock. While the dragoman was preparing our lunch some native boys gathered about us. They had charge of goats which they bring every day to the top of the hill, returning to their village homes in the evening. Robbers occupy these ruins at night. It is interesting to us to think, as we stand on this summit, that yonder on Hermon the transfiguration in all probability took place. It is a relieving feature in the midst of this utter desolation to think of Him who came to give humanity life, love and immortality. In Him are towers of strength which no assaults of foes can overthrow. "He is a strong tower" to those who live with faith in Him.



STAIRWAY TO TOWER OF CASTLE.—We are here looking toward the north. The Hermon range rises beyond. This picture was taken about one o'clock on the 11th day of May, 1894. The Castle of Baniās, under the name of Kul'at-es-Subeibeh, figured largely in the wars between the Saracens of Damascus and the Templars of Jerusalem, as it commands the passage from the Huleh and the plains of Jordan, over Hermon to Damascus and the east, and must have been a place of importance, at least during those troublous times when such passes were dominated by a frowning castle. The east end is far the highest, and the fortifications there are exceedingly strong, commanding most effectually the steep declivity up which the road was cut, and advantage has been taken of this to form a citadel capable of separate defense. The native tradition is that the stairway at the west end, down which one gropes his way into the

vaults beneath, "was a subterranean or submontane passage to the great fountain of Baniās, by which the garrison could obtain both water and provisions; but as that is two miles distant, and so far below, the story is incredible." A modern traveler says, however: "A respectable man of Hasbeiya assured me that he once descended it a long distance to where it was blocked up by the falling in of the roof." Within the ramparts the natural rock rises in places higher than the walls, and immense cisterns are hewn in it, which contain an abundant supply of water. "There is also a space sufficient for a strong garrison, and they might even raise supplies; and though there is no fountain, the large hewn cisterns would afford abundance of good water." George Adams Smith well says: "Running up in the harbour is the gate from the north into Palestine, and Baniās, which was a fortress as well as a sanctuary, is the key of the gate."



TOWER OF CASTLE.—The top of the Castle of Banias is two thousand three hundred feet above the Mediterranean, and at least one thousand feet above the town. The fortifications on the east are exceedingly strong. On the west there is a moat hewn in the rock, and a high rampart separates it from the rest of the castle. On the south and west the mountain sinks down steeply for fifteen hundred feet to the village of Banias, and on the north yawns the frightful gorge of Wady Kushabeh, eight hundred feet deep. Without the walls are founded on scarped cliffs, and there is no mode of entrance except from the lower fortress, through a small portal in the round tower near the southwestern angle. The walls are defended by the formidable round-towers. "It was thus unapproachable on all sides by an assailing force, and could have been taken only by treachery or starvation; nor would it have been easy to starve the place into surrender if

properly provided with food." The entrance is the best-preserved part of the castle, and the walls and towers are still in places nearly perfect." This remarkable preservation is probably owing to the quality of the stone, which is very compact and hard as adamant; it rings when struck like metal. "Even these blocks, which have been thrown down in confusion for many centuries, are as perfect as the day when they were cut from the mountains." Colonel Wilson does not place the antiquity of the castle earlier than the eighth or ninth century; others think it was constructed long anterior to the Crusades. It passed through the usual varied fortunes of Syrian fortresses—now taken by Christians and now by Moslems. It was last taken by storm in 1165 by Nureddin of Damascus. The crescent thenceforth waved over its battlements until the XVIIth Century, when it was abandoned. What a contrast between the love of the Son of Man and the hatred of the rival nations.



MOUNT HERMON FROM THE CASTLE.—"And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them; and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with Him. Then answered Peter and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." The present view is taken from the top of the castle at Caesarea Philippi. The veritable mountain beyond is dwarfed in the view

by the high projection immediately before us, but that noble and lofty outline against the Syrian sky is the ancient Hermon, one of the majestic heights which once seen can never be forgotten. It is in view from nearly every section of Eastern and Western Palestine. As Dr. Selah Merrill says, "not only from Galilee, but from many points in Samaria and Judea, as well as from Olivet and the Red Sea; and from Gilead and Bashan, it is clearly seen, and is looked up to as the great land-mark of the country." What a splendid site for the revelation to His chosen disciples of that celestial glory out of which He came, toward which He moved, and with the powers of which, during His lowly pilgrimage, he was invested! Here there is a beautiful harmony between the glory of the outward scenery and the splendor of the spiritual manifestation.



MEJDEL ESH-SHEMS.— The road from Damascus to Baniās, as it crosses the southern slope of Mount Hermon, brings the traveller to a little valley, where stands a mill in a plantation of silver poplars. This belongs to the little Druse village of Mejdel esh-Shems, which lies behind the hill to the left, and soon comes in sight. Above are the volcanic rocks, and still higher the snowy peaks of great Hermon. At this altitude the flora differs from that of the plains below, and is very beautiful, especially in May. The people of Medjel esh-Shems are industrious and independent, but turbulent. The Druses abound in the villages on the eastern and western declivities of Hermon. They also occupy the southern section of the chain of Lebanon, their strongholds being around Jezzin and in the valley of Barāk. Their chief trade is the manufacture of silk. The children of Mejdel esh-Shems met us offering to sell petrified shells, nuts, etc.

The Druses may be estimated at about 78,000. They are more a political than a religious body, and the tenets of their faith and mode of worship are kept strictly secret. Their books, however, have now found their way to Europe. The founder of the sect was the Caliph Hâkim, of the Third Fatimite dynasty in Egypt. Mohammed Ben Ismail ed-Derazy, a Persian propagandist, driven from Egypt for his fanaticism, brought the doctrine to Syria, settling at Wady et-Teim, at the western base of Hermon. They believe in the unity of God and His manifestation through Hâkim; in five superior teachers, the chief of whom were Homza and Christ; in the transmigration of souls, and the triumph of their religion. They are "all things to all men," that they may gain something for themselves and talk freely of God. "A hard Druse of Mount Lebanon," says Dr. Thomson, "would edify a Payson or a Martyn."



BEDOUIN VILLAGE NEAR CAESAREA PHILIPPI.—Here is a camp of Bedouin Arabs with their tents. Childhood and youth and old age are here. Beyond are the desolate mountains, fit surroundings for such a group of ignorant, superstitious and degraded people. These children of nature have been living in tents for thousands of years. No wonder that with such creatures as these below on the plain, the dream and desire of Peter, on the mountain, should not be gratified by his Master. Peter, amidst the glory of the transfiguration, desired to remain on the heights. He would have three tabernacles built—one for Jesus, and one for Moses, and one for Elijah. He would spend the rest of his life in the rapture of this royal fellowship, amidst

the splendor of this celestial epiphany; but it was like Christ to go down into the plain where the people needed His presence, for it was as they came down from this mountain of transfiguration that they came to the multitude. "And when they were come to the multitude there came to Him a certain man, kneeling down to Him, and saying, Lord, have mercy on my son, for he is a lunatic, and sore vexed; for oftentimes he falleth into the fire, and oft into the water; and I brought him to Thy disciples, and they could not cure him. Then Jesus answered and said: O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you? Bring him hither to Me. And Jesus rebuked the devil; and he departed out of him; and the child was cured from that very hour."



VIEW FROM THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.—There is a beautiful view of the Lake of Galilee that, if once seen, can never be forgotten. Let us try to see it as our Lord saw it when He sat with His disciples and taught the people in that greatest discourse of all time—the Sermon on the Mount. Leaving Capernaum in the afternoon, He had walked round by the road on the west side of the lake, then turning to His right, had followed a wild, rocky gorge up to the cliffs above, beyond which was a plain covered with grass, and thyme, and wild flowers. Beyond this plain rose two cone-like peaks, with a grassy valley between, shaped like a saddle. The peaks are called Kurûn Hattin—the “Horns of Hattin”—and are of volcanic structure. Upon one of these peaks our Lord spent the night in prayer. Descending in the morning to the space between the two mounts, He doubtless found the people already waiting for Him to hear His word.

First calling His friends around Him—most of them fishermen who lived on the lakeside below—He called them to become “fishers of men,” apostles of the Christian Church. Then, as the people gathered in great numbers, He ascended the hill a little way with His disciples, and sat down to teach, while the people crowded the high, grassy valley, and listened to His wonderful words. “Blessed are the poor in spirit,” He began, “for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.” And so, like pearls of great price, the ten blessings fell from His lips as a prelude to the great discourse. Below lay the blue Gennesaret, with its circle of towns and fishing boats. To the northeast rose Mount Hermon’s snowy peak, while south of the lake and the Gadarene hills lay the Valley of the Jordan, losing itself in the haze that hangs over the Dead Sea. Such is the scene to-day, only the lake is circled with ruins and the multitudes have passed away.



BETHSAIDA.—In this picture we look toward the north and directly away from the Sea of Galilee. One of our muleteers stands in a perfect wilderness of flowers. The view was taken on the 9th of May, 1894, at ten o'clock a. m. It is on the edge of the plain of Gennesaret; the flowers are in full bloom; the birds are singing on the edge of the lake; the sun is bright and glorious; the morning is cool and delightful; no sweeter day could be imagined than the one on which we stood in the presence of this traditional ruin, where possibly stood one of the cities where our Lord performed so many of His works. The same kind of weeds and thistles are found at Bethsaida (Tâbighah) as are found at Capernaum or Tell Hum. Both places are nearly on a level. The woe of extinction pronounced upon Capernaum, Chorazin and Bethsaida has been

literally fulfilled, as the "stones of emptiness" that mark the sites of those ancient cities bear witness. They live only as their names are enshrined in the Gospels with the name of Him who taught in their streets, healed their sick, and did many mighty works. Bethsaida is known as the city of Philip and Andrew and Peter. Near by the five thousand were fed. Still is there "much grass" here. Near this Jesus healed a blind man. This little semi-circular plain, shut in by hills, river and lake, with great, restful, snow-crowned Hermon towering in the background, was a place the Lord cared for and often visited. This place is now only a name; but her silent, untrodden ways are sacred because they were once trodden by the feet of Him who "went about doing good."



MOSQUE IN TIBERIAS.—From the Sea of Galilee, Jesus, “when the time was come that he should be received up,” steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem.—Luke ix: 51. From the city by the lake he journeyed to the city along the hills of Judea. The northern portion of Tiberias, once the Mohammedan quarter, is almost wholly in ruins, being overthrown by an earthquake in 1837. Here and there appears a solitary column, a half-buried arch, a gateless portal, or a prostrate wall. The extensive ruins of the old castle are in this quarter. The inclosing wall on the west of this ruin, with its two old towers, is best preserved. Near it is a dilapidated mosque, with a few palms, which give it a picturesque appearance. This view was taken at two o'clock p. m., May 8, 1894. Here we encounter building material of black

basalt, which is used invariably beyond Jordan. It is interesting to notice the “geological configuration of the district, which is easily traced by a series of long ridges of basalt, running from north to south, once liquid currents of volcanic matter, which had overrun the limestone hills, becoming smoother and slower in their course as they cooled, and most of them exhausted before reaching the shores of the lake.” There is no indication whatever of the volcanic origin of the lake itself. “The whole of the surrounding rocks are sedimentary, occasionally overflowed by lava streams from the north and northeast, which here and there have toppled over into the water.” The stones round the town and in the ruins, walls and houses, as well as the cliffs behind, are mostly basalt. In the distance we see the Gadarene hills beyond the lake.



WALL OF TIBERIAS.—In this view we are looking toward the west. The picture was taken on the 8th of May, 1894. This is one of the highest walls remaining in Tiberias, and we see that it is rapidly crumbling. What man has done is going to ruin. Nothing here indicates life and hope but nature, which annually renews itself. And all the memories of Jesus here give no hope for the race He came to redeem. To stand upon the crumbling walls of Tiberias, which were once so formidable, but which have for long centuries been in a sad state of dilapidation; to close one's eyes upon the ancient ruins, "the relics of a brighter, happier day," and go back over the centuries to the time "when cities girdled all the smiling lake;" to recall the days when it was the central point of the life and works of our Redeemer—all this is a

privilege the experience of which can not be described. Even a vivid imagination fails to paint the charming picture. The narrow strip of unfrequented beach, sometimes receding into a sloping field, sometimes contracting into a mere rugged path, the water rippling round the ruined battlements, "the pale blue lake in its more distant aspect," with its glassy surface here and there gently stirred by some unseen gust from a mountain gorge, or in crystal-like calmness mirroring the sea-birds which lazily flap their wings over the lake or dip in the refreshing waters, make a picture of rare beauty. And it is hard to realize that this little strip of country was the theater of such great and far-reaching events as those we trace in the study of the life of the Man of Galilee.



STREET SCENES, TIBERIAS.—The modern Tiberias—Tubariyeh—lies toward the north, close upon the water's edge. N. B. Tristram, in his "Travels in Palestine," says: "The houses of Tiberias are placed without order or arrangement, as though they had been pitched down from a sand cloud, but for the most part looked clean within." Upon visiting the Jewish quarter on Friday evening, when the Sabbath had begun, and the synagogue services were going on, he adds: "The houses, with their open doors, looked clean and bright inside for the Sabbath; the people were well dressed in their best—the women somewhat like the Jewesses of Algiers. The men wore shabby broad-brimmed hats, and long silk dressing gowns, with a girdle." Tiberias is almost exclusively a Jewish town. The streets are lined in some quarters with booths and bazaars, the merchants making a fine display of their bright-colored fabrics

and oriental wares. Fruit venders under their canvas canopies, fish and vegetable dealers in their respective markets, Jews, Moslems, Syrians and Europeans move in and out among the booths, and business is carried on in a fashion that would amuse and interest any European or American. The women, "with rich frocks and gold lace fronts, but with elegant long sleeves, and a white kefiyeh over the head, were generally handsome, and some of the girls were beautiful and fair." Upon overhanging balconies were groups of happy children in quaint oriental costumes, while mingling with the crowd were the more humble peasants, returning from the field, "almost wholly enveloped in enormous faggots of tall thistle stems carefully collected for fuel—a most precious commodity in these parts." The moving panorama, in all its detail, combines to make the business street a center of interest to the visitor.



AHAB'S WELL IN JEZREEL.—The Son of Man is on his way to Jerusalem. His final departure from Galilee is supposed to have been made in November or December, A. D. 29. In going from the Sea of Galilee through Samaria into Galilee he would needs pass again through Jezreel. He has other foes and more bitter to face than were Ahab and Jezebel in the way of Elijah the Prophet. What thoughts must have come to him, familiar as he was with the Old Testament history, as he passed the various places made sacred or memorable by the events of the Old Testament! We have here a picture of what our dragoman called "Ahab's Well." It is at the bottom of a hill to the north of Jezreel. The view was secured by our artist on the morning of the 6th

of May, 1894. In it we are looking toward the west. Under this very sky Ahab, probably the most wicked of the Israelitish monarchs, dwelt and flaunted his wickedness before the Lord. For several centuries the very site of this city was in doubt, until Turner, Buckingham and other travelers have identified it with the Arab village Zer'ain. As Tristram says: "No destruction has been more complete and utter, even in this land of ruins, than at Jezreel." From this as a center one looks out upon many historical places. One recalls the days of the Judges, of Gideon, of Saul, the King of Naboth and his sons, and of Elijah. Jezreel is now so completely desolated that a single broken wall is all that remains as a landmark to indicate where it once stood.



BRIDGE OVER THE JORDAN.—Jesus on his way southward was rejected by the Samaritans, and it is supposed that He and his company turned eastward and passed over the Jordan and through Bethshean and then turned southward, passing down on the eastern side of the sacred river. It was during this time while in Perea that Jesus sent forth the seventy.—Luke, x: 1-16. During his journey he gave the parable of the good Samaritan—Luke, x: 25-37; taught the disciples how to pray—Luke, xi: 1-13; healed a man blind, dumb and possessed—Matthew, xii: 22-23; Luke, xi: 14; pronounced woe upon the Pharisees—Luke, xi: 37-44; gave the parable of the rich fool—Luke, xii: 13-21; gave the parable of the barren fig tree—Luke, xiii: 6-9; healed an infirm woman upon the Sabbath—Luke, xiii: 10-17; gave the parable of the mustard seed and the leaven

—Luke, xiii: 18-21; goes on teaching and journeying toward Jerusalem and is warned against Herod. We have in the above picture a representation of a bridge over the Jordan. This is a modern bridge, and not very permanent. This is not one of the pictures of our artist, but was secured for the writer by our American consul at Jerusalem. Till the Romans came there were no bridges in Palestine. "Like the name for fort, the name for bridge does not occur in the Old Testament, probably because the thing itself was unknown." But two ancient bridges span the River Jordan. The one Jisr Benât Yacob—the bridge of Jacob's daughter. The Jisr el-Magamia is the one over the Jordan south of Lake Tiberias. It is built of trap rock and has one grand central arch with three small ones, and beneath them rushes the Jordan on its hurried passage to the Dead Sea.



C**CROSSING THE JORDAN.**—In passing from Peræa on the east of the Jordan to Jerusalem Jesus crossed the Jordan. We do not know what his route was, but he probably went as far south as to a point opposite Jericho, because from the ford over against Jericho there is a road to Bethany and Jerusalem. There are but two old bridges spanning the Jordan. Dangerous as the river is, it offers an extraordinary number of fords. Dr. George Adam Smith describes the Jordan as a "rapid, muddy water with a zigzag current, and the depth varies from three to ten or twelve feet in the sixty-five miles of descent. The descent is six hundred and ten feet from the Sea of Galilee. The descent is sometimes over forty feet a mile, and the impetus given to a large volume of water down a channel in which it can not sprawl induces a great rapidity of current. This has given to the river its name. Jordan means 'down-comer.'"

"Like an arrow from a quiver,
To the sad and lone Dead Sea

Thou art rushing, rapid river,
Swift and strong and silently."

To cross a ford of the Jordan is a common occurrence still. Dr. Thomson says: "What a strange and treacherous condition of things!" speaking of the ford in front of his camp. "Just there it is broad and not more than four feet deep, so that the villagers were continually fording it; men, women, children, returning home from their fields to the east of the Jordan; a rural scene curious as rare. Sheep, goats and even donkeys had to swim, and it required the constant care of the shepherds to prevent their being carried down the stream together. Cattle and horses came boldly across and so did the men, but the women and children needed the help of the men, who brought them safe to shore." The above view is not one of our own artist's pictures, but is used to give a scene on the Jordan different from any he obtained.



VIEW OF JERICHO.—If Christ crossed the Jordan opposite Jericho he must have approached the Judean mountains near the scene given above. We have here another and more general view of the fine aqueduct before illustrated. This view was taken on the 25th of April, 1894. We had just descended the Judean mountains and were about entering Jericho when we were arrested by the sight of this specimen of perfect masonry in the midst of the old landscape of the Jordan valley. We are here looking toward the east. The mountains in the distance are the mountains of Moab. On the western side of the Jordan the road from Jerusalem to Jericho becomes a true *via dolorosa* as the traveler descends between the walls of rock that grow higher, ravines that become frightful, and narrow passes that are less passable as he proceeds. Here for two

thousand years or more travelers and pilgrims have been set upon, robbed and murdered by the dark banditti that seem as far from civilization now as in the days of Ishmael. Ancient Jericho lay by the springs at the foot of the hill Karantel. Since the day it fell before the faith of the Israelites it has been an easy prey to many conquerors. During the Roman period Antony presented the district to Cleopatra, who afterwards sold it to Herod, who built a palace among its wonderful gardens and made it his winter residence. The climate is semi-tropical. Jericho was not only "the city of palm trees," but a garden of rare plants and trees. Modern Jericho is a collection of low hovels—forty or fifty—inhabited by a degenerate class. There is a small Greek church here and a tower dating from the fifteenth century, marking, as it is claimed, the house of Zaccheus.



INN OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—Whoever makes the journey from Jerusalem to Jericho finds the words of our Lord again and again recurring to his mind: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." One passes, in going eastward, directly between rugged hills, "sad and silent heights" of white rock now and then relieved by a curious rose-colored stratum with stripes of green on the terraces where shepherds watched their flocks of sheep and goats. Jericho lies thirty-six hundred feet below Jerusalem, so that the eastward journey is a literal "going down to Jericho." The sudden appearance of the head or spear of a Bedouin above a pile of rock or the unsuspected encounter with a group of horsemen reminds one of the man of the parable "who fell among thieves." The Jericho road has been the dread of travelers for twenty centuries because of the lawless Arabs that infest these hills, making their strong-

holds, as David was obliged to do, in the caves of the rocks high above the reach of pursuers. In these very defiles Sir Frederick Henneker was robbed, and that as late as 1820. A friend of one of the editors had the same experience in 1860. The khan of the Good Samaritan is not far from Jericho. It is a large shed with a courtyard at the back upon foundations much more ancient than the present structure. A Roman watch tower on an overlooking point near by gives a view of the approaches in all directions. All around is desolation without an inhabitant, but here one can find refreshment. Marion Harland says: "We were surprised to learn that the parable of the good Samaritan is here considered a real incident as historic as the fall of the tower of Siloam." The site of this inn is very old, and has probably borne for hundreds of years the name "of Him who showed mercy to a feodal foe."



BETHANY,—On the eastern side of the Mount of Olives, and but a half an hour's walk from Jerusalem, is the town of Bethany—the house of dates—so called because of the tall date palm trees which once grew among the little white dwellings.

The Arabic name is El-Azariyeh—the place of Lazarus. The palms are all gone now. It is now and always has been a poor, small mountain hamlet with nothing to charm except its seclusion and nothing to interest the Christian world save its associations. It is made sacred as the place where our Redeemer rested and prayed, and where no noisy crowd broke in upon His meditations. Lazarus, probably a rich man, lived there with his two sisters, Mary and Martha. Jesus was invited to abide with them on one occasion, and always afterwards on his visits to Jerusalem made a home at the vineclad cottage of Lazarus. "There," says Porter, "no sound of the busy world followed him in the quiet home

of Martha, and in some lonely recess of Bethany's secluded dell he rested and prayed." It was here that Mary sat at the feet of Jesus. It was here that Martha, tired of "much serving," said, "Master, dost thou not care that my sister leaveth me to work alone?" It was then that Jesus warned Martha against undue anxiety, and exalted Mary's choice of the good part never to be taken from her. It was here that Martha met Jesus when he came at the time of the death of Lazarus and where the great miracle was wrought.

"They led him to the cave—

The rocky bed where now in darkness slept
Their brother and his friend—then at the grave

They paused, for Jesus wept;
And there he cried, Come forth! and Lazarus lived again."



MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM ZION'S GATE.—After spending a time with Mary and Martha in Bethany our Lord passed over to Jerusalem to the feast of the dedication, some time between December 20 and 27, A. D. 29. In passing from Bethany over to Jerusalem He would go by the Mount of Olives. This view of the Mount of Olives, taken April 24, 1894, is from the Zion Gate, which is now called Bab en-Neby Dâûd, from its proximity to David's tomb. It has a massive door with two wings mounted with iron. On the top of the battlements above, one has a fine view of the Mount of Olives and the hills beyond. "It is enough for the traveler," says a distinguished writer, "in drawing near to the Holy City to see 'gray Olivet' and to think over its wondrous story." Upon its sloping sides Jesus spoke to his disciples the word of

life, foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, and announced His own death on the cross. Olivet was a favorite resort with Him. St. Luke says: "In the daytime He was teaching in the temple, and at night He went out and abode in the Mount of Olives." At its base He was betrayed; and here, too, was "doleful, dark Gethsemane." The lofty tower and other buildings which are shown in the picture above are sacred edifices which commemorate the events connected with the mountain. We can distinctly trace the path up over the mountain to the right of the picture—the path which leads to Bethany. The cluster of buildings on the summit of Olivet are gleaming white and the tall tower belongs to the Russian church. The gray terraced slopes, the gray limestone crags, are still as they were in our Lord's day, and the gray, dusky olives are the prevailing gray of the mount.



TOMBS OF ZACHARIAH AND ST. JAMES.—The tomb to the left of the picture is the reputed tomb of St. James. It is opposite the southeast angle of the temple ground. It is an excavated chamber in the rock. The porch in front is eighteen feet wide by nine feet deep. On the south side is an excavated passage leading to the tomb of Zachariah, which is the cubical structure to the right of the picture. It is cut out of solid rock. It is seventeen feet on each side and twenty-nine feet in height. This is supposed to be the tomb of Zachariah spoken of by our Savior, but the Jews claim that it is the tomb of Zechariah who was stoned in the reign of Joash—II. Chronicles, xxiv: 20-22. The most picturesque group of sepulchres around the holy city, which is a city of tombs, is that in the Valley of Kedron. The entire face of Olivet above the tombs of Zachariah and St. James is crowded with graves of Jews, and in the Valley of Hinnom are sepulchres without number.

"The ground,
League beyond league, like one great cemetery,
Is covered o'er with moldering monuments;
And let the living wander where they will,
They can not leave the footsteps of the dead."
The city of Jerusalem is a city of graves. It is itself a vast sepulchre.
"Lost Salem of the Jews, great sepulchre
Of all profane, and of all holy things."

Dr. Porter says that "there is no evidence to connect this monument called the tomb of Zachariah with any Old Testament worthy." The whole monument is apparently solid, and no entrance whatever is discoverable.



POOL OF SILOAM.—

———"That pool where He
Doth wet His foot is Siloam; above
Its bottom lies, far in the mountain's breast,
Its springs of silver make their nest."—JOSEPH BRAUMONT.

The Pool of Siloam was deemed sacred in consequence of the miracle recorded by St. John. "Without question," says Dr. Thomson, "it is the Pool of Siloam to which the man born blind was sent by our Lord to wash that he might receive his sight," and adds: "There is nothing picturesque about it, certainly. The crumbling walls, and fallen columns in and around it, give it an air of neglect." It is a parallelogram about fifty-three feet long and eighteen feet wide. The water flows in from the Fountain of the Virgin by a narrow subterranean channel. Dr. Thomson says he has seen this pool nearly full, but that now the water merely passes through it. Rev. H. B. Hackett writes of its outflow:

"A streamlet murmurs gently along sparkling in the sunbeams." This is the rill which Milton has made so familiar to us as

———"Siloah's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracles of God."

Isaiah speaks of the "waters of Siloah that go softly." The name Siloam, according to Gesenius, signifies "sent," with the meaning of artificial direction through an aqueduct. In the Old Testament Siloam is called a pool, but by Josephus a fountain. The waters of Siloam are said to have been sweet. William of Tyre, in the twelfth century, says that they were unsavory. At the present time they are brackish. The reason of the change, says Major Conder, appears to be that the main drain of Jerusalem now leads out into the Tyropoeon immediately above the pool. Siloam is a remitting fountain, being suddenly augmented at irregular intervals. "The intermittent flow is supposed to be due to a natural syphon, but the natives' explanation is that a dragon lives below and swallows the water when he is awake, but that when he sleeps it wells up freely."—Major Conder.



THE DEAD SEA.—When Jesus at one time during his latter days left Jerusalem at the feast of the dedication because the Jews attempted to stone Him, it is said that He went away again beyond the Jordan into the place where John had first baptized, and there he abode. The view above is taken from a point about four miles south of the traditional place of John's baptizing. One morning at six o'clock (on the 26th of April, 1894) the artist and one of the editors saw the sun rise over the mountains of Moab and bathe the whole plain of the Jordan, as well as the Judean mountains, in a deep red, glowing, liquid fire. We were about ten miles from Jericho. Our party took a bath at this point to test the truth of the oft made statement that one could not sink in the Dead Sea. We found it to be literally true. It is almost impossible

to keep one's feet under water. The taste of the water is as pungent as ammonia, though it is as clear and as bright as any body of water. You see our old sheik standing on the shore with his gun. He is on guard. He accompanied us during our entire Jericho trip. We left this point at seven o'clock and slowly made our way up to the place of baptism, above where the Jordan empties into the Dead Sea. We are now looking toward the northwest. One thing surprised us as we came from Jericho to this body of water. When we first came in sight of the sea it seemed to be about a quarter of a mile from us, but we found that it was really four miles. You see an old boat lying upon the shore in the picture.



TOMB OF LAZARUS.—Tradition locates the site of this celebrated event in the sepulchre to which we here see the opening. It is, of course, nothing but a tradition. The tomb is partly cut out of the rock and partly lined with masonry. It is sacred both to Christians and Moslems alike, and the strong probability is that the tomb is not very far away. There is something very impressive in the thought that it was here, within the sound of our voices, that Lazarus and Mary and Martha lived; the Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair. When Lazarus was taken sick his sister sent to Jesus with the simple message: "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick. When Jesus heard that, He said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby. Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and

Lazarus." It was four days after the burial of Lazarus before Jesus reached Bethany, and it was at the grave that He groaned in Himself and commanded the men standing by to take away the stone which closed the sepulchre. And when they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid, Jesus lifted up His eyes and offered that memorable prayer: "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I knew that Thou hearest Me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent me. And when He thus had spoken, He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him and let him go."



OUR TENT NEAR BETHEL. — After seeing the miracle which our Lord performed in raising Lazarus from the dead, it is said that "many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on Him. But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what Jesus had done. * * * Then from that day forth they took counsel together for to put Him to death. Jesus, therefore, walked no more openly among the Jews; but went thence into a country near to the wilderness, into a city called Ephraim, and there continued with His disciples." Ephraim was a city of Israel which Judah captured from Jeroboam. It has been thought that this Ephraim is identical with the Ephraim by which Absalom's sheep farm, Beth-zur, was situated, and that this is a city near to Bethel. Nothing more than

conjecture can be arrived at as to the real site of Ephraim where our Savior retired with His disciples. Bethel, where our lunch tent was pitched on the 2nd of May, 1894, is thought to be not far from Ephraim where our Savior retired. In modern towns throughout Palestine a lunch tent is usually furnished to travelers to rest under at noon. The sunshine is generally very warm, or the wind is blowing very hard, and the tent is a great convenience. Horseback riding in Palestine is very tiresome, and after a tedious ride of four or five hours travelers are greatly refreshed by an hour's sleep, so that the dragoman keeps one of the muleteers along with the tourists, who carries the lunch tent, pillows, rugs, etc., and as soon as the party stops this tent is pitched, rugs are placed on the ground with pillows for each traveler, then, while the dragoman makes the coffee, the tourists go to sleep.



PLAIN OF JERICO.—Between February and March, A. D. 30, Christ appears to have left Ephraim and gone into the borders of Samaria, where ten lepers were cleansed.—Luke, xvii: 11-19. From thence He went again into Peræa; He spake of the coming of the kingdom of God.—Luke, xvii: 20-37. And gave parables of the unjust judge, the Pharisee and publican.—Luke, xviii: 1-14. He also gave precepts concerning divorce.—Matthew, xix: 3-12; Mark, x: 2-10. While here, He receives and blesses little children.—Matthew, xix: 13-15; Mark, x: 13-16; Luke, xviii: 15-17. Here He meets the rich young man.—Matthew, xix: 16-30; Mark, x: 17-31; Luke, xviii: 18-30. He also gave the parable of the laborers in the vineyard.—Matthew, x: 1-16. Jesus also foretells his death.—Matthew, xx: 17-19; Mark, x: 32-34; Luke, xviii: 31-34. Here He had an exhibition of the ambition of James and John.—Matthew, xx: 20-28; Mark, x: 35-45. After leaving Peræa on the way to Jerusalem Jesus came again into Jericho.

Here He healed a blind man.—Matthew, xx: 29-34; Mark, x: 46-52; Luke, xviii: 35-43. While at Jericho, Zaccheus received Jesus into his house.—Luke, xix: 1-10. And while at Jericho He gave the parable of the pounds.—Luke, xix: 11-28. This picture is taken at the foot of the Judean hills, and we see Jericho to the left, and the plain of the Jordan between us and the mountains of Moab. We get a perspective, perhaps, from where we stand to the top of the mountains in the distance, of twenty-five or thirty miles. The country we see is the most fertile in Palestine, and under proper cultivation and irrigation would produce perhaps enough to feed the entire population in modern Palestine. There is no hope for this land while the Turkish government puts a tax upon every tree from the time of its planting; while the Arab and the camel desolate the field, and ignorance and superstition reign. Palestine needs a Christian civilization.



THE GOLDEN GATE.—"On the next day, much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet Him, and cried, Hosanna, blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord. And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon; as it is written, Fear not, daughter of Zion; behold, thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."—John, xii: 12-15. "And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest. And when He was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this? And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee."—Matthew, xxi: 8-11. "And many spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches

off the trees, and strewed them in the way. And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the kingdom of our father, David, that cometh in the name of our Lord. Hosanna in the highest."—Mark, xi: 8-10. We give here a picture of the Golden Gate, because this is supposed to be the gate through which Christ entered Jerusalem. This is called in Arabic Bab el-Tabeyeh, the Gate of Repentance. It is in the east wall, and is in the center of a projection fifty-five feet long and five feet wide. The gate is double, and has semicircular arches; the entablature is sustained by Corinthian capitals, and is bent around the arch. The gate is now walled up, and the Moslems believe that they will retain possession of Jerusalem until some conqueror shall remove the obstruction from this gate and enter through the same into the city, hence this place is jealously guarded.



THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE.—We have here the best general view of the temple plateau that it has ever been our privilege to see and study. It was not taken by the artist of this expedition, but furnished to one of our editors by the American consul in Jerusalem. It was taken from a housetop in the neighborhood. and we get nothing except a comprehensive view of the temple site with the mountains round about Jerusalem. We see in the picture the mosque of Omar, and beyond us to the southwest, with its smaller dome, the mosque El-Aksa. We see little prayer niches and recesses, walls, stairways, trees casting their dark shadows, the smaller domes and the distant hills. We are able to form a very satisfactory idea of the area on which stood the temple of Solomon a thousand years before Christ, and on which stood the

temple of Herod, into which our Savior entered at the time of the royal reception which they gave Him. What memories crowd upon us as we look at these sacred precincts! It was here, no doubt, that Abraham himself offered Isaac; and as we look upon the scene the memory of illustrious names of Jewish and of Christian history are recalled. One of the editors visited this temple area in 1863, when it was much more difficult than now to gain access, and when the Moslems employed to guard the place were much more sensitive than in these days. We trod carefully through all the courts and came to the very rock itself under that splendid dome. In 1887 we arranged our visit with a larger company, and found the old Mohammedan who guided us from place to place full of good cheer and merriment, and we found no frown of disapproval on any face within the wall.



THE ROCK IN THE TEMPLE.—We present to our readers a rare view furnished also by our American consul at Jerusalem. We see as perfect a photograph as can be secured of the rock itself over which the dome of Omar rises. The inside of the mosque is so dark that it requires the light a long time to place the image of the object before the camera upon the plate. The impression from which this picture is printed required three or four hours. Such a picture we could not have possibly secured, for when we were in the holy city the mosque of Omar was filled with visitors nearly all the time. This is the most historic rock in the world. It is the sphinx of the Holy Land; the threshing floor of Araunah where David built an altar; the spot on which Abraham offered Isaac; the site of the great altar of the temple; and thus thrice an histor-

ical and sacred place. It was evidently known as a holy place in the days of the Emperor Constantine. But the true history of the rock is lost under a mass of Moslem traditions. It rises from the tessellated pavement a point of virgin rock that has remained the same for thirty centuries carefully guarded by all schools of religious faith. It is believed by some scholars that the subterranean passages branching out from the cave beneath the rock were the outlets for the blood of the sacrifices here offered. There is no proof that this was the cave leading to the canal that connected the Fountain of the Virgin below the rock Ophel with the Pool of Siloam. The cave which the visitor may enter is a natural one, and evidently has not been enlarged. In the center of it is a marble slab that covers the mouth of the well.



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM THE JERICHO ROAD.—This view was taken by our artist after his return from Jericho on Friday, April 26, 1894. We have left Bethany. We shall soon turn around the brow of Olivet and see the Holy City before us. The lofty dome of the Russian church crowns the summit of Olivet. After the triumphal entry into Jerusalem and his visit to the temple Jesus returned to Bethany. The next morning as He went into the city again He pronounced a ban upon the fig tree, and it withered. Having cleansed the temple, He returned to Bethany. This, if our chronology be correct, was on Friday, March 31, A. D. 30. On Saturday, the 1st of April, He was anointed by Mary; on Sunday, April 2d, He entered triumphantly into Jeru-

salem, visited the temple and returned to Bethany. It was on Monday, April 3d, that the barren fig tree was cursed and the temple cleansed, and on Friday, April 4th, that the fig tree was found withered on the Mount of Olives. Let us move on toward the Holy City. Cities may be laid in ruins, but the mountains stand fast forever. Olivet, with its chalky rocks and dotted with olive trees, stands unchanged. The same beautiful view greets the eye of the modern traveler as he rounds the shoulder of Olivet. The supreme interest of the road from Jericho is that it was trod by our blessed Lord when He came up to Jerusalem for the last time, passing the Mount of Olives, at the base of which He was to bow in anguish, and from whose eastern slope He was to ascend to heaven.



HARAM ESH-SHERIF.—In this picture we have a view of the entrance to the Haram esh-Sherif. It is one of the many pictures of the temple plateau and its buildings which we have given. This great area was, in a sense, at the very heart of the Jewish national life. Here were foregleams through all the centuries of the light that did shine in this sacred place when Jesus, the Light of the World, appeared to the people of Jerusalem. It was on Tuesday, April 4th, that Christ's authority was questioned in the temple. On the same day He gave the parable of the two sons, and of the wicked husbandman and the marriage of the king's son. It was at this time that the Pharisees questioned Jesus about tribute, and the Sadducees about the resurrection, and a lawyer about the great commandment. The first among the buildings of Jerusalem for

extent, splendor and sacred interest was the temple. One of Captain Warren's most interesting discoveries is to prove that the eastern wall of the present Haram area is part of the foundation laid by King Solomon. The present Mosque of Omar dignifies this important situation by its beauty and magnificence. Twenty-seven times has it been besieged, but for the last eleven hundred years it has been in the hands of fanatical Moslems. The Christian world hopes for its resurrection. One writer says: "Mohammedan power is fast passing away; the Turkish Empire is hastening to its fall," and after that the emancipation of the Haram will not be very difficult. This holy city and this sacred area will come under other rulers, and its mysteries will then be laid open for the inspection of mankind



POOLOF HEZEKIAH.—Within the heart of the city is a large pool on the west side of Christian street. It is called the Pool of Hezekiah, and is mentioned in II. Kings, xx: 22, and also in II. Chronicles, xxxii: 30. The pool is two hundred and forty feet long by one hundred and forty feet wide. The bottom is of the natural rock, leveled and laid in cement. It is supplied with water through a small aqueduct from Berkit Mamilla. Before the Ophel spur had been inclosed the spring of En Rogel was left four hundred yards outside of the city wall. In the time of Hezekiah, however, about fifty years after the Ophel wall had been commenced, it was determined to form a communication from the city to the spring, and to close up the outlet of the latter so as to

prevent its being used by an enemy from without. A high authority affirms that the towers and fortifications of Jerusalem, the supply of water to the towns, both by aqueduct from without and by a reservoir hewn out from the solid rock, were for centuries connected with the name of Hezekiah. We read from II. Kings that Hezekiah made a pool and the conduit and brought water into the city, and that he also stopped the upper watercourse of the Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the City of David. Dr. Thomson says: "The water which fills the pool is still brought by an underground conduit from what is supposed to be the Upper Gihon," and adds: "The present pool is a remarkable work, in good preservation and in constant use."



STABLES OF SOLOMON.—It was on Tuesday, the 4th of April, that the Greeks sought Jesus, and He delivered his discourse based upon the fact that the hour was come in which the Son of Man should be glorified. John, xii: 20-50. He went up to the Mount of Olives and delivered his discourse concerning the overthrow of the temple and the end of the world. It was while on the Mount of Olives that He gave the parables of the ten virgins and of the talents. The view which we present on this page represents the vaults under the temple area. They are called Solomon's stables. Just why, nobody knows. The first distinct account of these stables is given by a tourist about 1772. A traveler mentions them as capable of holding two thousand horses. It is probable that they were used in the time of the Crusaders as stables. The

floor of this vault is a little over thirty-eight feet below the level of the pavement above. The semicircular arches are eleven feet five inches in span and five feet nine inches in height. The aisles open from the south to the north. While these vaults are not supposed to date earlier than the Byzantine period, the stones of which they are constructed evidently belonged to buildings of an earlier period—as far back as Herod, and perhaps Solomon. Many Jews sought refuge in these subterranean vaults during the struggle against the Romans. They were used also in the Middle Ages by the Crusaders. Solomon's intercourse with Egypt introduced horses into the domestic establishment and cavalry into the army. For the first time the streets of Jerusalem heard the constant rattle of chariot wheels.



DERVISH BEGGARS. — Here are two sad-looking creatures. They represent a large class of Moslems who account it a thing of merit to renounce earthly comfort. They are supposed to devote themselves to the contemplation of God, and the orders to which these beggars belong are held in high esteem among Mohammedans. They have reduced begging to a science. Their shabby appearance, the expression of their faces and the melancholy tones of their voices are all designed to provoke pity and elicit *baksheesh*. The natives of Palestine do not help each other very much, and the foreigner becomes the hope of the beggar. Seeing so much meanness and bigotry among the native Turks and Arabians, the margin of sympathy and charity carried to Palestine by the Western tourist is soon exhausted. The

Turkish civilization is degrading. It furnishes no place for manhood and independence. It is a tyranny remorseless and outrageous. We saw the dervishes also in Egypt. Almost all of the dervishes in Egypt are small tradesmen, artisans or peasants. They take part in the ceremonies peculiar to their order at stated seasons. Some of them make it their business to attend festivals and funerals for the purpose of exhibiting their pious devotions or invocations of Allah. In Egypt we attended the ceremonies of the dancing and howling dervishes. By Europeans in Palestine these men are generally regarded as imposters. It is an easy thing to lose the first impulses and convictions which the truth inspires, and to allow selfishness and avarice to use the outward signs of the good for the accomplishment of evil.



THE MOUNT OF OFFENSE.—"And it came to pass, when Jesus had finished all these sayings, He said unto his disciples, Ye know that after two days is the feast of the passover, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified. Then assembled together the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders of the people, unto the palace of the high priest, who was called Caiaphas, and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtilty and kill him."—Matthew, xxvi: 1-4. It was then that Judas Iscariot covenanted with them and promised for thirty pieces of silver to betray his Lord. The house of Caiaphas, where Judas Iscariot sought the chief priests and scribes and negotiated with them, is thought to have been on the top of the Hill of Evil Counsel,

south of the Valley of Hinnom. East of this Hill of Evil Counsel and south of the Mount of Olives is the Mount of Offense, a picture of which we give above. As the road from Bethany winds over the sloping shoulder of Olivet there is a steep declivity below on the left of the Mount of Offense, with fig trees below and above. At the highest point of the ridge the first view is caught of the southeastern corner of the city. Still further on, the whole city bursts into view. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road, this rocky ledge, was the exact spot where the multitude paused again and He, when He beheld the city, wept over it. But what a contrast between the tears of Jesus and the tears of Judas! between the death of the Messiah and the death of the malefactor!



TOMB OF DAVID.—The tomb of David, a picture of which was taken by our artist on the 24th of April, 1894, is on the south brow of the hill outside of the Zion Gate. Here it is supposed that David and other kings of Judah were buried, and here is the Cenaculum which tradition says was the "upper chamber" where the Lord's supper was held, and where the disciples gathered on the day of Pentecost. This tradition is more respectable than many of the traditions in Jerusalem. It dates back to the fourth century. Jews, Christians and Moslems have for many centuries united in agreeing that this site is genuine, and it is said that the Jews are often seen near to the building reverently and with tears looking toward it—not, indeed, for its Pentecostal memories, but because they believe that here their royal David was entombed. Josephus

tells us that Hyrcanus took from David's tomb three thousand talents, and when Herod the Great attempted to plunder the royal tombs he found to his disappointment that they had already been robbed. Conder thinks that David and his posterity were buried in the rock tombs west of the tomb of Christ in the Holy Sepulchre. This is a very attenuated bit of imagination. The daughter of Dr. Barclay had the rare privilege of being secretly introduced into the traditional tomb of David on Mount Zion by a Moslem lady. Her description of it is very interesting. We have not the space to give it here. It is not absolutely certain that Miss Barclay saw the real tomb, but it is not unlikely that the tomb of David exists as it was well known in the time of Christ.



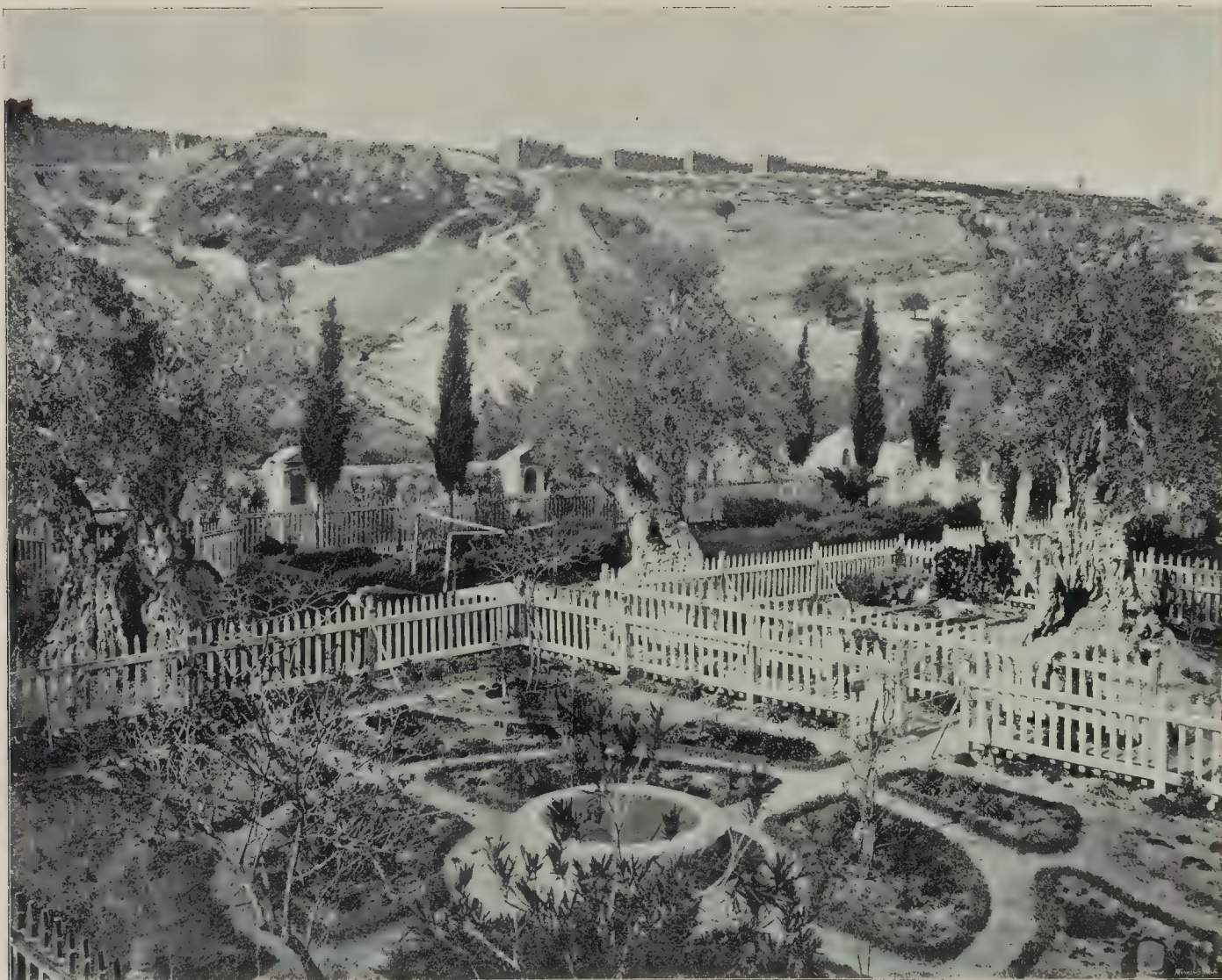
CHURCH OF THE HOLY TABLE, NAZARETH.—The scenes connected with the closing events of Christ's earthly life are limited to the city of Jerusalem. We allow our artist to transport us for a moment to Nazareth, where there is a fanciful tradition which makes the rock visible in the picture the place where Christ and his disciples often ate together. It is found in the interior of the Church of the Holy Table in Nazareth. The rock is about three feet high, ten feet long, and three feet wide. We are standing in front of the church and are looking toward the altar. The picture was taken by our artist on the 7th of May, 1894, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The church is one of the best kept and most pleasant in the city of Nazareth. There is a

tradition that our Lord and his disciples often dined upon this rock both before and after his resurrection. The tradition, however, is not traceable further back than the seventeenth century. The chapel itself was built in 1861 and belongs to the Latins. There is an altar behind the table with inscriptions in Latin, Italian and Arabic, with candles and decorations after the manner of the Roman shrines; but the pilgrim turns from these to the open air and to the hills over which the holy child wandered with his mother nearly two thousand years ago. Whatever faith one may place in traditions of localities and "things" connected with the life of Jesus, we may have assurance touching the landscape on which his holy eyes feasted as he walked hither and thither in Galilee.



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. For nearly sixteen hundred years this Garden of Gethsemane, in the Valley of Kedron, has been fixed by the devout as the place of the prayer of our Savior at the time of his "agony" just before his death. John says: "Jesus went forth with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where was a garden into which He entered with his disciples." Mark says: "And they came to the place which was named Gethsemane, and He said to his disciples, Sit ye here while I shall pray." Since the days of the visit of the Empress Helena to Jerusalem, in the fourth century, this garden has been identified by tradition. The Valley of Kedron (Jehoshaphat) is here deep and narrow, and Gethsemane occupies about an acre of ground, to the north of which are rugged and barren heights in which the kings of Jerusalem are

buried. To the west are the massive walls of Jerusalem. To the east, and rising directly above it about three hundred feet, is the Mount of Olives. The Valley of the Kedron falls into a deep ravine to the south. We have above a view of the garden within, taken by our artist on the 27th of April, 1894. It is a beautiful spot; the trees are very venerable, although they can not have been the identical trees which overshadowed the Son of Man in that hour of his distress. Those who are familiar with Eastern life will easily understand that Christ would often find rest and sleep and opportunity for devotion on the hillside and under the open canopy of heaven. "Nearly all the inhabitants of Palestine sleep, during the greater part of the year, in the open air."



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.—We have here another view of this celebrated garden. We see beyond it the hills and also the walls of Jerusalem. The view was not taken by our artist, but is so excellent that we are sure our readers will appreciate it. No sacred place in the neighborhood of Jerusalem is so favorable to meditation and prayer. It is hidden away as a sanctuary for thought and worship. It lies in the dark depths of the historic valley. Here in the neighborhood of the tombs of kings and prophets, close by the ancient dwelling place of the poets and saints of Israel, our Savior retired to strengthen himself before passing through the valley of the shadow of death. His agony expressed itself in prayer and in blood as he felt the wretchedness which sin had brought into the world and the strength of the bonds which held man to the love and the service of sin.

"Who can thy deep wonder see,
Wonderful Gethsemane;
Where my God bore all my guilt
This through grace can be believed;
But the horrors which he felt
Are too vast to be conceived."

Dr. Hackett says: "Gethsemane is the spot above every other which the visitor must be anxious to see. It was the one which I sought before any other on my arrival in Jerusalem, and the one of which I took my last formal view on the morning of my departure. The garden is within a stone's throw of the city.

"And yet it is hushed and still,
Hushed and still as the mountain-top
To which He often retired to pray."



PLACE WHERE CHRIST PRAYED, GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.—Just outside of the garden and near the wall is pointed out a place where, it is asserted, Christ prayed. A lamp is kept continually burning there. If, indeed, tradition is right in locating this important act of the Christ, the place is, next to Calvary, of all holy places, the most sacred. Here there was a heart that gathered into itself with sympathizing tenderness the woe and anguish of a race. Over against the story of the Garden of Eden, where the first man fell, we may place in our thought the story of the Garden of Gethsemane, where the second Adam triumphed. What the race lost in Paradise through transgression the race regained in Gethsemane by obedience. That the exact location of Eden and of Gethsemane can never be authoritatively declared does not lessen the hold of both upon the human imagination.

"He knelt, the Savior knelt and prayed
When but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony.
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.
"With gentle resignation still
He yields to His Father's will
In sad Gethsemane.
Behold me here! Thine only Son;
And, Father, let Thy will be done."



STATIONS OF THE CROSS IN THE GARDEN.

—Inside the Garden of Gethsemane the Eastern churches have placed the so-called "stations" representing the various incidents of the crucifixion. We were here during the Greek Easter week, and many pilgrims were making the rounds of these "stations" in the garden. One can not be but struck, while standing in the midst of these companies, with the hold Christ has upon the hearts of the human race. Meritton is sacred because there was first a rebuke offered to the tide of Persian civilization. Waterloo is sacred because there, again, was determined the security of Europe for modern times. But here, under the shadow of Jerusalem, in this dark garden (if this be the identi-

cal spot), was won the battle which determined the destiny of the race. No wonder that pilgrims from all parts of the world visit these sacred scenes to recall the triumphs of the Son of God over the woes and sins of the sons of men. It was on Friday, in the month of April, at about one o'clock at night, when Jesus and his disciples left their friend's house in Jerusalem. It was passover night when few people went to bed. And they walked this night on the road from the bridge to Olivet. Jesus, who was in front, turned aside from the people and went through the gate into the Garden of Gethsemane, and his disciples followed him into the shadow of the olive trees, through which the moon-light fell.



THE BITTER CUP, GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

—One of the "stations" in the garden in a little chapel commemorates in marble the historic scene of the Savior's prayer and the angelic imposition. "And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane: and He saith to his disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray. And He taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy; and saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here and watch. And He went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. And He said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt. And He cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou?"

Couldst thou not watch one hour? Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak. And again he went away and prayed, and spake the same words."—Mark, xiv: 32-39.

"He bows beneath the sins of men—

He cries to God, and cries again,

In sad Gethsemane;

He lifts His mournful eyes above,

My Father, can this cup remove?

"With gentle resignation still,

He yielded to His Father's will,

In sad Gethsemane.

Behold me here! Thine only Son;

And, Father, let Thy will be done."



ROCK UPON WHICH JESUS LEANED.—Just outside the Garden of Gethsemane and near the place where Christ is supposed to have uttered the last prayer is a large natural rock. Upon this boulder, at the bottom of the Mount of Olives, Christ leaned for support and rest. There is no stronger support for this than tradition, but this is sufficient to draw pilgrims to it by the thousand. We were here during the Greek Easter, and crowds of people were passing and repassing. We stood for a long time and watched them pass this rock. They were mainly members of the Greek Church from Russia, but coming near this stone they would bend over and kiss it with the deepest manifestation of affection. Often tears would fall on the rock along with the kisses of devotion. It was not a scene to witness without tears. It was an object lesson that appealed to the very depths of sentiment. It helped one to see what a hold Christ had upon the hearts of weary, burdened passengers from time to eternity.

The writer and the artist were here on the 28th of April, 1894. When the suggestion was made that a view of the rock would be interesting, the artist replied that it might be interesting from the sacred reverence with which the people regarded it, but as a picture he considered that it would not be attractive at all. So you see that it is only a small barren rock. It is not more than ten feet long and four feet high. Seen out of relation and association with the life and agony of Jesus Christ, it is without interest. Simply because Christ is thought to have seen it and leaned upon it when the weight and guilt of the world's sin was breaking His heart, it is embalmed forever in the affections of the Christian world. All its significance comes from the fact that the loving and fainting Christ stood by it. What is true of this rock is true of this sacred land—it maintains its hold upon the human imagination because of its relation to Christ.



THE FIELD OF BLOOD.—After his agony in the Garden of Gethsemane the Savior was betrayed at midnight on Friday, the 6th of April, A. D. 30, and was arrested. Judas Iscariot received, as his price for betraying Christ, thirty pieces of silver, and this was paid for what was afterwards called the "Potter's Field" or the "Field of Blood." It is said that the clay from this field is still used by the potters of Jerusalem. "Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. And it was known unto all the dwellers at Jerusalem; insomuch as that field is called in their proper tongue, Aceldama, that is to say, the field of blood. For it is written in the book of Psalms, Let

his habitation be desolate, and let no man dwell therein."—Acts, i: 18-20. There are many tombs cut out of the rock in the view above, and it is certainly a view very suggestive. This is a wild, rugged and barren field and is without inhabitants. This Valley of Hinnom has an evil reputation. Here it was that children were anciently sacrificed to Moloch. It was called Tophet, or the place of fire. It was ever after detested by the Jews and called Gehenna, or hell. Here the Jews bought their potter's field for strangers, and here to-day live the lepers. It is one of the strange contrasts of this fascinating city that above this valley of death rises the holy hill of Zion—"beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth"—type of the holy city in the heavens.



TOWER OF ANTONIA.—On Friday, April 7th, between one and five o'clock a. m., according to the harmony we follow, Jesus was led to Annas and then to Caiaphas.—John, xviii: 13-15. We have an account of this visit to Caiaphas from Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. He was then brought before the Sanhedrim. During his trial before this body Peter denied him. Jesus was mocked by his enemies, and between five and six o'clock on Friday morning was condemned by the Sanhedrim for blasphemy. Just after this Judas killed himself. Jesus was brought before Pilate charged with sedition and then sent to Herod. Pilate sought to release him, but in vain. Jesus was then condemned, and mocked and scourged by soldiers.—Matthew, xxvii: 36-40; Luke, xxiii: 24-25; John, xix: 1-3. Soon after Jesus was led away to be crucified. We have an account

of this surrender in all four of the Gospels. The path which Jesus took from the Sanhedrim to Calvary is known as the Way of Sorrows—the Via Dolorosa. The first station in this sad journey is the Tower of Antonia. Of course, we can not be certain as to its location. According to Colonel Wilson, its present position was assigned it during the period of the Crusaders. Here dwelt the powers representing the Roman Empire, powers competent to deliver the gentle victim of Jewish hate from the ignominious death to which He was doomed. Rome represented the world of human glory and wealth, of enterprise and conquest. What had that world in that day to do with a meek Galilean teacher, who professed to have been sent by the Father of men to teach his children upon the earth meekness, forbearance, patience and love?



THE ARCH OF ECCE HOMO, JERUSALEM.—The second station in the Via Dolorosa is said to be at the point where the cross was laid upon Christ. This is in the street below the Turkish barracks, at the foot of the stairway which led to the Judgment Hall. A few paces beyond, toward the west, this street is spanned by the Arch of Ecce Homo. It was at this place that tradition represents Pilate bringing forth Jesus wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, and announcing Him to the multitude with the words, "Behold the man." "Then came Jesus forth wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man." —John, xix:5. Col. Wilson says that this "arch has the appearance of a Roman triumphal arch of the time of Hadrian," and that "it consists of a large central arch, with a smaller one on the north side, which has been included in and forms the eastern termina-

tion of the church of the convent of the Sisters of Zion." As a condemned criminal Christ passed over this pathway of pain. It is strange now that this pathway should mark the beginning of Western civilization. Here the world learned a new secret of strength, and a new method of life. Here began the street which has extended over the ages, and along which healthy, holy, triumphant human life has walked ever since. It extends from the Prætorium, the residence of Pilate, to Golgotha, or from the Turkish barracks to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. And from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre it extends to Rome and London and beyond the Atlantic, crossing the Pacific and China to the Euphrates, and again to Olivet, where it becomes the triumphal way of the Son of Man and of the sons of men to the heavens in which He sits the crowned King of the ages!



VIA DOLOROSA. — This is the pathway of pain, or the street over which Christ bore His cross to the place of crucifixion. There are fourteen stations in the Via Dolorosa: 1st, the Turkish barracks; 2d, foot of the stairs leading to the Judgment Hall; 3d, a broken column near the Austrian hospice, indicating the place where Christ fell under the cross; 4th, is situated near the house of Iazanus, where Christ met His mother; 5th, near the house of St. Verónica; 6th, where Christ took up the cross; 6th, the house of St. Verónica; 7th, Porta Judicaria, where the Via Dolorosa crosses the street from the Damascus gate; 8th, monastery of St. Caralombos, where Christ addressed the women, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me"; 9th, where Christ fell the third time (in front of the Coptic con-

vent); 10th, is within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre indicating the spot where Christ was undressed; 11th, represents where He was nailed to the cross; 12th, shows where the cross was raised; 13th, indicates where He was taken down from the cross; 14th, is the sepulchre in which He was buried. Along this way came the life that defied the groans and interpreted the travails which pervaded from the beginning the whole of creation. The outcome of suffering and the issue of sorrow, when endured for the holy purpose of serving the right, this lonely Man of Gethsemane made plain. Why the whole creation groined and travelled in pain together was now clearly seen; it was with reference to the manifestations of the Son of God and the sons of God. The universal travail looked to the birth of a divine person and a divine kingdom.



HOUSES OF DIVES AND LAZARUS.—The houses of Dives and Lazarus are the fourth and fifth stations along the Via Dolorosa. The fourth, or house of Lazarus, is where Christ is said to have met His mother. And the fifth is where Simon of Cyrene took the cross from Christ, which is the house of Dives. The Via Dolorosa, and the Resurrection at the end of it, define the purpose of God in creating a world subject to trial and conflict and suffering. During the Passion Week in Jerusalem pilgrims pass over this way and meditate upon the sufferings and crucifixion of our Lord. Each station along the way calls up some particular incident in the last hours of Christ; and very few visit Jerusalem—whatever may be their creed—but are deeply moved by the sacred sites which are pointed out, though they may believe there is nothing stronger than tradition to establish their identity. Some people believe everything, and

then there are others who believe nothing. It seems to be a higher principle to have a faith that will believe even the seemingly impossible than a skeptical disposition which believes nothing at all. But wiser and worthier is the faith that is able to use reason; to weigh well all phases of every question; to look into the letter of Revelation in the light of literary and historical criticism; to keep the heart open to all spiritual impressions, and to cultivate the conscience, that one's ethical sense may never be blunted or benumbed; to be ready to abandon preconceived notions in the presence of evidence, and thus to be ready to accept the truth whatsoever sacrifice of prejudice may be demanded. In all these archaeological studies the main matter is to accept Christ himself, and to depend on Him, rather than on mere externals.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was founded by the generosity of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, in the year 335. It is to the northeast of the Jaffa gate, and is in size about 230 feet east and west and 200 feet north and south. The holy sepulchre is in the center of the rotunda under the great dome. It is built of white marble, and is twenty-six feet long, seventeen feet wide and fifteen feet high. This elaborately carved marble structure, wherein the body of our Savior is supposed to have lain during the three days, contributes the interest and the attraction to the mass of buildings which together constitute the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is the cathedral church of Christendom. No sacred edifice on earth is the object of so much sentiment and affection. For 1559 years the conviction which created and filled the statement of the Creed, "I believe in the Resurrection," has here lifted itself into the doors, capitals,

cornices, cupola and fretwork of the most beautiful church of the Byzantine age. Here Christian belief has stood in mute stone for nearly sixteen centuries over the empty grave of our Lord, witnessing with a force no words can equal to the fundamental and essential fact of the Christian religion. Here we have in small compass and under one roof an epitome of the Christian religion. Here tongues and orders, denominations and nationalities, often wide apart in the great broad world, come together about a common center. For centuries the cry of Christendom has been an echo of the cry of Mary at the tomb of the risen Lord, "I know not where they have laid Him." From the fourth century the Latin Church, especially, has accepted the tradition as to this site of the holy sepulchre. The spiritual believers of all schools of faith who accept Christ as a present and living force can not with the bereaved Mary say: "They have taken away my Lord."



GROTTO OF JEREMIAH.—Since the visit of the Empress Helena to Jerusalem in the fourth century the tomb of Christ has been claimed by many to be in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Others insist that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was inside the walls of Jerusalem at the crucifixion, but that Christ was crucified outside of the wall—many believing the tragedy to have taken place west of the hill known as Jeremiah's Grotto. Haskett Smith sums up the reasons in favor of Jeremiah's Grotto as follows: 1st, he claims the tomb here has never been finished and yet has been occupied; 2d, that it was constructed about the time of Christ, being Herodian in character; 3d, that it has been occupied for one burial, and one burial only; 4th, that it was originally intended for a Jew, and that a rich and influential one; 5th, though built for a Jew, it was an object of sacred reverence to the early Christians, for it has been used

as a place for Christian worship, and is surrounded by Christian tombs; 6th, that it occupies a position with regard to the hill opposite it which accords with the Gospel narratives, if the hill above Jeremiah's Grotto is to be identified with Calvary; 7th, that the frescoed cross with the sacred monograms still faintly to be traced on the east wall, and evidently of an age almost, if not quite, co-equal with the first century, connects the tomb most intimately with Christ. The site is strikingly appropriate. From the walls of the city and from the temple area the terrible scene on Calvary could have been witnessed. In the sight of the great city and the hills about He was "lifted up"—the Lamb of God slain for the salvation of the race. There is no doubt but that a growing number of people accept the Grotto of Jeremiah as the place of our Lord's burial.



MODERN MOUNT CALVARY.—Great authorities are marshaled in favor of both claimants—the church within and the mound without the walls. For a long time the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was the only traditional spot pointed out as the place of burial. But with the growing influence of the Grotto of Jeremiah, the modern Mount Calvary, a picture of which we give, increased in favor. This whole discussion as to the place where Christ was crucified, and as to the tomb in which His body was placed, turns upon the direction which the walls about Jerusalem took at the time of the crucifixion. If the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was outside the wall at that time, as Dean Stanley thinks it might have been, the chances in favor of its being the place of crucifixion and burial are increased. If, however, the site of this church

was inside the wall at that time it is sure that the place of burial and crucifixion was not there, for Christ was crucified outside of the walls of Jerusalem. And supposing the northern wall to be where it is now, the modern Mount Calvary, or the Mount Calvary illustrated above, and the Grotto of Jeremiah, conform exactly to the conditions represented in Scripture as the place of crucifixion and burial. This is near the city, just across the road from the northern wall, and directly in sight of the multitudes who might have been looking at the terrible tragedy. In this picture we see to the right the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We really have in this picture a view of both places as claimed by different authorities as the spot of crucifixion and burial, and it is doubtless true that in one or the other of these places our Savior was put to death on the cross.



EMMAUS.—Christ was crucified at nine o'clock A. M. on Friday, April 7th. After his death his body was placed in the sepulchre and He himself went to Paradise. After his resurrection He appeared to Mary Magdalene and other women and to certain of his disciples. One of the most interesting of all the post-resurrection incidents was his walk to Emmaus—Mark, xvi; Luke, xxiv. Several places claim to be the identical Emmaus: Amwas, Beit Jebron, Urtas, Hubeibeh and Koloniah. The last named is thought to be an Arabic corruption of "Colonia," which must have been a Roman settlement. It is in a valley called Wady Beit Hannina. This is thought to be the Valley of Elah, where David fought Goliath. Above we have a view of Koloniah. There is a café here where travelers from Jaffa take lunch and feed their horses. We can

not settle the dispute as to the location of Emmaus, but our hearts grow warm as we read the story itself. Concerning one of the most probable sites, Kuryet el-Enab, Dr. Edward Robinson identifies Kirjath-jearim with Emmaus. The two things do not clash, for Kuryet el-Enab may be both Kirjath-jearim and Emmaus, and it renders this site more interesting to find it not only the resting place of the ark, but, long after, the place where He who was infinitely greater than the ark revealed himself in the breaking of bread to those wandering disciples. The Shekinah burned over the ark, revealing the glory and power and proving the presence of God. So here, as they were on the way to Emmaus, the hearts of the disciples burned within them as the Son of God opened to them the Word of God.



SEA OF GALILEE.—After making himself known at Emmaus, Jesus appeared to ten of the apostles at Jerusalem, and later to eleven of the apostles when He rebuked Thomas for his lack of faith—a rebuke of love. He afterwards stood by the Sea of Galilee and gave to Peter the threefold commission after having elicited from Peter his threefold confession of love. It is here that, after a night of fruitless attempt, the nets were filled with the fishes. As the Dead Sea is girdled by an almost constant hedge of driftwood, so the Sea of Galilee is girdled by a scarcely less continuous belt of ruins—the drift of her ancient towns. In the time of our Lord she must have mirrored within the outline of her guardian hills little else than city walls, castles and synagogues. Greek architecture hung its magnificence over her simple life; Herod's

castle, temple and theatres in Tiberias; the warm baths; the high-stacked houses of Gamala; the amphitheatre of Gadara with the acropolis above it; the paved street with its triumphal archway; the great Greek villas on the heights of Gadara, with a Roman camp or two high enough up the slopes to catch the western breeze. Here in this centre of life and influence Jesus laid the foundations of his spiritual kingdom, based upon love—upon love to himself as the manifestation of God, "Lovest thou me?" And when Peter confessed his love Jesus commissioned him to "feed" his "lambs," to "tend" and to "feed" his "sheep." What a lovely frame for this divine picture is the Sea of Galilee with its placid waters, with the Gadarene hills beyond, and the blue sky overhead!



DISTANT VIEW OF THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.—“Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshipped him; but some doubted. And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” It is not known on what mountain in Galilee our Savior met His disciples and gave to them the great commission reported in Matthew, xxviii: 16-20. It would be pleasant to believe that this hallowed place was none other than the traditional

Mount of Beatitudes, where the celebrated sermon was given, which is universally conceded to be the wisest utterance that ever fell on the ears of man. We are standing here on the road to Tiberias, and are looking toward the northwest, whereas in the other view given we were looking toward the north. This view was taken on the morning of the 8th of May, 1894. We were on our way from Nazareth to Tiberias. There are no homesteads now to break the solitude. The lights which come out at night on shore and hill are the camp-fires of wandering Arabs, and a sail is seldom seen upon the surface of the lake. Not so when Jesus was there to find a home and his disciples. Where there are no trees, there were great woods; where there are marshes, there were noble gardens; where there are but a boat or two, there were fleets of sails; where there is one town, there were nine or ten.



MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM TEMPLE PLATEAU.—To stand upon the temple plateau in the very heart of the "Holy City of the Ages," commanding a view of all that crowds within the circle of our vision, with all its associations, is a privilege, indeed. To study the landscape, to recall His sweet presence, His matchless wisdom, His life, His death and resurrection, is a heritage in itself. "The mountains are round about Jerusalem," not only hemming it in by a single circuit, but rolling for miles in every direction—great mountain waves, like the waves of the sea. These are the defenses of the Holy City. There is one view, however, which can not fail to send a thrill through the most unsusceptible observer, and that is Mount Olivet. To look

"From Salem's height o'er Kedron's stream
To Olivet's dark steep."

To see its graceful curved line against the sky, its gray top, hoary with the lapse of ages,

the zigzag path leading away over its summit to Bethany, and at its base lying Gethsemane, where the Son of Man bowed in anguish. And away somewhere on its eastern slope

"Our Lord ascended up on high,
And captive led captivity."

"To recall the events in both the Old and the New Testament gives sacredness to this venerable and lofty mountain."—Hackett. Olivet has shared in the general neglect which has converted so much of the country into a desert. It is naturally susceptible of high cultivation. It must have been adorned anciently with fields of grain, groves and orchards. At present it exhibits, on the whole, a desolate appearance. Rocky ledges crop out here and there above the surface and give to the hill a broken, sterile aspect. A few olive and fig trees are scattered up and down its sides. A shepherd watching a few sheep emerges now and then into view and gives diversity to the scene.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, SAMARIA.—The most conspicuous and influential of the apostles, after the death of our Lord, was Peter. And even during the life of Jesus, Peter seems to have held the first place among the twelve. He was one of the first chosen; he is named first in the list of the apostles, and seems to have been considered by our Lord himself as the representative of the apostles. He is generally the spokesman of the twelve. At the last supper he insisted upon having the traitor pointed out. On the morning of the Resurrection he and John were the first to visit the sepulchre, and Peter was the first who entered it. It seems that Christ appeared, from the teachings of Luke and John, first to Peter among the apostles. In nearly all of the acts of the apostles, after the Resurrection, Peter seems to stand forth as the most prominent one among them, and as the leader of them. He was the most conspicuous of the apostles

on the day of Pentecost. He and John carried the Gospel first beyond the boundary of Judea into Samaria. We give as illustrative of this visit of St. John and St. Peter to Samaria another view of the Church of St. John, Samaria. This is a view of the inner court of the church. We have some rocks piled in broken confusion to the left. We see a group of men standing toward the right, in the midst of which is our dragoman, Abraham Lyons, engaged in earnest conversation with a person who seems to be the most prominent among the number. We would take him to be the sheikh of Samaria. These men standing around have coins to sell, dating back to the time of the Romans, which they have discovered among the ruins of Samaria, one of the cities which Herod adorned in honor of Augustus. Abraham Lyons has been a dragoman in Palestine for thirty years. He is a native of Jerusalem, but an Hungarian by descent. He is a member of the English Church, and speaks fluently: even languages.



KURYET EL-ENAB.—Some time after the Resurrection Peter made a visit to Jaffa, and doubtless leaving Jerusalem passed over the same road that we find leading from Jerusalem to Jaffa to-day. He would pass, about eight miles beyond Jerusalem, Kuryet el-Enab, one view of which we have already given. In the above we have a better picture of the church of the Crusaders at that place. This is the best remaining specimen of the churches built in Palestine by the Crusaders. It is called the Church of Jeremiah. It stands down from the road to the left of the picture at the bottom of a slope covered with olive trees. We see one lonely palm tree standing in the midst of this village. Kuryet el-Enab is now known by the name of Abu Ghosh. This is the name of an old robber who formerly lived here, and his descendants are the leading families in the village. A tomb is built in his memory here by his relatives, and this is one of the most thrifty

looking villages between Jaffa and Jerusalem. The houses are flat-roofed and built of stone, and the olive groves are well kept. The mingling of the trees and the old stone houses makes a picturesque scene. We are looking toward the south. Our artist secured this picture on the morning of the 24th of April, 1894. In a visit to Palestine before our last, one of our editors lunched at Kuryet el-Enab, and had a chance to share the hospitality of the old chief of the place. He was a handsome old fellow with long gray beard and an interesting face. He brought us coffee and eggs for our lunch, and although his "hospitality" was of the most effusive sort, with bows and smiles, and earnest questions about our health and homes, and prayers for our prosperity, when the time for parting came his anxiety to have backsheesh, and plenty of it, was painfully manifest. We paid him well and bade him good-by with pleasure.



MOUNTAINS OF JUDEA.—Leaving Jerusalem for Jaffa along the same road we now take, Peter would pass through the mountains of Judea, a view of which we give above. This is a very graphic scene of the hills we climbed after leaving Emmaus on the road to Jaffa. We have a dim and vague view of Ain-Karim in the distance. These hills, according to Canon Tristram, were lifted during the myocene period of the earth's formation. They are covered with beautiful flowers of all colors. At the bottom of the picture we can see a view of the wild flowers, but as the photograph fails to show any colors except black and white, we lose the effect of the red and blue and yellow flowers which illuminate these hills, giving them in the month of April

an attractiveness and relief very beautiful. Their grim and forbidding loneliness is set off and redeemed by these little nurslings of the sky, which stand often so thick upon the ground as to hide it altogether. We are looking toward the south. Our artist secured this picture on the 24th of April, 1894. The terraces of the Judean hills are reminders of the real wealth of the Judean soil when protected by these walls on the mountain-sides. The rock, which seems at first glance so barren, is, when disintegrated and duly watered, exceedingly rich and fertile. Doubters may pronounce as fabulous the records of history as to the immense population sustained by the products of Canaan. But wherever the soil is actually tested the results demonstrate the truth of the Bible records.



BOAT AND OARSMEN, JAFFA.—“There was a certain man in Caesarea called Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian band; a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway. He saw in a vision, evidently about the ninth hour of the day, an angel of God coming in to him, and saying unto him, Cornelius. And when he looked on him, he was afraid, and said, What is it, Lord? And he said unto him, Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter: He lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the seaside: he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do.”—Acts, x:1-6. It was upon this visit of Peter to Joppa that he saw “the heavens opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners,

and let down to the earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter, kill, and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean. And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common. This was done thrice, and the vessel was received up again into heaven.” It was in this way that God taught Peter that He was no respecter of persons, “But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.” It was at this time that the Holy Ghost was poured out upon the Gentiles, and Cornelius was baptized. As illustrative of this visit of St. Peter to Jaffa, we give a picture of a boat and oarsmen, by which we can see how travelers are brought from the great ships which anchor out in the sea to the shore.



S. T. STEPHEN'S GATE.—St. Stephen's Gate is called by the natives Bab Sitti Mirriam, or the Gate of My Lady Mary. This is on the east side of the city and opens down into the Valley of the Kedron. Through this persons pass in going to the Mount of Olives and to Bethany. According to tradition, St. Stephen was stoned below this gate in the Valley of the Kedron. At this place we get our first introduction to the apostle Paul. After a great sermon delivered by St. Stephen, it is said, "When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord,

and cast him out of the city, and stoned him; and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down and cried, with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep." Stephen was the first Christian martyr, and belonged to the number known as deacons. He was appointed to rectify the complaints made in the early church by the Hellenistic against the Hebrew Christians. Saul of Tarsus here rises into view—a star of the first magnitude, in the clouds at first, but into a clear sky he springs and shines through the heavens, his light reaching the day in which we live—a master-teacher, a living Christian, a brave preacher, a bold and forcible writer and one of the mightiest proofs of the divinity of our Christian faith.



VALLEY OF THE KEDRON.—We have passed and repassed this valley many times as we have followed with our notes and illustrations the "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee." Every view of it calls up associations pathetic and sacred. From time immemorial the Valley of Jehoshaphat or Kedron has been a place of burial for the Jews. According to tradition the Virgin Mary was entombed in this lonely and desolate ravine. Here rests the body of the Prophet Zacharias, who was slain between the temple and the altar, and here also is the tomb of Absalom, so imperious and wayward, and yet so loved and wept by his father. The tomb of Absalom, which stands in this valley, is said to have been constructed by David. Of course, this has no foundation except in fancy. This whole region is a place of tombs, and the Garden of Gethsemane

quietly blooms here, as if, some one has said, forming the conclusion of some melancholy chapter in a history of great events. These tombs of prophets, princes and kings bring before us the condensed history of Israel. The west side of the valley is a lofty limestone cliff, and supports the walls of Jerusalem. The east side lifts itself into the Mount of Olives. The cliffs on either side contain the ruins of chapels, oratories and mosques. "From the dullness of Jerusalem," says Chateaubriand, "whence no smoke arises, no noise proceeds; from the solitude of these hills, where no living creature is to be seen; from the ruinous state of all these tombs—overthrown, broken and half open—you would imagine that the last trump had already sounded, and that the Valley of Jehoshaphat was about to render up its dead."



ROSHPINA.—Our first introduction to St. Paul in the Scriptures is in the seventh chapter of the Acts. In the ninth chapter we are told that "Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest and desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem. And as he journeyed he came near Damascus." Theophilus the Sadducee was high priest at this time, and to him Saul applied for authority, or letters of inquisition. The Sadducee faction was dominant at this time in Jerusalem. According to Thomas Lewin, of Trinity College, Oxford, England, whose harmony we shall follow in the history of St. Paul, it was about the middle of the summer, A. D. 37, that Paul started on his mission of persecution. Stephen had suffered martyrdom a short time before. At

the feast of Pentecost, Paul started for Damascus with a caravan. Some were on horseback and some on foot, very much like an oriental caravan of the present day. The direct distance from Jerusalem to Damascus is about one hundred and twenty miles. On the map which accompanies these notes we indicate the route which we suppose Saul took. If our surmise be correct, he passed the location of the present Roshpina. Here the new and the old come together. This village was built by the Rothschilds for poor Jews. It is not far from the waters of Merom. We are now looking to the north. The picture was taken on the 10th of May, 1894, at ten o'clock in the morning. The houses have a modern and substantial look. Trees are in sight, a stone wall—a touch of Christian civilization, products of the Gospel which nearly nineteen centuries ago Paul tried to destroy.



MAT WEAVERS AT THEIR LOOMS.—After passing Roshpina, we halted for lunch at noon in sight of the waters of Merom, just above where the marsh of Huleh begins. There is here a Bedouin village, and the occupation of natives is mat-weaving. The rushes grow near by on the banks of the Jordan. Thus the Bedouins of the surrounding country are supplied with the mats which they use to carpet their tents of goats' hair. In the picture we see a very primitive loom. Some of the rushes are spread on a framework above to shelter the toiler from the heat of the sun, and we see alongside the loom the rushes ready for use in the weaving of the mat. These mats are very thick and heavy and last for many years. One of the women is resting on the framework of the loom as if posing for her picture. In this view we are looking

toward the east, and it is the hour of high noon. Some of the finished mats are seen lying beyond the loom. Above are the mountains. The interest which attaches to a desolate region like this springs largely from its associations with illustrious names and important events of long ago. This rough, stony ground has little value to us. There is no beauty in the faces and the forms of the women whom we see, and no remarkable ingenuity in their handiwork, but the moment we think it possible that over this soil and under the shadow of these mountains passed Saul of Tarsus bound for Damascus, with his splendid career to him undreamed of, and to us well known, before him, the entire picture becomes invested with new significance and value.



BEIT JENN WATERFALL.—After leaving Mejd el es-Shems, an illustration of which place has already been given, passing along the Jerusalem road to Damascus over a succession of high ridges running off from the central Hermon range of mountains, and then along a lofty table-land, descending a hill of white limestone, we come to the village on the side of the mountain called Beit Jenn. The meaning of the word is "The Garden House," or "The House of Paradise." The place was once densely populated. This is evident from the many rock tombs which we find here. No doubt the original town was one of considerable importance, but its exact site and leading features have not yet been identified. The picture above presents a charming waterfall caused by the descent of the stream Jennâni plunging over precipitous rocks. It

comes in delicate streamlets, and now in rushing torrents among moss-covered rocks, among which shrubs and grasses grow. The contrast is very fine between the dark rocks, snow-white waters and verdant growths. This Jennâni is one of the main tributaries to the ancient river Pharpar, referred to in II. Kings, v: 12. The picture was taken by our artist at noon on Saturday, the 12th day of May, 1894. We are now approaching the plain of Damascus. From rugged mountains we come to the vast expanse of fertile country, rich and beautiful, the product of the famous rivers from which the life and prosperity of Damascus sprang. We are drawing nearer to that "pearl of the East," the glorious city embowered in trees where the ceaseless music of flowing waters salutes the ear, and soon we shall see its towering minarets.



DAMASCUS FROM SALAHIEH.—“And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man. And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened he saw no man: but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus.”—Acts, ix: 3-8. During three days

Saul was without sight, and he spent this time in the house of one Judas, whither he had been led. We here give a general view of Damascus from Salahiyeh, a village lying about one mile to the northwest of the city. Damascus from this point looks like an embodied dream.

“Damascus! daughter of Abana's stream!
How beauteous still are thy enchanting bowers;
Thy gardens that with fruits unnumbered teem;
The perfumes that exhale from loveliest flowers!
Thy native charms defy the gliding hours,
But marred, alas! the work that man hath made!”



GATEWAY, DAMASCUS.—On the 13th of May, 1894, our caravan passed through the gateway in the western wall of the city of Damascus, and we found ourselves in the midst of this most remarkable city. For hours before we reached it we saw its gleaming glory in the distance; the tall, graceful minarets rising from her more than three hundred mosques; her far-famed gardens; and the glory of her trees. Perhaps one of the reasons why travelers praise Damascus so unstintedly is because of the delightful contrast it furnishes to the treeless, hot and verdureless country through which they passed on their approach to it. After a horseback ride from Jerusalem over a rough road—perhaps one of the roughest on earth—through a country with few trees, one would be in condition to praise any city in which gardens, orchards and abundance of

water were to be found; but when the contrast is presented between such a desert journey and the surpassing beauty of Damascus, one is justified for the measure of extravagance in his terms of commendation. We see its gardens, canals, fountains, deep and abundant, shadows cast from long, spreading branches of most charming trees; certainly, the traveler may be allowed, at the pitch of his enthusiasm, to use the most extravagant adjectives in his praise of the new-found paradise. Damascus is said to be the oldest city in the world. This may not be literally true, but we know something of its history for four thousand years. It has been ruled by kings from Nineveh, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome, and under all it has been a place of importance.



GARDENS OF DAMASCUS.—No wonder the Moslems look upon Damascus as an earthly paradise. It is encompassed by gardens and orchards. These cover an area of over twenty-five miles in circumference. Here grow olive, fig, walnut, apricot, poplar, palm, cypress and pomegranate trees. In the above view we have a scene taken from the Jerusalem road in the western part of the city, and looking to the north a ridge of Anti-Lebanon is seen straight before us. In the richness of its soil, in the salubrity and semi-tropical character of its climate, in its varied vegetation, we find the reason for the constant association of Damascus with the thought of gardens. It has been for four thousand years a garden. It is surrounded for miles with this splendor of verdure. Its gardens and orchards and far-reaching groves, rich in foliage and blos-

soms, wrap the city around like a mantle of green velvet powdered with pearls. The apricot orchards seem to blush at their own surpassing loveliness, and the gentle breezes that rustle softly through the feathery tops of the palms are laden with the perfume of the rose and the violet. Tristram, in his account of what he saw, says: "Tall mud walls extended in every direction under the trees, and flowing streams of water from the Barada everywhere bubbled through the orchards, while all was alive with the song of birds and the hum of bees. The great apricot trees were laden and bent down under strings of ripe golden fruit." Whatever changes may be made by the hand of man in Damascus, whatever changes in government and in commercial activities, the city is sure to be for all time a paradise of fertility and beauty.



RIVER ROAD, DAMASCUS.—It will not be possible to give to our readers an idea of order and relation in our presentations of Damascus. We may indeed assert without fear of contradiction that there is no order in Damascus. It corresponds in its general make-up to the listless, indolent, happy-go-lucky element in human nature. It has been a city without a purpose. The people seem each day to seek only temporal enjoyment with as little personal exertion as possible. The whole city presents a perpetual invitation to lie down and rest. The trees, by the black shadows they throw across the roadside, call upon you to stop. The waters of the Abana wind their way through the gardens and courts of the houses soliloquizing upon the blessedness of sleep and rest. The dress of the natives even when they walk—slippers half on, and with long,

flowing robes—seems to say, “I am not walking much; I shall soon lie down again.” The view which we have above is typical of Damascus. Looking at it one longs to wander along the smooth path by the calm waters, and to inhale the fragrance of plants and flowers, to dream and to build air castles and let the stream of life wind on at its own sweet will. It was from this luxurious center that a man came forth to startle, to quicken, to revolutionize the ages with a gospel of self-sacrifice and human service. Smitten with blindness, he entered for a time into the deep experiences into which the Spirit of God leads a man when he would convince him of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come. And when Saul emerged from this pit of darkness, thus divinely illuminated, he went forth a new man to proclaim with new zeal his new word of life for humanity.



ABANA RIVER PASSING THE GARDENS.—The Abana River, which is now known as the Barada, rises among the Lebanons. The main source is Fijeh, about a day's ride to the southwest of Damascus. It enters the plain of Damascus through a deep ravine about one mile to the west of the outskirts of the city itself. The Pharpar River, which was called "one of the rivers of Damascus," does not enter the city at all. The life in the gardens, the beauty of the trees, the charm of the flowers, the green grass, the rich fruits, which distinguish the city of Damascus, it owes to the waters of Abana. This river is divided into numberless channels and is distributed throughout Damascus and the region immediately about it. In almost every house there is a fountain, and one can stand still almost anywhere and listen to the murmur of the

hidden streams that pass under and through the city. What a symbol of the river of life to which Saul of Tarsus, afterwards St. Paul of Christendom, led the thirsting multitude of our race! It is this Gospel which, like the Abana, gives life to the world, plants its gardens among the deserts of sin and iniquity, cools the hot atmosphere, slakes the thirst of the human heart, and turns the wilderness into a garden of beauty and delight. Flow on! O river of Salvation! till in every land thy refreshing waters shall come, transforming the wilderness into a paradise. Then "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," and every man, sitting under his own vine and fig tree, shall enjoy the blessings of a Christian civilization, a Christian witness and the Christian hope.



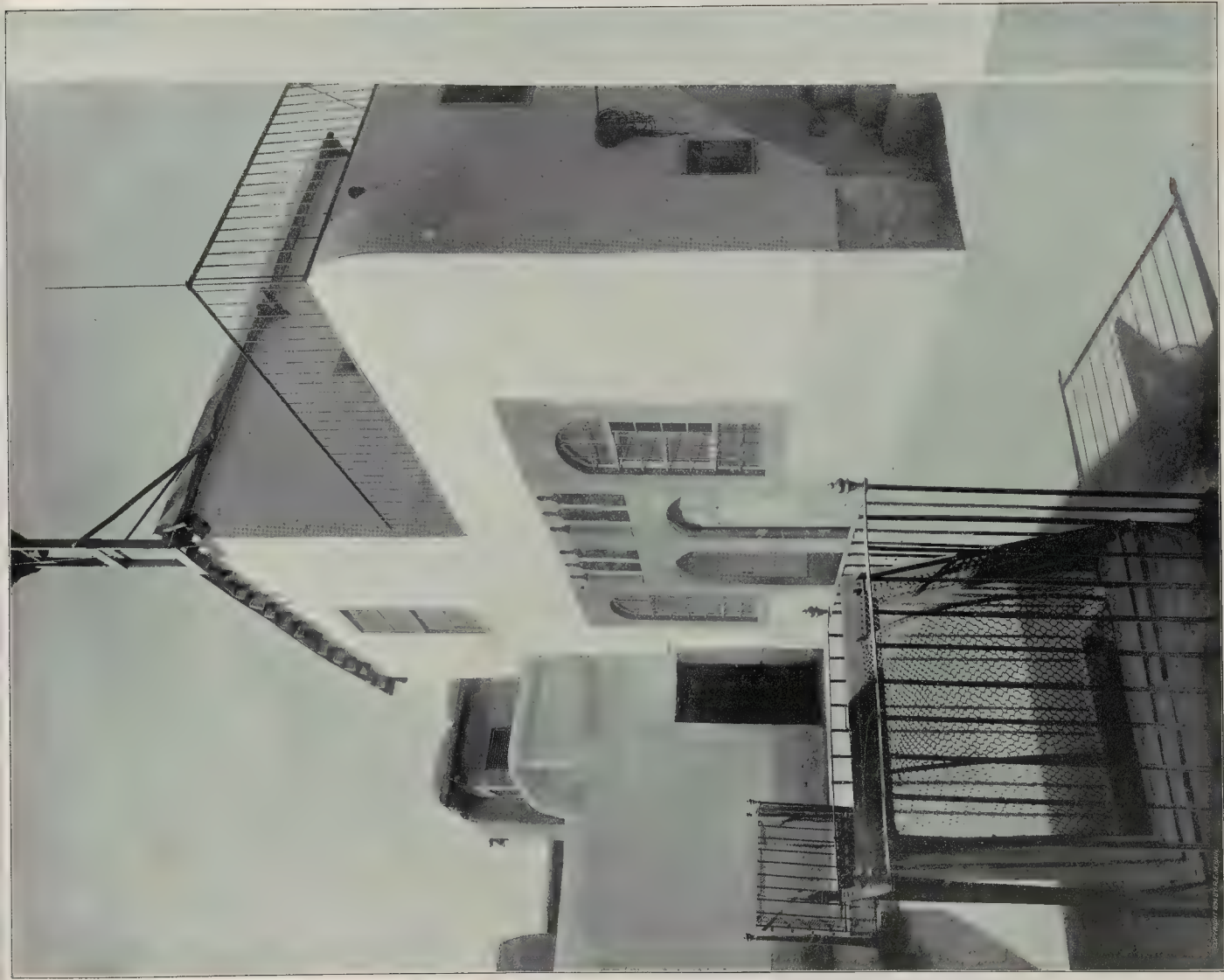
ROADWAY ALONG THE ABANA, DAMASCUS.—The Abana River has four sources; one is from Fijeh, under the Lebanon cliff; another from near Amri el-Hamar, north of Zebdany; another west of Zebdany; and the fourth west of Ruklah, under Hermon. The first reference to Abana is in the fifth chapter of II. Kings, where we find the story of Naaman. There are some charming glimpses of roadway and river—the turn of the road, the shadow of the bridge, the overhanging trees, the crowding of the shrubbery to the very water's edge, the variety of leafage—that are peculiarly beautiful. To me Damascus looked like a vision of paradise when I first saw it—all peace and beauty. It looks so rapturous in its evergreen bower, far removed from the din of commerce and the rude whirl of modern life and the jarring turmoil of the

world's politics, that one would think that it had never felt the shock of war, that its soil had never been polluted by crime, or that Abana and Pharpar had never been red with the blood of thousands slaughtered mercilessly. But it has been many times sacked, and twice at least the effective classes of population have been swept into captivity. But this has not broken the chain of her history. The river of Abana is the secret of her eternal youth. Dr. Smith says: "The Abana bursts full-born from the Anti-Lebanon, runs a course of ten miles in a narrow gorge, and from the mouth of this expands into seven streams, and, going through THE CITY of oriental cities, spends itself in the desert." Wonderful river of life! But more wonderful the spiritual stream it symbolizes!



THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT.—"And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and to him said the Lord in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I am here, Lord. And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth."—Acts, ix: 10-11. The street called Straight is still the leading street in Damascus. It runs from east to west almost through the whole city. The leading carpet and silk shops are to be found on this avenue. We have here a picture of modern Damascus and the street called Straight. It is narrow, and really it is a crooked street, although called Straight. Changes have taken place within a few years, and now one may ride through the most of the street in a modern carriage—a

feat which could not have been performed a decade ago. One loses for a moment, in glancing at the comparatively modern houses, the peculiar interest which springs into the heart at the thought of Saul; but whether in the desert with Elijah and St. John or in the modern city like London with Wilberforce and Carey, the Spirit of God works within the soul of man and prepares him to go forth in city and country, in palace and hovel, on land and on sea, to proclaim the gospel of regeneration and of salvation. Whatever may have been the surroundings of Saul of Tarsus, and however they may have differed in architecture from those of the present day, the gospel which Saul was called to preach is a gospel needed now everywhere among all sorts and conditions of men and among all classes of society.



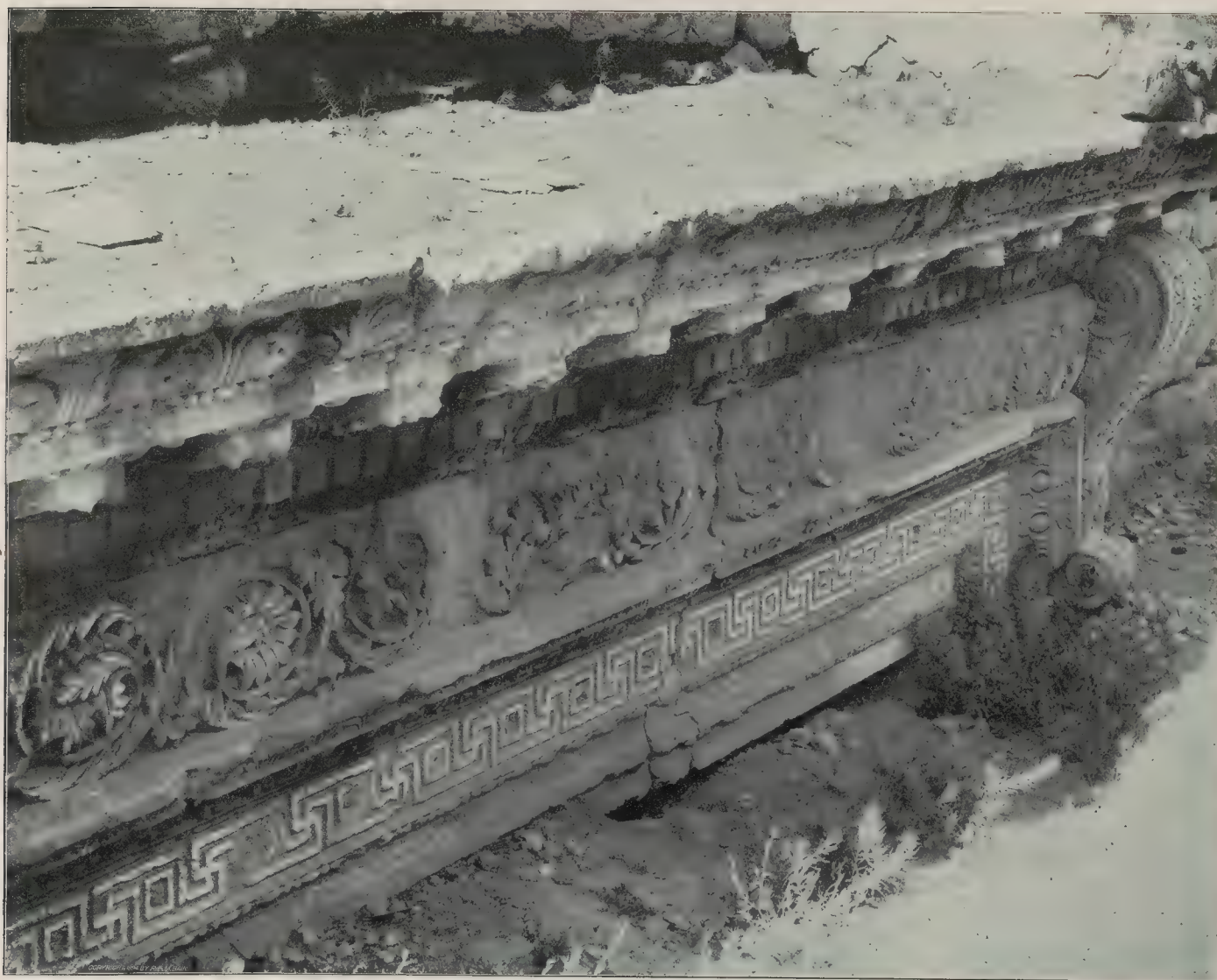
HOUSE OF ANANIAS, DAMASCUS.—If the pilgrim enter the city of Damascus at its eastern gate and follow the street that is called Straight to the first lane at his right, he will soon reach what the tradition calls the house of Ananias. It has been converted into a small church with a crypt and belongs to the Latins. The neighborhood is that of the Christian quarter, and has none of the signs of Oriental luxury. These are found in the Moslem and Jewish quarters. The Lord said to Ananias concerning Saul: "He hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight. Then Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to thy saints at Jerusalem."—Acts, ix: 12-13. Of course, it would be

interesting to know the precise place in which Ananias lived, and yet the knowledge of a specific locality can not add to the importance and impressiveness of an event itself. It would be satisfactory to identify the very house in which Ananias lived, but it is not likely that the house of Ananias was, as the ecclesiastical tradition now insists, a mere cave; and, therefore, the chapel which has been built over the cave does not necessarily commemorate the precise locality, while it does recall the important conversation which took place between the Lord and Ananias in his home. We have here a picture of the modern house, secured by our artist early in the morning of May 14, 1894. It is a pleasant view of a Roman Catholic chapel, with altar and pictures.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF ANANIAS.—This little chapel belonging to the Latins has been recovered from the fire and devastation of 1866, when thousands of unoffending Christians were murdered in Damascus alone by the Druses and Turkish soldiers aiding the Moslem population. Then the Christian quarter was a heap of ruins, and has never regained the importance it previously bore. The persecution of the true children of God will, perhaps, never cease entirely in the world until the civilization of the world becomes thoroughly Christian; until freedom of opinion and freedom of speech be guaranteed by the advance of Christian ideas. The true Christian pilgrim is in no way dependent upon traditional houses and tombs. He is content to know that Jesus walked beside Galilee, and sailed upon its waters, stilling its waves, and that Paul, converted by a stupendous miracle, at Damascus, walked on this street called

Straight, dumb, blind, childlike, to the house where another vision should be to him a Valley of Achor—a “door of hope;” while to Ananias, just around the corner in this narrow lane, perhaps the other half of the heavenly vision was unrolled. Was it only in other days that the infinite spirit spake to the spirit of man? Are there in our times no voices of conscience? no inner light? no assurance of hope? no witness of the spirit? no light in the darkness of our doubt and fear? Verily, if there be none of these things in the inner life of to-day, the old story of their manifestations in ancient times is of little avail to humanity. The picture of a fountain of flowing water can only tantalize the thirsty soul. For our present longing is there no divine provision? Verily, we may believe in the reality of divine guidance and testimony even now.



INSCRIPTION ON BRIDGE, GRAND MOSQUE, DAMASCUS.

— The Grand Mosque of Damascus is one of the most interesting buildings in the East. It is quadrangular in form, one hundred and sixty-three yards wide, by one hundred and eight yards long. A lofty wall of fine masonry surrounds it. A few years ago the building was almost destroyed by fire. One of the most wonderful things about this mosque is an inscription which is pointed out to the tourist. It runs over an arch in the second story. You can see even in this picture the Greek letters which form the following sentence: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." This is the Septuagint rendering of Psalms, cxlv: 13, with the simple addition of the name of Christ. What a curious inscription to find on a Moslem mosque! And yet, how true it is that the kingdom of Christ is an

everlasting kingdom. To-day the power of Mohammedanism is waning. The oriental systems—all of them—lose their luster in the presence of the shining of His name who is the light of the world. Stronger than ever is the scepter of Christ; more than ever are the thoughts of men turned toward the Christ; more fully than ever does the spirit of Christ enter into national administration and into social life. An "everlasting dominion!" It is surprising that Mohammedan fanaticism has allowed this remarkable inscription to remain here for more than twelve hundred years. The artist and one of the editors climbed to it by means of a ladder and saw it from the roof of the silversmiths' bazaar. The mosque was undoubtedly a Christian church. And before that, during the earliest centuries of the Christian era, it was probably a heathen temple. Thus the remains of the Christian profession pronounce a glorious fact to the sons of man in this present time.



PUBLIC SQUARE, DAMASCUS.—In the above view we have the leading public square in the city of Damascus. It contains the city prison. We see the Abana River flowing under the square, through great stone arches. The Victoria Hotel, at which we stopped in 1894, faced this square, and we were informed by our dragoman that the city prison within sight contained some five or six hundred prisoners, many of whom were incarcerated for very trifling offenses. The Turkish government as far as possible avoids bringing prisoners to trial, but keeps them "in durance vile" even to the day of death. Damascus was once the capital of the world from the Atlantic to the Bay of Bengal, but the vast empire went from her, and the city continued to flourish as before. It has ever been a city utterly incapable of defense. Nineveh,

Babylon and Memphis entirely conquered her; she probably preceded them and she has outlived them. She has been twice supplanted by Antioch, and she has seen Antioch decay; by Bagdad, and Bagdad is forgotten. Even here in the public square of the city we see Abana. As Dr. Smith has eloquently said: "Because this river, instead of wasting her waters saves them, and instead of slowly expanding them on the doubtful possibilities of a province lavishes all her life at once on a creation of a single great city and straightway disappears on the face of the desert—it is because of this that Damascus, so remote, and so defenseless, has endured through human history, and must endure." Thus is the river from the mountains a river of life to the city. The granite of the hills can not come down to make walls about the place, but the hills send down their waters and the city remains.



REVOLT IN PRISON, DAMASCUS.—On Wednesday, May 16th, 1894, the artist and one of the editors had just returned from a carriage drive to Dumar in the environs of Damascus. We were at dinner with fifteen or twenty French capitalists from Paris, in Syria at the time in the interest of their railroad from Beyrout to Damascus. Suddenly conversation ceased as we heard an awful and unearthly noise in front of the hotel. At once we all rushed to the front veranda in the second story of the Victoria Hotel. The public square in front was filled with people, and from the opening in the center of the city prison brickbats were being hurled, and from the top soldiers were shooting at the prisoners within. I had never before seen one man fire a gun at another. The multitudinous roar that came up from the five hundred

prisoners within seemed to be an expression of despair, starvation, and utter wretchedness. It was horrible; several were already killed and others were wounded. After an hour of fearful suspense the mutiny was quelled. The artist, always anxious to secure representations of strange scenes, had his camera hoisted upon the tripod almost instantly and was photographing the scene. One of the Frenchmen happened to observe him, and with the most violent and blood-curdling gestures informed him that if he was seen taking a photograph by the Turkish officers he would be in the prison himself in five minutes. It is needless to say the camera was soon lowered and put out of sight. We had secured two or three pictures, however, before the peril of the enterprise was recognized by the artist.



HOUSE OF NAAMAN THE LEPER, DAMASCUS.—Outside the east gate of the city of Damascus, on the banks of Abana, is the leper hospital, which tradition tells us occupies the site of Naaman's house. Naaman was commander-in-chief of the armies of Damascus. He was one of the greatest generals and greatest men of his age, but "he was a leper." In some warlike expedition he carried away a little Jewish maid, who became his slave. Amid his sufferings the little maid exclaimed, "Would God my lord were with the prophet [Elisha] that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." Naaman went, but Elisha did not condescend to see him. He simply sent him a message saying, "Go wash in the Jordan." The proud Damascene was indignant. He expected that the prophet would come out "and call on

the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" But Naaman obeyed and was cleansed. He washed in the river again and again—seven times, according to the divine command of the prophet—and, lo! healing came! The memory of Naaman clings to Damascus yet. Outside I have visited the lepers' hospital on the site of the house of Naaman, and when looking on its miserable inmates, all disfigured and mutilated by their loathsome disease, I could not wonder that the heart of the little Jewish captive was moved by her master's suffering. That child's voice still rings through the ages, and the rich man and the poor, the great and the lowly, may find health and gladness in the rivers of salvation!



FALLS OF THE ABANA, DAMASCUS.—On the 16th of May, 1894, early in the morning, the artist and one of the editors left Damascus by carriage, passed along the Beyrout road by the Abana River and reached a point about two miles from the city, where the above view was taken. You see a remarkable fig tree to the right of the picture, its roots under the water, clinging to the side of the cliff. The tree seems to have little hold upon the earth. It is almost completely sustained by the water which covers its roots. As Egypt is the gift of the Nile, so is Damascus the gift of the Abana. The chasm through which the river issues from the Anti-Lebanon is quite narrow. The lofty limestone cliffs on either side are jagged and precipitous. The foaming

river, the waving trees, the tall poplars, the exuberant vegetation, present a view unique as it is picturesque. The stream rushes rapidly through its stony channel, and, leaping over the rocks, is torn into a snow-white sheet of water and is at once hidden among luxuriant growths of shrubs and bushes. On it rushes to the broad plain just below, and there begins that network of water-courses for which Damascus is celebrated. The desert lies like a fortification around Damascus. The river is its life. Whatever road was followed in Saul's journey to Damascus over this desert under the burning sky, the impetuous Hebrew held his course full of the fiery zeal with which Isaiah traveled of yore on his mysterious errand through the same "wilderness of Damascus" and was refreshed by the same waters.



ROAD FROM BEYROUT TO DAMASCUS.—This is a scene taken from the point between Damascus and the falls we have just left. We are looking toward a ridge of Anti-Lebanon that slopes down toward the city. The Beyrout road, which connects Damascus with the sea, is one of the finest bits of road-making in the world. It was built by a French company about forty years ago. It is macadamized and is kept in as good repair as any street in any American city. The road is seventy miles long, passing over the Lebanon Mountains, and the "diligence" goes from Damascus over this road to Beyrout every day. The trip is made in thirteen hours. The horses are changed thirteen times. In addition to the "diligence" there passes to

and from Damascus every day a long train of covered wagons—a great freight train between Europe and Persia, Bagdad and Palmyra. The French Government had a contract with the Sultan of Turkey under which they controlled this road, but the contract expires within the next two years, and the same company is now building a railway from Beyrout to Baalbec and Damascus and over into the Hauran. By the time the grant of the Turkish Government to the French company expires the same company will have a railway under a new grant from the Sultan. Thousands of men were at work last May building bridges and cutting the railway roadbed through the mountains. One of the editors of this book rode from Damascus to Beyrout in 1863 on the first stage that made the trip in a single day.



COFFEE GARDEN, DUMMAR.—In going from Damascus to Dummār, a village near by, we move along the Abana, going through the village of Salahiyyeh, and in about an hour reach Dummār. Along this road, about midway up the ridge of the Anti-Lebanon, are the summer houses of wealthy citizens of Damascus. Many of these are very attractive and costly. It was on a bright morning that we took a carriage drive from Damascus to Dummār. The sky was clear and blue; the birds were singing from the rich foliage which lined the banks of the Abana; breezes from the snow-capped Lebanon blew from the west. In all our life we had not enjoyed a more exhilarating ride. Now and then we pass a Damascus merchant, with embroidered turban and flowing

robe, walking from his summer house into the city. Again we meet a mountain prince coming from his home among the Lebanons on a horse gayly trimmed with golden trappings. Here comes a Bedouin with dark face, a gun and spear hanging from his shoulder. Then again comes a Druse sheik in gorgeous array, with turban and heavy scimitar. Here comes a Kurdish shepherd with sheepskin cap. All these travelers are bound for the city. The coffee garden, of which we now catch a glimpse, is on the banks of the Abana. Here are chairs and tables under a wooden shelter, and the traveler may have black coffee and other refreshments while he listens to the roar of the waters, the hum of bees and the songs of birds.



DAM AT DUMMAR.—As the traveler approaches Damascus by the French road from Beyrout after miles of desert with no glimpse of tree or shrub, the road suddenly descends into the Barada and follows the river-side to the entrance of Damascus. The scenery could not present a greater contrast if there had been a change of worlds, from the bare, blistering, rocky upland to the cool, green gorge, where great trees crowd the river-side and dip their branches in the sparkling waters. We pass through the little group of villas called Dummar. The house of Ab'd el-Kader is seen on an eminence to the left. His name was before the public in the time of the war between the French and the Algerian Bedouins as the leader who was afterwards pensioned by the

French and consigned to the Damascus district. Here is a picturesque dam across the Barada made in primitive fashion, of logs and boulders. Trunks of trees floated down and were caught among the rocks in time of freshet, and now lift their gaunt arms the length of the dam and fret the waters that dash white among them. Just above the dam a rustic summer house has been built at the water's edge, and projects over it. Here the contemplative Mussulman may sit with his nargileh and smoke and dream to the murmur of the waters. Most of the trees which we see in this picture are young poplars. The scene is restful and one covets the privilege of a day's stroll in this charming retreat.



SUMMER HOUSE OF SHAMIAH.—Dummar is a very popular place of resort for the Damascenes. In this large public garden is a café. It is a white limestone structure, strictly oriental in all that pertains to it. From the cool, shaded porch a flight of stone steps leads to the Abana, which just here divides its waters, to carry life and refreshment to other parts of the garden. Here road and river are flecked with sunlight leading to avenues of deeper shade. "The café with its fountains, the orange, citron and lemon trees, rose-bushes, tall jessamine, vines and blooming shrubs, its open levans, spacious and lofty rooms on the ground floor and smaller ones above, verandas and projecting balconies, transfer us into the land of oriental story and

amid the scenes of the Arabian Nights." Damascus is famous above all Syrian cities for its cafés and the eminently oriental appearance of the crowds which gather in them. This summer house is a resort of wealthy Jews of Damascus, who claim to be the descendants of its ancient Hebrew inhabitants, and they have perpetuated their language and religion, their customs and their manners and costumes from the time of David to the present day. And where are they not—these Hebrews from the early ages? They fill the cities of the Occident and of the Orient. They hold the gold of all lands in their coffers. What of the Hebrews' future?



BRIDGE AT DUMMAR.—Here is a fine bridge across the Abana built by the French company owning the road between Beyrout and Damascus. The masonry of this bridge gives us some idea of the character of the work in this famous French turnpike. The stone pillars are wide and strong and are built to stand for ages, in complete contrast with the work of the natives. The Damascenes have no public spirit, no enterprise, and their architecture is of a temporary character. They live for the present and think little of the future. The French have introduced their civilization in this part of Syria to such a great extent that one will not be surprised at their ultimate occupation of the country. French capitalists and French engineers were at Damascus at the same

hotel with us. There were twenty-five or thirty of them, accompanied by a high official from Constantinople. They were holding conferences and making excursions into the country, getting ready to continue their railroad from Damascus still further into the Sultan's dominion. The French are a polite and adroit people, and seem to understand better than any other nationality the disposition of the Turk. In the picture above we are looking to the northwest. This bridge was built about forty years ago for the Beyrout road, which we have already described. What the French have done for Syria, the English are doing for Egypt. And better is this for both than that Turkey should continue to hold sway.



ABANA RIVER AT TOLL-GATE, DAMASCUS.—Here we stand at the foot of Anti-Lebanon. The rocks of that great mountain rise up directly from the river bank. Three Damascus merchants, in their flowing robes, are standing at the end of the little bridge which here crosses the river. The bridge itself is in sharp contrast with the work of the French. This is about a mile from the city of Damascus. The picture of the Damascus merchant strolling out of the city and now going back over this frail bridge brings us into contact with the every-day life of the people. Their customs are to them as rational as ours; their costumes are far more graceful and convenient. They manage in their own way their business enterprises. They seem, in a

way, to enjoy the beauty of nature. They have their families on which they lavish affection as we do. As with us, so with them, life is made up of a series of experiences reaching through days and weeks and years. They live, they meet difficulties, they suffer, they endure, they dream of the future, they experience the pangs of conscience, and have, in their own way and under their own religious theories, a way of comforting themselves in the time of their sorrow. Looking up, they trust in their God; looking forward, they hope for a better estate in the life to come; and while unlike us in so many ways of life, they belong to the same family, are redeemed by the same Savior, and multitudes of them will no doubt come through His grace into the same blessed abode toward which we look with faith and longing.



DAM, ABANA RIVER.—Here we have another of the crude dams built by the natives for the purpose of turning part of the Abana River into some other channel to water some other part of the plain of Damascus. This view is taken from the Beyrout road. We are looking toward the north. We see groups of slender poplar trees to the right of the picture with a spur of the Anti-Lebanon rising beyond them. The Nile is said to be larger at its source than at its mouth, because the waters of the Nile are diverted from the main stream for the purpose of irrigation, so that it becomes smaller and smaller as it extends toward the sea. The same is true of the Abana. The artificial canals which are cut at different places along its banks to water the

country round about make constant levies upon its waters. The largest canal leaving the Abana is from above Damascus. It runs along the hills northward and is said to pass Tadmor in the wilderness. This channel is seven feet wide and three feet deep. The second channel, which is about twelve feet wide, Torah, leaves the main stream below Dummar. The natives know so little about these rivers that they have confused some of these channels running from the Abana with the celebrated Pharpar. This is their error. It is to Abana that Damascus is indebted for its water supply, and therefore for its very existence. It is from the River of Life which flows from Mount Zion and Mount Calvary that the race gains strength and by which the world is yet to become as the garden of the Lord,



COFFEE GARDEN, ABANA RIVER.—Coffee is the national drink of the Moslems as beer is of the Germans, wine of the French and pulque of the Mexicans. Let us visit an oriental coffee garden. This view is within the walls of Damascus. Here groups of natives will always be found in the afternoon sipping from small cups of black coffee and smoking either cigarettes or nargileh pipes. The city is filled with coffee gardens, which are shaded by beautiful trees and adorned by flowering shrubs. Large rose-bushes grow in all of them, and from these gardens the roses are taken which make the famous attar of roses. In daylight these gardens have a half wretched look, but at night they are like scenes of the Arabian Nights. One writer

says: "A hundred miniature lamps of every form and color glimmer among the branches of trees above fountains and long balustrades reflected in the river below. Turbanned heads and venerable beards loom dimly through clouds of smoke; and here probably on some elevated branch a story-teller is perched reciting, as an oriental only can recite, one of the tales of Antar, or some legend equally ancient, to a crowd of eager listeners." The special charm of Damascus is in its abundant supply of water. Fountains, streams, reservoirs, rills and basins are found in every quarter. They constitute one of the principal attractions of the gardens themselves. The people who throng here for rest and refreshment are seen sitting under the trees, sipping coffee, eating luscious fruit and inhaling fragrant timbak from their nargilehs.



SUPHANIEH, DAMASCUS.—This is a little village in Damascus, toward the northern suburb. Josephus quotes from the historian Nicholaus of Damascus the saying: "Abraham remained at Damascus, being a foreigner who came with an army out of the land above Babylon called the land of the Chaldeans, but after a long time he got up and removed from that country also with his people and went unto the land they call the land of Canaan, but now the land of Judea, and thus when his posterity would become a multitude, as to which posterity of his we relate their history in another work. Now the name of Abraham is still famous in the country of Damascus, and there is shown a village named from him the 'Habitation of Abraham.'" Another mention is made of Damascus in the Bible in connection with David, II. Samuel, viii: 3-6.

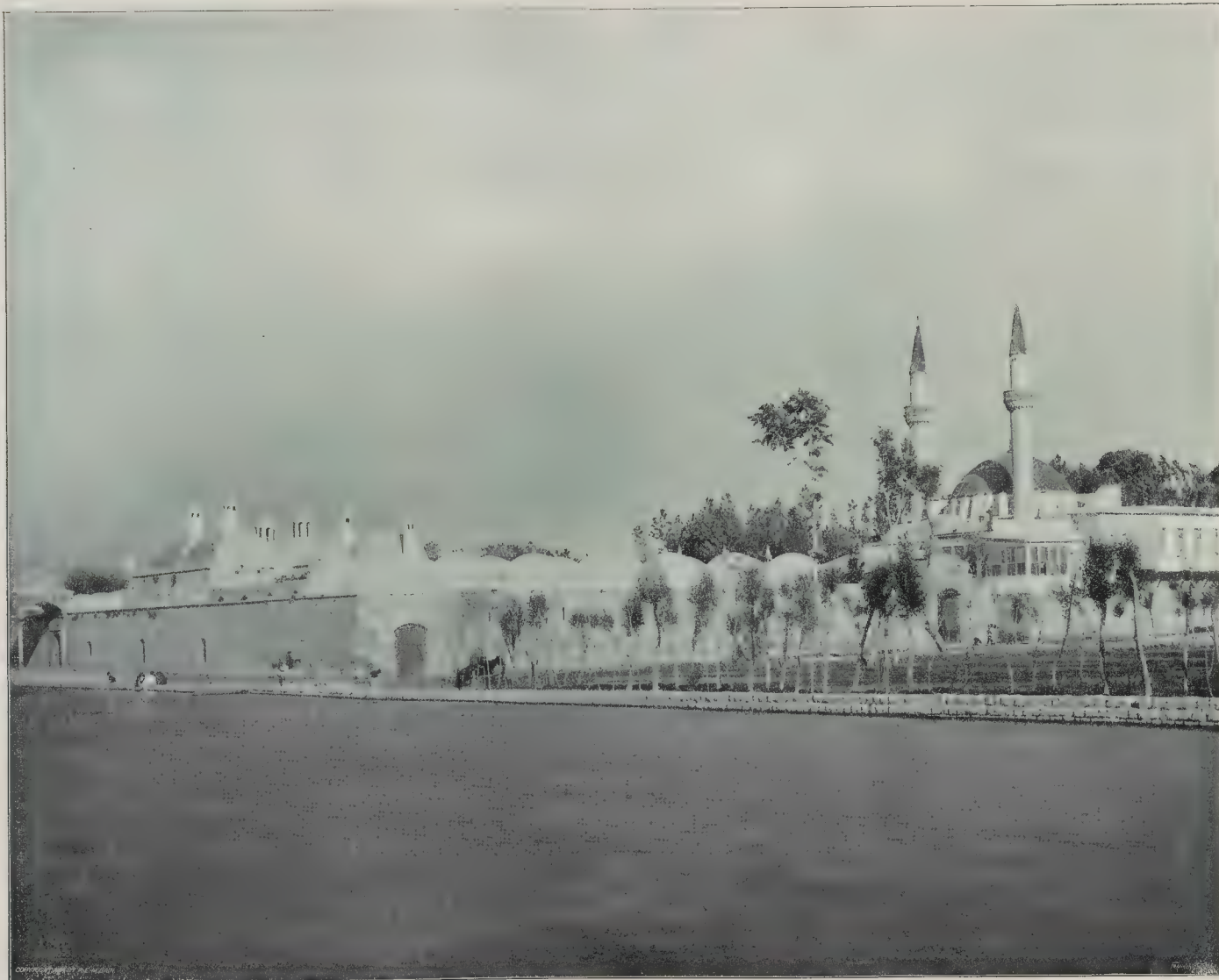
Benhadad was one of the great rulers of Damascus. Elijah went from the desert of Sinai to Damascus to anoint Hazael king. Thus Damascus reaches in its historic relations far back to the earliest times. When the writer of this note was in Damascus he urged a young Moslem on whom he was calling to come to America and settle down and make his fortune and end his days in that land of progress. When these overtures were translated to the young fellow's mother, who sat veiled on a divan near by, she lifted up her hands in surprise and indignation and said: "What! my son leave Damascus, the mother of the whole earth!" Certainly the Damascenes have some reason for being proud of this beautiful pearl by the waters and under the heights of Anti-Lebanon.



SUPHANIEH, DAMASCUS.—Passing through Bab Tuma, or gate of St. Thomas, at the northeast angle of the city wall, and proceeding eastward a short distance, we find a collection of tombs clustered together in a white-domed building, where rest the remains of the famous Sheik Arlan, a poet of the time of Mured Din. If we go through the gate of the tomb eastward a few minutes' walk will bring us to Suphanieh Garden. The scenery here is beautiful beyond description. You almost fancy that you tread on enchanted ground, the cool waters of the Abana gurgling and glistening on their way, while overhead the branches of the trees interlace and cast flickering shadows below. You can truly say with the poet:

"This region surely is not of earth;
Was it not dropped from heaven?"

The drooping branches touching the cool water, the bee in the brier rose, the wind in the poplar, all this labyrinth of leafage so lavish "checkering the sunshine," make the place enchanting. Near this is the road leading to the Jobar. "It is a sweet, quiet ride," says Porter; "the winding lanes are shaded by the spreading boughs of magnificent walnuts and lined with blooming orchards." Jobar is a favorite resort of wealthy Jews. It is their park and their café. There they spend their long afternoons, often the entire night, under boughs of vine and jessamine.



MILITARY MOSQUE, DAMASCUS.—The military mosque in Damascus is on the road leading from Jerusalem through the gate in the west wall. It is a combination of barrack and place of worship. Here the soldiers mingle thoughts of warfare with exercises of devotion to their God. The religion of the Moslem does not beget thoughts of good will and charity. Devotion to God has too little influence upon their morals. Mohammedanism is thought by many who have studied it well to be but organized sensualism. Its subjects move languidly from the harem to the bath and from the bath to the mosque. Of course, in this great system of religion there are men with broader views than the average Moslem, who interpret more

liberally its teachings, and who look with innate sympathy toward their neighbors of another faith, ready to recognize whatever good may be found in them. The old saying is a true saying: "Good in all, and none all good." We are taught by a thousand teachers who do not belong to the peculiar faith or sect with which we are connected; the broad heavens and the glorious sun teach us; the impulses of our humanity teach us; the great sages of all faiths and of all times have given expression to sentiments which belong equally to the race and to every century, and above our narrow limits we can all rise to some lofty altitude from which we see how slight are the lines which divide men, and how souls bent on the service of men and the glory of God do come together into a blessed and beautiful brotherhood.



SHEIK ISLAM, DAMASCUS. The gardens of Damascus are the paradise of the Arabian world. "It is not expected," says Dr. Smith, "that Westerners should feel the charm of the waters of Damascus as the desert Bedouin does." Coneybear, in his "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," says: "Damascus for miles around is a wilderness of gardens, wild roses among beautiful shrubbery, with fruit on the branches overhead. Everywhere among the trees the murmur of unseen rivulets is heard. Even in the city, which is in the midst of the garden, the clear rushing of the current is a perpetual refreshment." In St. Paul's day there were no cupolas and no minarets. Justinian had not built St. Sophia and the Khalifs had erected no mosque, but the white

buildings gleamed then as now in the midst of a verdant, incomparable paradise of gardens. The garden we see above is in the open court of the residence of the Sheik Islam. Passing along on the street, nothing on the outside would indicate the beauty within. We made inquiry if the sheik would permit us to enter and take a picture of his garden. He granted our request. He was sitting on the veranda looking out on the fountain. A little girl was playing among the flowers and a dog was quietly resting beside the little lakelet in which the large roses were mirrored. A lovely picture it was at the time, hugely enjoyed by artist and writer, and a source of genuine pleasure when reviewed through the power of the photographic art.



COFFEE GARDEN, DAMASCUS.—This is a scene taken by our artist in another of the numerous coffee gardens of Damascus. The women whom we see are Christians. This is manifest from the fact that their faces are uncovered. It is not thought out of place at all in Damascus for the women to smoke. Even Christian women do that. There is now in the city of Damascus a population, according to recent good authority, of one hundred and eighty thousand. Twenty thousand of these are Christians, eight thousand Jews and the rest Mohammedans. This large majority is not as fanatical as it was thirty years ago. The influence of the French and of foreigners who visit the city every year is gradually tending to give the natives a better opinion of

the Christians. The influence of trade is also felt. More and more is Damascus coming to be a center of trade. We have here a specimen of the nargileh, of which we speak so often. Through its amber mouthpiece the smoke passes into the mouth from a cup on the top, where the tobacco is lighted by a coal of fire, through the perfumed water in the bulb below, and is very palatable. How finely these trees reach over toward the river! Refreshments in Damascus are not confined to cafés and gardens, numerous as these places are in the city. In these places one hears oriental music—curious instruments, bursts of song, a violin, flutes, tambourine, kettle-drum, a harp, and sometimes castanets are added. But these people know nothing of harmony.



GOVERNMENT CAFÉ, DAMASCUS.—We saw the military mosque where the soldiers pray and drill. In this picture we see the café on the banks of the Abana where the soldiers lunch and sip coffee and smoke. One would suppose from the number of cafés that the people do little else than smoke and drink. In truth, a large part of their time is spent in this way. Every house or shop is a sort of drinking place. Upon entering a carpet or silk shop one of the first questions the proprietor asks the customer is if he will have coffee. Until coffee is brought and served no attempt is made to strike a bargain. This government café is perhaps the largest and best furnished in Damascus. In connection with the coffee and nargileh pipe

kept at this place we find a great variety of sweets, candies, jellies, etc., and there is no candy in the world so sweet and highly flavored as are the candies of Damascus. This place presents an extraordinary spectacle when the caravans and pilgrims are about to take their departure for Mecca. Would you make acquaintance with the descendants of Ishmael? They can be seen in every coffee house, with their sharp features and swarthy skin. Their lithe and slender figures, clad in simple but primitive garments, resemble very much those of Abraham and those of his household when sojourning in this vicinity. Would you see a veritable habitation of the Hebrew? You will find groups of them in the Jewish quarter. The old world and the old life are still to be found in Damascus.



THE PALMYRA ROAD.—The broad, well-paved road running from the gateway of St. Thomas is the great caravan route to Palmyra. We drove out a little way on this road, and the view above was secured by our artist soon after leaving the Damascus wall. It is a four days' trip from Damascus to Palmyra, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles—a tedious journey, and usually made on camels. It is also attended with considerable peril, for the road lies across a dreary desert infested by Bedouin Arabs of a peculiarly vicious tribe. Before long, however, travelers can go from Damascus to Palmyra by railway. Already cars are running seventy-five miles beyond Damascus into the Hauran, and soon the line will swing northeastward to Palmyra, which is

one of the gems of Syria. No ruins in the country can compare with those found in this city of Zenobia. The well-shaded road leading toward Palmyra from Damascus is sometimes called the Aleppo road, and opens at length into fields bright with wild flowers. The traveler will see the black tents, the famous mares and the vast flocks of camels of the Arabs; he can hear their music, their gossip, their tales of love and war; he may study their customs, their domestic economy, their mode of life. One sometimes wonders how far the Occidental civilization brought into the heart of the Orient will affect the sons of the desert. Verily, it can do little permanent good unless accompanied by the simple Gospel of His grace who at the first reached the Occident from the Orient and made us what we are.



MILL ON JERUSALEM ROAD, DAMASCUS.—The old Jerusalem road from the Holy City to Damascus is but little traveled and is neither safe nor interesting. Between the shore of the Sea of Galilee and the plain of Damascus we pass but one inhabited village. While we are not able to identify the spot of Saul's conversion, the scenery of plain, mountain, river and sky is substantially unaltered. Near this sacred spot is this old mill in the suburbs of Damascus. The artist and his associate reached Damascus after a hot ride through the desert. We started from Beitima, about twenty miles from Damascus, at three o'clock in the morning. The stars deep and thick filled the Syrian sky. Our path was narrow and rough. The dragoman forbade us talking until the sun was up. He said, if robbers were lying in wait and heard

horses' hoofs and no talking, they would assume that the party was composed of soldiers and would not attack us; but the voices of foreigners would expose us to robbery, and possibly death. Such warning guaranteed perfect silence. The way for ten miles south of Damascus was extremely dusty and the weather hot. We were glad enough to see the gardens and the waters of the city, and we stood for a time in sight of this old mill on the edge of the city of Damascus. Travelers on this road are likely to see a string of camels bearing wheat of Auranitis, Bedouin cavaliers from the eastern deserts armed with long lances; and peasants driving their yokes of oxen with sharp goads. These goads illustrate Jesus' words to Saul when he appeared near this very spot: "It is hard for thee to kick against the goads."



MILITARY ROAD, DAMASCUS.—In 1516 A. D. Damascus was taken by the Turks, and it has belonged to them since that time with the exception of a few years when it belonged to the Pasha of Egypt. All military authority belongs to the Turks. This is the principal garrison of Syria. The road we see is called the military road because the soldiers use it to exercise their horses. It runs along one of the channels of the Abana River. The walls along the way are of old brick; beautiful trees overhang; and here is a very old plane tree whose branches have for centuries shaded the street along which Abraham perhaps wended his way while he was ruler of Damascus. The soldiers to-day may be seen riding along this road at almost all hours mounted on good Arab horses, and it must be confessed that foreigners are not sorry

to see plenty of these protectors. Peace is kept here only by force. The people are ignorant and fanatical, and are conceited enough to imagine themselves superior to all the rest of the world. Their religious convictions have no tendency to abate their belligerent nature. Without the slightest twinge of conscience they could at any time rise and rob and murder all the foreigners. The Turkish soldiers, therefore, represent whatever of law and western civilization there may be in the present government. The Syrians despise the Turks, and it is only by the presence of the army that the Sultan keeps the natives under the dominion of Constantinople. Roman road-making was actively going on at the time of Saul's visit to Damascus and it is probable that the persecutor entered Damascus by the way of the Merj and the military road.



STREET OF GOD, DAMASCUS.—In the streets of Damascus every Eastern nation and tribe have their representatives. Damascus merchants with flowing robe and embroidered turban; Turkish effendis decked in a caricature of Frank costume badly made and worse put on; mountain princes trotting along in crimson jackets covered with gold embroidery; Bedouins, spare in form and dark in visage, their piercing eyes glancing stealthily on all who meet them; Druse sheiks arrayed gorgeously in silk robes interwoven with thread of gold, and turban of white; Kurdish shepherds in sheepskin caps; stately Persians with long white robes and flowing beards—these are the classes one is likely to see in the vicinity of the bazaars—"a perpetual banquet of

color." In the center of the city the houses bear evidence of thrift and cleanliness. There is an extensive suburb on the south side of the city through which a broad street runs, and at its extremity what is called the "Gate of God," by which the pilgrim caravan leaves and enters the city in state every year. Many of the leading streets to Damascus are covered, but this one is open. The uninviting exterior of the houses is not to be taken as an indication of their interior furnishing and decoration. The Damascenes care little for the outward appearance of their houses, but within flowers grow in profusion, fountains from the Abana play, and elegantly furnished reception rooms and parlors provide comfort and luxury for the inmates.



THE HANGMAN'S TREE, DAMASCUS.—This tree is one of the curiosities of the city. It grows not far from the public square in one of the crowded streets. It is a plane tree with deciduous palmate leaves and whitish bark. It is said that the plane tree was highly esteemed in ancient Greece, and that "the youth of Greece were accustomed to assemble under the shade of the plane tree in the groves of Academus to receive lessons in philosophy." The immense gnarled branches of this great plane tree bear the mark of hoary antiquity, and its trunk is nearly forty feet in circumference. It is not far from the citadel, and one of its branches has been used as a gallows for public execution. The cedar, the plane and the palm tree of the Lebanon and

the desert are justly celebrated, and it is to be regretted that in central and southern Palestine the palm and the plane have almost disappeared, though they were once the glory of Jericho and of other ancient cities. What a lesson the great plane tree of Damascus has preached here quite unheeded during all the centuries of its noble growth! It rises from these dirty streets and dingy houses into purer airs and sunny skies without a spot on its emerald garments or a distortion of its vigorous branches. It was in this way that Christianity began in the city of Damascus, and it has grown until its leaves cast their shadows over millions of human hearts, and from it descend both bloom and balm for the blessing of those who put themselves under its protecting influence.



FLOUR MILL, DAMASCUS.—This is in the northern part of the city. The waters we see are, of course, the waters of the Abana. Flour mills in Palestine, and throughout Syria, are primitive in their construction. The machinery will not bear a moment's comparison with that of the mills of Europe and America. As Cuvier was able to construct a fish if a single scale were furnished him, so a single mill in the Orient furnishes a clue to the character of Eastern civilization. The mills of Syria are parts of a larger whole. They represent a low and degraded civilization. But a higher type of social, civic, industrial and commercial life is gradually revealing itself under these oriental skies. The railroads which the French are building in Syria contradict all

the old-time ideas of the Syrians. It is a serious question whether the Moslem population can survive the introduction of these material facilities of Western civilization. They will die out as modern mills and railways, water-works, telegraphs and telephones come into their old land, and with these marks of improvement relating to the external man come the quickening, refining and strengthening influence and agencies of the whole Christian system, which is at the root of all Occidental progress. Christianity makes use of the resources of nature; it depends, as almost all other systems, on what is original and essential—the flowing waters of the Abana, the electrical energies present in the atmosphere, the fertility of the soil; but the new makes a wiser use of the old than did the old civilization.



○ **IL MILL, DAMASCUS.**—Damascus is famous for its culture of the olive. In the suburban gardens and groves we find olive trees in great abundance. The olive is of slow growth and bears no fruit until the seventh year, but it will continue to yield its fruit until extreme old age. For twenty generations the owner gathers fruit from the faithful old patriarch. The olive is the most prodigal of all fruit-bearing trees in flowers. It bends under the weight of them, but not one in a hundred comes to maturity. The tree casts them off as if they were of no more value than flakes of snow, which they closely resemble. In ancient times generally, and in some places at the present day, olives were ground into pulp in large stone basins by rolling a heavy stone wheel over them, and the oil was expressed in stone presses established near by. This method of getting the oil reminds one of Job's statement: "The rock poured out rivers of

oil." The above picture is of an oil mill in the suburbs of Damascus. People eat the pickled olive berry as a relish. It furnishes the oil for nearly all the cooking which is done in the East. There is an old saying: "When the oil fails the lamp in the dwelling of the poor expires." Early in the autumn the berries begin to drop by themselves or are shaken off by the wind. They are allowed to remain under the trees for some time guarded by the watchmen of the town; then a proclamation is made by the governor, and the owners of the olive trees gather the fallen berries. After this gathering by the owners the poor are permitted to glean all that they can, reminding us of the command: "When thou beatest thine olive tree thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the stranger, the fatherless and the widow."



TOMB OF SHEIK ISLAM, DAMASCUS.—The term "sheik," meaning elder or eldest, is a title of dignity belonging to the chiefs of the Arabian tribes. It is applied also to the head of the monastery among the Mohammedans. It is also the title of a religious person who preaches in the mosques. Customs do not change for thousands of years in these Eastern deserts. The same form of government by which the sheik could speak with authority has existed since the time of Abraham. The tomb of Sheikh Islam in Damascus is one of no ordinary character. The garden is inclosed by a high wall, and the approach carefully guarded. Within the inclosure are three structures with domes of masonry, the mausoleum of the saint being surmounted by a glittering crescent. The quiet seclusion of this place, in the northeastern part of

Damascus, is enhanced by its beautiful trees and flowering shrubs. As in all reverent religions, so among the Moslems, the dead, especially the dead who in life were distinguished by piety, are greatly honored. Between the theory which gives a spiritual value to relics and tombs and the delicate appreciation of departed merit there is a vast difference. The thoughtful and cultivated Christian whose faith is in God and the work of His Holy Spirit goes to these silent places of the dead to recall their virtues and to look forward to their reward and to the hoped for reunion of true souls in the kingdom eternal. This conception is the sanctification of the natural and human relationship, and is wholly freed from all taint of superstition.



ST. PAUL'S GATE.—Bab esh Sherki, the eastern gate of Damascus, is sometimes called St. Paul's Gate, as it is supposed that through it St. Paul, then called Saul, entered the street called Straight, and was led to the house of Judas. It is an ancient Roman portal, with three arches. The central and southern arches are now built up. The northern arch now in use is concealed by the Saracenic gate, at right angles to it. Immediately outside the gate we see a large tower which is said to have been erected in the early ages of Mohammedan rule. These battlements are surmounted by a tapering minaret. This picture was taken by our artist from outside of the wall, and the ground we see is said to have been the site of furnaces for the manufacture of those finely glazed and richly colored tiles and finished vessels for which Damascus was once

celebrated. If one has courage enough to ascend the dilapidated stairway of the tower in sight, a fine view of the city and its surroundings may be obtained. There must have been quite a collection of Jews in Damascus at the time of Saul's arrival with his commission from the high priests, and they probably occupied this part of the city. It has since been known as the "Christian quarter," and was prosperous and well built before the cruel massacre and devastation of 1860. Damascus was the city of Saul's spiritual change. Here he was brought out of darkness into light; here his wrath and hate were changed to love and mercy. Beyond this gate he went out into the Arabian desert, leaving a paradise behind him, that he might "endure hardness as a good soldier," and be trained for his spiritual warfare by the Lord alone.



PLACE WHERE ST. PAUL WAS LET DOWN.—Paul was not destined to be the evangelist of the East. His retirement in Arabia was not of long continuance. The time from his conversion to his final departure from Damascus is said not to have exceeded three years. Meanwhile, he had returned to Damascus, preaching boldly in the name of Jesus. The Jews, being no longer able to meet him in controversy, resolved to assassinate him. All due precautions were taken to evade the danger, for Saul had become acquainted with the conspiracy. The Jews watched the gates of Damascus to waylay and destroy Saul. The church continued in prayer for him. In the night from some overhanging house he was let down from a window in a basket. Along the southeast angle of the wall of Damascus is Bab Kisan—a

gate which has been walled up for many centuries, and the wall has been rebuilt several times. Monkish tradition still points to the wall between the round tower and the gate west of it as the place from which Saul was let down at the time of his escape from the hands of the governor. The monks have recently located in this vicinity the spot where Saul was converted. In front of this gate is a tomb, said to be that of St. George, who aided the apostle in his flight. The walls of the old city could not contain the apostle; the enemies who had the open gates watched day and night could not arrest and slay him, because he had a mission beyond Damascus, beyond Jerusalem, beyond Antioch, beyond Ephesus, beyond Macedonia, beyond Athens and Corinth; for in the city of Rome itself he was destined to proclaim the Gospel of the crucified Nazarene.



THE WALLS OF TIBERIAS.—It was during the third year from the time of Saul's conversion that he left Damascus by flight to make his way to Jerusalem. "Then after three years I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days."—Galatians, i: 18. Damascus at this time belonged to the king of Petra, and Aretas was king. To conciliate the Jews, it is supposed by Lewin, he had invested their council and chief officers, called the ethnarchs, with supreme power over their own people. So it is thought a charge was made against Saul to the ethnarch, and he, as the representative of the Jewish nation, issued the warrant by which he was to be apprehended. It is not known by what route Saul returned to Jerusalem. The most direct would have led him by way of the Sea of Galilee, where Tiberius lived—the king of the Galilean province. At the time St. Paul passed here—A. D. 39—the city

represented the Roman Empire, then in control of the world. St. Paul represented the crucified King of the eternal kingdom to be. We have before us a glimpse of the broken walls of that representative Roman city. It is in ruins now—symbol of the broken power which sought to destroy the uprising Kingdom of God. War, pestilence, storm, earthquake, have rent the wall and practically prostrated the old Roman center. The warm fountains and the frequent earthquakes show that the elements of destruction are still at work beneath the surface. It is a city without a future, and the memories that hallow it are memories not of the Roman king, his palace and his power, but of the gentle and mighty Messiah who preached by the seaside and wrought His wonders on its waters and among the people who lived about it.



FOUNTAIN OF JOAB.—With Saul we draw near to Jerusalem. He came to see Peter and other representatives of the church he had persecuted. "And when Saul was come to Jerusalem he assayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus. And he was with them coming in and going out of Jerusalem. And he spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus, and disputed against the Grecians: but they went about to slay him."—Acts, ix: 26-29. It is thought that St. Paul reached Jerusalem A. D. 39, just before the

feast of tabernacles, which came that year on the 21st of September. While in Jerusalem he was the guest of Simon Peter. During the feast of tabernacles Jerusalem was filled with strangers from all parts of the world: "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes."—Acts, ii: 9-10. Saul was a Hellenist in language, learning and culture, and thus a dispute with the Hellenists was inevitable. We give as an illustration to connect with Jerusalem this visit of Saul, another view of the fountain of Joab. A fountain of purer water had been opened in Jerusalem by the Christ who gave to men the waters of life.



SIDON FROM THE SEA.—Saida, the modern representative of Sidon, is situated on the northwestern slope of the little promontory which projects obliquely into the sea. Sidon is not only the most ancient city of Phœnicia, but one of the most ancient cities of the world, being mentioned in the book of Genesis. According to Josephus, it was founded by Sidon, the oldest son of Canaan and great-grandson of Noah. Homer celebrates it in the *Iliad*. The town now contains few attractions. The harbor is interesting. At the northeast end of the town a bridge with eight arches crosses to the small island of Kal' - at el Behr, where are the ruins of the castle of the thirteenth

century. Tristram calls Sidon "The cradle of the world's commerce, the mother of Tyre." As soon as Paul's brethren learned of the plot to kill him they brought him down to Caesarea and sent him forth to Tarsus. Paul, in speaking of this journey, says: "I came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia."—Galatians, i: 21. It is thought by many scholars that on this trip Paul visited Sidon, where he formed friendships afterwards referred to in Acts, xxvii: 3. The pride of Sidon is its magnificent gardens. Silk and fruit are its staple products. Beyond the town, green plain and the lower spurs tower the snowy peaks of Lebanon.



SEACOAST, BEYROUT.—If St. Paul went by sea all the way to the port of Tarsus, he passed perhaps near or in sight of Beyrouth, and if he went all the way by land he doubtless, in following the coast road, would pass through Beyrouth. At that time, A. D. 39, Beyrouth must have been a town of some note. It is now the most important commercial town in Syria and the situation is exceedingly beautiful. The rosy tint of the mountains contrasting with the deep blue of the sea presents a most picturesque scene by evening light. Beyrouth is the old Berytus of the Greeks and Romans. The first historical notice dates as far back as 140 B. C. In the above picture we are look-

ing southward, the mountains of the Lebanon lying to the right. The artist and one of the editors reached the city from Damascus on Friday, the 18th of May, 1894. We had the good fortune to fall into the hands of our American consul, the Hon. Thomas R. Gibson, at Beyrouth. He rendered us great service. Upon landing from the sea at Beyrouth the traveler enters upon a bustling scene and a Babel of tongues falls upon his ear. Numbers of boats with fantastically dressed occupants dance upon the waves round our vessel; scores of porters shout their deep gutturals into the ears of impotent travelers as if an excess of sound would render their tongue intelligible.



FISHERMEN'S HOUSES, BEYROUT.—Beyrouth was celebrated in the third century as a seat of learning. Students flocked to her from all parts of the known world. It is said that Gregory Thaumaturgus even passed by Athens and Alexandria to study law at this place. It continued to be a seat of learning until the year 551, when the city was destroyed by an earthquake. It is now the most modern looking city in the East and contains a population of one hundred and ten thousand. The European appearance which Beyrouth presents and its prosperity are entirely owing to the foreign influence. The principal article of export is raw silk, and Lebanon is in fact

becoming one vast mulberry plantation. Fishing has become one of its chief industries, and its bay is just such a harbor as fishermen appreciate and delight in. The fisheries are extensive and profitable. The Syrian Protestant College, established many years ago by the Presbyterians, has been one of the most important factors in the prosperity of this Syrian city. Cultivated and earnest men have devoted themselves with marvelous diligence, ability and fidelity to the work of educating the young Syrians, especially from the mountains of Lebanon, who have come to them. Teachers, ministers, business men, are now scattered all through Syria and Asia Minor, the products of this admirable institution of learning.



CANDY-SELLER, BEYROUT.—The sweetmeats and the candies of Syria are famous. In the above view we see how they are distributed. In a large tray the peddler carries the candy on his head. When he sees a chance to sell his wares he puts down the framework which you see on his arm and at once begins business. If trade is not sufficiently brisk he finds it a very easy matter to move again, calling out meanwhile to the crowd the kinds, qualities and delight of the sweet things he would sell them. In passing through the crowded streets and bazaars of this semi-European and semi-Oriental town it is both interesting and amusing to notice the number and variety of the street cries from the bread-sellers, the candy-sellers and the carriers of

water, whose occupation is one of slavish toil, sometimes carrying as they do a water bottle made out of the whole skin of an ox. The shrill cries of warning uttered, now in front, now behind, now on this side, now on that, all combine to make a Babel of discordant sounds; and yet, what a perfect paradise for the artist, the relic-hunter or the antiquarian! The bread-seller cries "Ya karim! Ya karim!" which is not the name for the bread, but which implies "Gift of the bountiful one." The water-carrier, jingling his copper saucer to attract attention, cries "Ishrub ya 'atshân! Ishrub ya 'atshân!" the meaning of which is "Drink, O thirsty."



FALLS OF BEYROUT.—This beautiful waterfall is several miles up the bay from the city of Beyroul. Through the kindness of our American consul we had the pleasure of a ride to this place through the mulberry orchards planted for the silk industry of Beyroul. It is a place of public resort. You find the crowd with the Oriental narghieh pipe and a drink lasting something like a mixture of camphor and peppermint. This picture was taken the afternoon of May 19, 1894. The main permanent source of the Beyroul River (nahr Beirut, the classical Magoras) is a remitting fountain in the bed of the stream below Dair el Killa'h. The river drains a portion of the plain and that magnificent sweep of lofty

mountains including Jebel Kensisah and Shunh—a wild and woody region abounding in scenery of great natural beauty. At certain seasons of the year the amount of water is very small, but in the rainy season the shallow stream is swollen to a broad and turbid river, sweeping everything before it and giving to the water of the bay for miles out to sea a partly reddish color. This same cool mountain stream which falls over natural rocks and rushes through shady glens was once the supply of water for the ancient aqueduct which was designed to carry the water to the highest terraces in the suburbs of Beyroul. These waters conducted to the city brighten and fertilize the fields of mulberry, the vineyards and the olive groves of Beyroul.



THE DOG RIVER, BEYROUT.—On the 29th of May, 1894, the American consul at Beyrouth, the Hon. Thomas R. Gibson, of Augusta, Ga., called for the artist and the editor of this volume, who accompanied him through the East that year, and took them by carriage to Dog River, now known as the Nahr el-Kelb, the same as the ancient Lycus. The road over which we passed follows the windings of the bay northward. We saw on our ride the church of St. Elias, said to be the oldest place of Christian worship in existence. After a ride of about six miles we reached the river. On the way we also saw the famous water-works which supply Beyrouth with water from the snows of Lebanon. The works are operated by an English company. The Dog River is

a large stream, flowing with great rapidity. It has its sources in the Mount Jebel Sunnin. It enters the sea between rugged, steep and lofty precipices about seven miles to the north-east of Beyrouth. The scenery of this mountain gorge is romantic and impressive. The mountains extend out to the sea, so that on the north there is only a narrow, rocky passage along the shore, while on the south the ramparts jut out still further, and an ancient artificial road six feet in breadth is hewn in the rock, sometimes fifty feet above the water, for the distance of a mile. There are many curious inscriptions cut into the solid rock on tablets indicating the successive administration of Egyptian and Syrian dynasties.



THE BAY OF ST. GEORGE.— We have in the above picture our last view of the bay of St. George, around which stands the ancient and lovely city of Beyrout. We see gardens, houses, the peaceful bay, the shipping and the coast range of Lebanon. This bay is called after St. George, concerning whom there are legends and legends. The old story of St. George and the dragon is familiar to all. Tradition says that near this the dragon was killed, and that afterwards St. George washed his hands in the waters of the bay. There is a poetic charm in these bays that let themselves into the shore, making the wider sea accessible, and receiving the contributions of streams from the valleys and the mountains. With our artist, we left this beautiful and most modern city of Syria on the 20th of May, 1894. We had great difficulty in getting through the

custom house our boxes of glass plates used in the camera during our oriental journey. The Turkish officials insisted upon opening them, fearing, as they said, that we might be attempting to take ancient relics out of the country, which the Turkish law most emphatically prohibits. Our genial and accommodating American consul made use of his fullest influence, corroborating the declarations of our dragoman, and, with the help of such financial contribution as we were ready to add, succeeded in persuading the custom-house officials to permit our negatives to pass. Mr. Gibson accompanied us to the steamer, and assured us, as he said good-by, that the American flag would be floating in our honor from the consulate as we bade adieu to the shores of Syria.



VATHY, ISLAND OF SAMOS.—When St. Paul was sent from Jerusalem to Tarsus, Barnabas came from Antioch and brought him to that city, and from Antioch he made his first missionary journey. Barnabas and Paul sailed from Seleucia to Cyprus, from thence to Paphos and to Perga in Pamphylia, to Antioch in Pisidia, and to Iconium, thence to Lystra and Derbe, and then to Lycaonia. They introduced the Gospel into Asia Minor and returned to Antioch. We shall not attempt to follow the apostle in the strict geographical order of his missionary journeys, but will give illustrations of places in Asia Minor without reference to the exact chronological or geographical order of their introduction in the New Testament narrative. Our first view is a picture of Vathy, an important city of Samos. St. Paul was here on his third missionary

journey. The above picture was taken Tuesday, May 22, 1894. A voyage among the Aegean Islands on a French steamer in the month of May is sufficient reward for a whole lifetime of toil. To sail by Chalce and Syme, Telos and Nisyros, Cos and Patmos, Kalymnos and Leros, Astypatæa and Chios, each with its history and legend, its romance and its hero, is adequate compensation for whatever else one may lack on this earth. These isles, sprinkled through the sea, treeless and bare, but lying in the depths of a soft, genial atmosphere, to whose tender embrace they respond with a purple hue, speak to us of Homer and Apelles and Hippocrates and Pythagoras. The homes once of luxury and refinement, and art and literature, and great men, they are now but the lonely and dismantled monuments of a glorious past.



TAKING FREIGHT AT VATHY, SAMOS.—Samos is an island of the Aegean Sea. It is eighty-seven miles in circumference and is noted as being the birthplace of Pythagoras. When Xerxes invaded Europe the people of Samos assisted the Greeks, and were finally brought themselves under the power of Athens, after a revolt in the days of Pericles, B. C. 447. Vathy itself is an important shipping town. Its wine is widely celebrated and is very cheap. The city is well built and clean, and the people are thrifty. Greek ideas and influence predominate. The language of the majority of the people is Greek. The writer was sitting under one of the store awnings near the landing, when two bright boys passed by on their way from school. They stopped for a moment to look at the stranger. I asked one of the boys what book he

was studying. He did not quite understand me, but handed a book to me. I found that the book was half English and half Greek, arranged in parallel columns. The boys asked me in broken English to read the English column. Finding that I could read English, they remained with me for nearly an hour, urging me to go over several pages so that they could get my pronunciation. There is something significant in the fact that the boys of the East are engaged in the study of the English language. Thus the way is being prepared for English civilization, and, we trust, for a larger degree of English power in the Levant. The above picture was taken on the 22d of May, 1894. There is much life in the picture. The small boats coming out from the shore toward the steamer give a fine idea of a scene which may be enjoyed almost any day in the harbors of the East.



SHIPS AT SMYRNA.—Leaving Vathy, Samos, Tuesday evening, we reached Smyrna the next day. Smyrna is the most important city in Asia Minor. It has a population of from 200,000 to 250,000, of which nearly half are Europeans, a large number of these being Greeks. Nearly all the business of Smyrna is in European hands. The harbor is one of the most beautiful in the world, about two miles wide and six or eight miles long, lying due west from the city. It is so completely land-locked that steamers here are absolutely protected from storms, and vessels from all ports of the world are anchored in the harbor or moored to the quay. The presence of these steamers from all shores, lying day by day in sight of this city, tends constantly

to educate the people into cosmopolitan modes of thought and aspiration. Hence, there is little that is provincial observable in the manners or customs or dress of the inhabitants. Having spent several weeks in Syria, where everything is pretty much as it was two thousand years ago, we felt upon reaching Smyrna almost as if we were in an American or European coast city. Shops, stores, streets, together with the people moving and trading upon the streets, reminded us of countries with which we had always been familiar. European hats and styles, both among men and women, were such as we would see in New York or London. English is taught in the schools, and we found many of the tradespeople ready to respond in our own language to the questions we asked in English.



ON THE QUAY, SMYRNA.—The quay in Smyrna is the street that extends for a mile or more along the harbor—the most important street of the city. Here the people gather after sunset for chat and promenade. The street is more than sixty feet wide, and opposite the quay are handsome business houses and residences. In the spring and summer the weather is hot and the whole city seems to turn out to get a breath of fresh air at the seaside. They dress for the occasion and remain out until late in the evening. The street seems like a continuous café, with its little tables, its groups of representatives from all nationalities sipping coffee, smoking pipes, eating ices. The railway for Ephesus runs down this important water street. We see the ships at

anchor and at the dock, the mountains in the distance, and the harbor, which at this very time is stirred into lively motion by a vigorous breeze. Smyrna has been ravaged by conquests, fire and earthquakes again and again; but, like Damascus, it seems to have a charmed life, and lies on its sunny slope facing the blue Ægean, one of the most beautiful cities of the East. From the castle on Mount Pagos or from the tomb of Polycarp, its first Christian bishop, the view of the city lying on its terraces, tier below tier, down to the sea, with the mountains across the gulf, and snow-white sails and plying steamers between, makes a picture long to be remembered.



CUSTOMS PIER, SMYRNA.—The Sultan's Government has a uniform rate of tariff. All goods sent into his dominions are dutiable to the extent of eight per cent, and all this without respect to class of material or proprietor. We had occasion to study the question of customs very thoroughly while in Palestine and Asia Minor. The eight per cent did not count much in our case, but the constant disposition to inspect our boxes and examine our plates gave us great annoyance. We had a letter of introduction from a leading merchant of St. Louis to a leading carpet house in Smyrna, and we received from the gentlemen representing it every attention which it was possible for them to give. We gained some insight, also, into the Turkish carpet and rug

business as carried on in Smyrna and the adjacent country. These rugs bought in the city are woven in the country by the poor people, who make their living by this industry. At this place the pilgrim to the shrines of classic Greece must close his eyes on the crowding representatives of many lands and think. The scene, the shores, the sky, are as beautiful as in the old mythological age, when the galley of Argus sailed these seas in search of the Golden Fleece. One wishes that he could forget nearly all that lies between us and that golden age. But peace increases commerce, and now Argonauts from every land are plying these seas in search of the golden fleece of material wealth.



SMYRNA.—This view is taken from the mountain north of the city. We look toward the south and across the harbor to the fine hills beyond. Smyrna is the only Greck city on the west coast of the *Ægean* which still retains its name and which may still be classed among the great cities of the Orient. It is impossible for any one to know the early history of this city. It may have been an Ionian colony. About 700 B. C. it did form a part of the great Ionian league. It was at one time a magnificent city, one of the first of the world. During the Middle Ages it fell into the hands of the Turks, who still retain it. The city and territory are governed by a pasha. Classic fable connects the city with Tantalus, the celebrated king of Lydia whom the poets represent as being punished with an insatiable thirst and placed up to the chin in a pool of

water, which flows away as soon as he attempts to taste it. This is one of the cities which claims to have given birth to Homer, and it was the scene of the labors and martyrdom of Polycarp, one of the early and faithful followers of Christ. It was one of the seven churches in Asia to the angel of which Jesus sent a message by John on Patmos. To the angel of the church in Smyrna Jesus said: "I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty (but thou art rich), and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Revelation, ii: 8-10.



TOMB OF POLYCARP.—Far up in the mountain overlooking Smyrna the tomb of Polycarp is pointed out. It is said that Polycarp was the disciple of the apostle John and the bishop of Smyrna. It is said that he was brought up in Smyrna, where, according to Irenæus, his pupil, he was taught the doctrines of Christianity by St. John himself, with whom he enjoyed "familiar intercourse." This testimony of Irenæus is important, for it connects the apostolic age with that of the church in the second century. Polycarp suffered martyrdom in 166 A. D. under the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus. Eusebius, the church historian, reports his martyrdom: "When asked, or rather entreated, to revile Christ, Polycarp replied, 'Eighty and six

years have I served him and he never did me wrong, and how can I now blaspheme my king who has saved me?' He was burned alive." There is a short epistle which bears the name of Polycarp addressed to the Philippian church, exhorting them to the practice of their Christian duties and the maintenance of the purity of the faith. But there is another writing of that age of which he is the subject. It is the relation of the manner of his death by the church at Smyrna, of which he was the bishop, addressed to the church of Philadelphia. It is a valuable and interesting memorial. There seems to have been made a wicked attempt to extirpate Christianity in Asia Minor. The persecutions raged with violence at Smyrna. Many Christians were delivered to the lions.



FORUM AND PRISON OF ST. PAUL, EPHESUS.—The ride by rail from Smyrna to Ephesus is one of the most interesting features of an oriental tour. It was the privilege of the writer to take this trip. We left Ephesus on Friday, April 24th, by railway; a basket of provisions having been carefully packed by our thoughtful landlord. It was, indeed, a rare privilege to take an oriental picnic from Smyrna to Ephesus. We passed through valleys and over plains; mountains in the distance; the railway stations attractive and solidly built; caravans of camels seen in the distance coming with steady tread across the plain; lines of poplar trees, solitary or clustered cypress trees, with groves of olives, and here and there a farm-house. About three hours after leaving Smyrna we reached Aysalook, the terminus of the road at that time,

and in reality modern Ephesus. We spent several hours in wandering over the ruins of the old metropolis of western Asia Minor. Since that visit the exploration of Ephesus has gone on, and archæologists can now give an approximately accurate account of the old city, with its port, its mounts, its gymnasium, stadium, walls, gates, forum, theater and temple. The forum, which was southeast of the city port, was surrounded on all sides by important public buildings. A place is shown as the prison of St. Paul. Of the identity of this we have no evidence, but everywhere the name and memory and influence of the great apostle give greater charm to the city of the past and its ruins in the present than do all other names combined in its entire history.



AQUEDUCT AT EPHESUS.—One of the most wonderful cities of ancient times was Ephesus. It is a heap of ruins to-day, but it was once the glory of the plain on which it rose, and of the mountains that overshadowed it, and to the sides of which it clung. A beautiful sea stretched out from its presence toward the setting sun. The whole land that lay back of it, the islands that dotted the classic sea in front of it, the distant cities and shores that sent their rich and varied commerce to its gates—all these knew of it, and praised and patronized it. Splendid city! Rich and busy, crowded with peoples of all lands and tongues, full of pomp and pleasure, full of sin and idolatry! Caravans of camels came from afar into its gates from the east, and fleets

of ships passed into its ample harbor on the west. To-day silence reigns over the empty plain. The desolate hills echo to the cry of wild birds and wild beasts. The ruins of houses and temples are buried under the surface, and but for the enterprise of eager scholars in distant lands their very existence had remained a secret. There was in the city a Roman aqueduct which conveyed water to the city of Ephesus from the mountain to the east, traversing the ravine from east to west. It was built in the time of Tiberius, as shown by an inscription upon the structure. A view of this is given in "Falkener's Ephesus;" it forms a pretty architectural feature in the Ephesus landscape.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, EPHESUS.—We see here the ancient ruins (and most ancient they are) of the Church of St. John, built at a very early date. In this old city Timothy was a ruling elder or bishop in Ephesus. St. Paul came here probably A. D. 54, and John himself, it is said, ended his days in this place. Here are to be found to-day the ruins of the temple of Diana, the wonder of wonders in that ancient metropolis. It was regarded as one of the wonders of the ancient world. The citizens were proud of its architectural splendor. It was more to Ephesus than the Cathedral to Milan or St. Peter to Rome. The men of wealth in that age had so much confidence in the security of the building, the honor of its priests and the grace of its goddess that they deposited in it for protection their money and their most costly treasures. It is said that at one time the bulk of the wealth of the whole land in which the temple

stood was hidden in it. But in this city there was a little group of people who did not believe in Diana or her worship—"the saints which are in Ephesus and the faithful in Christ Jesus"—Ephesians, i: 1. These early Christians were protestants against Judaism, idolatry and all useless and pagan ceremonials. These were the people for whom undoubtedly was built the edifice afterwards known as the Church of St. John. They were earnest people who met together for prayer and the reading and hearing of the word, and for conversation about the things of the spiritual kingdom. They worshiped as Christ and his apostles worshiped, with simplicity and fervor. They were the people of God in a great city, a city full of wickedness and idolatry; a handful in the midst of the multitude; the sacred remnant in the world of darkness and sin.



PHILADELPHIA.—Philadelphia is a city of Asia Minor, about one hundred and eight miles from Smyrna, containing a population of about twelve thousand, two thousand of whom are Greeks and the rest Mohammedans. It is now called Allah Shehr, "the exalted city." It was founded by Attalus Philadelphus, king of Pergamos, about 200 B. C. Its walls are still standing, inclosing several hills, upon the sides of which the town stood. They are built of unhewn stone, massed and cemented together with fragments of old buildings. Some immense remains of buildings, huge square stone pillars supporting brick arches, are also standing and are called the ruins of a Christian church. It was to the angel of the church of Philadelphia that Jesus

said through John in the book of the Revelation, iii:7-12: "I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. * * * Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, *which is* new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and *I will write upon him* my new name."



GENERAL VIEW OF ACROPOLIS AND THEATER, SARDIS.—Sardis, now called Sart, was situated on the river Pactolus. The old site is now a swamp. It had a citadel which was remarkable for its strength. It was built on a high hill. Sardis was the capital of the Lydian monarchy. The Persian rulers of the country occupied it. The Athenians destroyed it by fire B. C. 503. The Romans, later on, ruled it. In the time of Tiberius an earthquake wrecked it, but it was rebuilt. There is but little of the old Sardis now. There are extensive ruins of theater, temples, walls, stadium, palaces, etc.; but the earth which has gradually rolled down from the high mountain has buried the ancient city. Sardis is twenty-four miles west of Philadelphia, and by rail from Smyrna eighty-four miles. It was to the angel of

the church at Sardis that Jesus said through John: "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God. Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee. Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." —Revelation, iii: 1-5.



COLUMNS IN TEMPLE OF CYBELE, SARDIS.—The above picture is remarkably fine. It presents two marble columns, with the acropolis of Sardis as a background. The columns rise about thirty-five feet above the surface and reach about twenty feet under ground. And these are all that is left standing of the temple of Cybele, the mother of Jupiter. The columns are seven feet in diameter, and are fine specimens of Ionic architecture. Sardis was the capital of the ancient Lydian Government, and here resided the rich old Lydian kings. The river Pactolus was famous in old times because, as was said, after heavy rain-storms an abundance of gold was to be found mixed with its sand. But this gold-sand story of the Pactolus may be, after all, little

more than a metaphor due to the great wealth of the city. Here, it is said, gold coins were first minted, and it is known that the Greeks came to Sardis for their supplies of gold as early as the sixth century before Christ. It was one of the Lydian kings, Croesus, who was famed for his great wealth. Sardis was taken by Cyrus, and in the reign of Darius the Ionians, aided by the Athenians, captured Sardis and destroyed most of the city by fire. Christianity was probably introduced here about the time of Paul's success in Ephesus. The only inhabitants now to be found in Sardis are a few poor Turkish families, who dwell in summer in tents and in stone houses in the winter. See the message of Jesus to the angel of the church at Sardis in Revelation, iii : 1-6.



PERGAMOS.—Pergamos, in the New Revision called Pergamum, is situated in the old province of Mysia, north of the river Caicus, and on a creek called Silenus. The place is mentioned in Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Lysimachus used the place as a treasure house on account of its great strength. There was in it a temple of Æsculapius. The modern town is called Bergma, and has a population of about ten thousand. There are many and considerable ruins there. In 1879-80 a series of excavations were made at Pergamos at the expense of the German Government. The temples of Athena and Augusta and the frieze of the altar of Jupiter have been recovered. The excavation only confirms history as it recorded the splendor and magnificence of ancient Pergamum; and so complete are its ruin and desolation that to-day no human being dwells

within the limits of its ancient walls. It was to the angel of the church at Pergamum that Jesus said: "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth. But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam. * * * Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."—Revelation, ii: 13-17.



S MYRNA THROUGH A BREACH IN THE CASTLE WALL.— Here is a rugged frame and a charming picture of city, sea, mountain and sky. Smyrna is the landing-place of all who visit the seven churches of Asia. It was our hope and purpose in 1894 to visit the other six sacred cities hallowed by the message of Christ to each through his honored apostle on the isle of Patmos, but we had so much difficulty in getting our glass plates through the custom house that it was impossible for us personally to visit the other cities. We did, however, sail along the coast of Asia Minor, enjoying from our steamer the vision of the *Ægean* isles, not excepting the famous Patmos, to which John was exiled and where the heavens were opened to him.

The memories of classic and sacred history came pressing in upon us as we heard familiar names, looked on landscapes of which we had read, and, Bible in hand, recalled the experiences of the two great apostles in this region. There was Paul, the missionary to the Gentiles, the brave defender of the Christian faith, the expounder of Christian doctrine, and in labors abundant through his care of the churches. There was John, who, in Jerusalem, leaned on the bosom of his Lord, and, outliving all his fellow-apostles, enforced by his teaching and by his example the law of love which his Lord had taught him. This view of Smyrna, taken on the afternoon of May 23, 1894, is as charming as it is unique, and as we look we can dream under the spell of this ancient region and this lovely atmosphere.



SMYRNA FROM THE TOMB OF POLYCARP. —There is no place in the environs of Smyrna that commands a wider and more glorious prospect than is to be found at the tomb of Polycarp. Tradition asserts that the martyr sleeps near the spot where he suffered death on account of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A solitary cypress marks the spot of his grave, although the region immediately about it is vacant and desolate. Nothing relieves the upper ground except the thick turf, which furnishes a slight pasturage for wandering cattle. It is said that in the second century this place was the general rendezvous for the thoughtless Asiatic idlers who thronged Smyrna. What a flood of reflections comes into the mind as one stands in

this sacred place! Here at our feet is one of the greatest markets and commercial centers in the East. It has been prosperous, the home of luxury and wealth, for thousands of years, and yet the most sacred memory in connection with it, and which gives it its highest value, is the fact that Polycarp was burned to death in sight of the city. Urged to swear by the genius of Cæsar and thus escape the fate impending, Polycarp replied: "Since you are so vainly ambitious that I should swear by the emperor's genius, as you call it, as if you know not who I am, hear my confession: I am a Christian." This confession having been made, wood was prepared, the fire kindled, and in another chariot of fire this later Elijah passed to his heavenly reception.



STEAMERS IN SMYRNA.—The pilgrim whose mind is full of the poetry and pictures of the elder world will, at the first, feel a shock of disappointment on arriving in the Gulf of Smyrna. Here are bales, boxes and busy merchants everywhere. Warehouses and bazaars crowd the wharves. "Was this the harbor," he asks himself, "that was once the entrance to Homer's country?" In the old Greek times the coast line here was about ninety yards further south. The bazaars now cover the area which has been formed by the debris of the city, and by the destruction of Tamerlane, who filled up the inner basin. The present quay is modern, and encroaches on the sea. On Thursday, May 24, 1894, at four o'clock, our company left Smyrna. A large party, who appeared as excursionists, came aboard just before we left. They were, perhaps, crossing

to Thessalonica, or to some place of summer resort. Had it not been for the fact that they spoke Greek we should not have known them from a party boarding a steamer at Long Branch, or some other fashionable American or English watering-place. They were dressed in latest European style, and promenaded, chatted and laughed as the people of our own country. Of course, we knew them to be Greeks or Jews, for one never sees Mohammedan men and women meeting, promenading and talking as do the people of our modern civilization. In reality, the city before us, with the splendid steamers at its docks, is more a European than an Asiatic city. Its wealthy and progressive classes have adopted European ideas and customs.



THESSALONICA.—On Friday, May 25th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, our ship cast anchor in the harbor of Salonica—the old Thessalonica—a clean, thrifty-looking city, with a population of about seventy-five thousand. It was an ancient town of Macedonia. It is situated on a declivity at the northeastern corner of the bay of Thermæ Cassander. One of Alexander's generals, who had married the daughter of Philip, built the city, which he named in honor of his wife. It was in A. D. 51 that Paul and Silas left Luke at Philippi, took Timothy and made their way to Thessalonica. It was then the most populous of all the Macedonian cities. A large population of Jews lived here at that time, and it is to this day said that more than half the Thessalonians belong to the Israelitish race. Paul, Silas and Timothy found a home with Jason, a Jew with a

Gentile name. Paul proposed at first to support himself by making tents. Then he began to preach to his own countrymen. They did not receive his message, and he turned to the Gentiles. Among them he had great success. The apostle found a church made up mainly of pagans. In the epistle to the Thessalonians he writes: "They themselves shew of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God."—I. Thessalonians, i: 9. It was the meat and drink of the apostle to win men to Christ; to set forth before them the power and holiness and glory of God, and to organize them into Christian churches for the worship of God, and as centers of Christian activity.



HARBOR OF THESSALONICA.—Paul had great success with the Thessalonians. This fact is in itself a tribute to the power of the Gospel. He evidently used great plainness of speech, for in one of his epistles to them he says: "Our exhortation was not of deceit, nor of uncleanness, nor in guile; but as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak; not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts."—I. Thessalonians, ii: 3-4. He promised them no earthly good, but rather hardship and persecution, for he says again: "Yourselves know that we are appointed thereunto. For verily, when we were with you, we told you before that we should suffer tribulations; even as it came to pass, and ye know."—I. Thessalonians,

iii: 3-4. From Thessalonica the apostle went to Berea. It was to the church at Berea that the fine tribute was paid by the writer of the Acts of the Apostles: "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica," in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so."—Acts, xvii: 11. The view which is here presented of Salonica from the harbor is very fine. The tall, snow-white, needle-like minarets spring up all over the city, and the houses on the shore are stately, comfortable, and some of them handsome buildings. This view was taken Friday, May 24th, 1894. In the picture we are looking toward the north.



ANCIENT MARKET-PLACE, ATHENS.— We have made a sudden move to the southward, and, landing at the Piræus, have come up the old highway to Athens. And this is Athens!

"Built nobly; pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, Mother of Arts
And Eloquence."

Thus Milton sang. Aristophanes called Athens "the ancient, the wonderful, the renowned in song." Our party left Thessalonica on Saturday, May 25th, 1894, at ten o'clock A. M. We passed in sight of the celebrated Mount Olympus, and reached Piræus, the port of Athens, Sunday morning, May 27th, at nine o'clock. Through the kind offices of our American Minister, the Hon. Eben Alexander, we were permitted to visit

every museum and shrine in Athens for the purpose of illustrating this work. The first picture we give is of the ancient market-place. It was here that Paul and Silas appeared disputing with the people, as well as in the synagogues with the Jews. The market-place is north and south of the Acropolis, between the Theseion and the so-called Market Gate, which forms the west entrance of the Roman market-place which was laid bare in 1891 by the Archæological Society. This was once the "focus of ancient Athenian life." The famous temples, senate house, king's hall and other ancient structures stood here. They have perished. The statues of Pindar, Demosthenes and other great poets and orators have also vanished. It is thought by many that the speech of Paul recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles was delivered in the king's hall, or place of the house of the Areopagites, in the market-place.



THE TEMPLE OF THE WINDS, ATHENS.—A little east of the Temple of Theseus, a building of classic antiquity, stands the Temple of the Winds. It is a small octagonal building, in good preservation. Upon its eight faces are that many emblematic figures, representing the various winds which are most frequent in Attica. According to tradition, Socrates used to take his stand on the site of this temple to instruct the rising youth of Athens. The temple was built during the last century before the Christian era. It is about twenty-six feet in diameter and forty-two feet in height. Boreas, an old man with a cloak, is on the north side; Kaekias, an old man, shakes hail-stones out of a shield on the northeast side; Apeliotes, a young man, with

fruit and corn, is on the east; Euros, an old man, mantled, is on the southeast; Notos is a young man, with a vessel for water, on the south; Lips, with a part of a ship in his hand, is on the southwest; Zephyr, a young man, drops flowers from the folds of his garments on the west; while on the northwest is Skiron holding a vase. The conception of the whole, as well as the execution, is exquisitely beautiful. The fabric was surmounted by a Triton movable upon a pivot to indicate the direction of the wind. It served also as a sun-dial. Many persons still regulate their time by it. Altogether, this structure is one of the most curious and interesting remains of ancient Athens. In the picture we are looking toward the south.



MARS HILL, ATHENS.—The ancient court of Areopagus, consisting of venerable Athenian citizens, and exercising supreme jurisdiction in all cases of life and death, held its sittings on this hill. The name is probably derived from the fact that Aris was the first person tried here, for a murder committed by him. It is usually taken for granted that Paul addressed the superstitious Athenians from this hill. A little to the northwest of the Acropolis, which we are to see later on, is the low hill known as the Areopagus. The writer made two trips to this city, and each time climbed to this summit and read again and again Paul's words, pronounced so many centuries ago: "Ye men of Athens."—Acts, xvii: 22. Phidias, Plato, Paul—art, philosophy, salvation. We believe in and thank God for all. First, salva-

tion. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," but with this let us seek the "all things" to which as children of God we are entitled: "Whatsoever things are true"—let us "think on these things." Mars Hill rises abruptly from the plain on the east, north and south, but on the west it slopes downward gradually. The stairs up which, probably, St. Paul ascended, if he made his celebrated deliverance here, are at the southeastern corner. Several of these steps yet remain. A little more than half way to the top is an opening formerly used as a passage, and which leads up to the left to an open area on the summit. This was thought to have served as an apartment for the suitors and officials until their presence was required in the court.



ATHENS FROM MARS HILL.—There is nowhere else such a multitude of commanding positions as in the city of Athens. The site of Athens embraces several lofty hills. One of these is the Areopagus. A city more favorable to high display of oratory and to powerful effects certainly never existed. Here the “philosophers of fashion,” who taught philosophy and religion, not as a faith, but as a system, came into contact with the thorough earnestness, the profound conviction, the red-hot zeal, of the Apostle Paul. From Mars Hill the whole city was spread out like a map before the speaker. In the above picture we are looking toward the northwest, in which we have a view of the whole plain on which Athens was situated, with the mountains in the distance. The houses of Athens are for the most part white—some of marble, some of the firm, fine-grained limestone with which the region abounds,

but most of them are stuccoed. The streets are of respectable width, a few of the old-fashioned narrow kind remaining as reminders of other years. Yonder, to the north of the city, in the olive groves, is one sacred spot, honored as being the site of the Academe of Plato, near Colonus and not far from the Cephesus. Milton says:

“See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato’s retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.”

We sat in that classic spot and read of the wisdom which is exalted in Job, xxviii; and as we thought of Plato we read the broad charter of the University of Christ as recorded by Paul in Philippians, iv: 8.



PNYX FROM MARS HILL.—We are looking toward the southwest. The Pnyx is where the Athenians held their political assemblies. Here it was that Demosthenes and the other orators of Athens thundered. The Pnyx consists of a huge terrace three hundred and ninety-five feet long and two hundred and twelve feet wide, the upper margin of which is cut out of the rock. It is semicircular in form. At the back of the terrace is a perpendicular wall of rock thirteen feet in height. In the picture we see in the distance Piræus, the Athenian port where Paul landed A. D. 51. The large area of the Pnyx rests at the lower side upon a remarkable terrace. It is of Cyclopean architecture, constructed of enormous polygonal stones laid with cement. It is certainly the work of the earliest days of the republic. The so-called "pulpit of

Demosthenes" is excavated in the same rock. Demosthenes was born probably about 384 or 385 B. C. He overcame physical disadvantages which would have been sufficient to destroy all hope in most men. He had a feeble voice, shortness of breath, a weak constitution, indistinct articulation. But he practiced and practiced until he became conqueror. He is said to have shut himself up at times in a cave underground for study's sake, and this for months together. He was loyal to his country. His political predictions were verified. He is said not to have been a ready speaker and to have required preparation. All his orations bear mark of an effort to convince the understanding rather than to work on the passions of his hearers.



PRISON OF SOCRATES, ATHENS. —Socrates belongs to the epoch immediately succeeding the age of Pericles, 469-399 B. C. Socrates was "the greatest spirit of the pagan world." His contribution to the wisdom of mankind was greater than that of any other philosopher. He understood human nature, and he dealt with human nature in wisest fashion. His teachings can not fail to interest and instruct the seeker for truth in every age. He was a teacher. He taught without pay in portico, market-place and street, addressing all who chose to listen and addressing them in homely but pointed and effective style. Notwithstanding his noble life, in B. C. 399 an open accusation was brought against him, and he was charged before the Athenian magistrates with not believing in the gods. Being condemned on these charges he was

sentenced to drink a cup of hemlock. To weeping and affectionate disciples who gathered about him he delivered an address at the last on the immortality of the soul. On the northeast slope of the hill of Pnyx, near the boulevard, is the so-called prison of Socrates. You see several conspicuous doorways cut in the rock, and now closed with wooden gates painted red. This traditional prison of Socrates is in view from Mars Hill. Paul himself might have seen it. The poet Shelley calls Socrates "the Jesus Christ of Greece." The prison of Socrates and the hemlock he drank gave Plato to the world, while Golgotha gave St. Paul to the world. Socrates sought to eradicate evil by increase of self-knowledge, and Plato was his interpreter. Jesus Christ sought to rid the world of evil by making individuals true and pure through God's grace, and St. Paul was his apostle and expounder.



TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS.—We are looking to the northwest. The three columns which we see, one of which has fallen, belong to the inner row of the south side of the temple. The fallen column helps us to see how the Grecian columns were built. They consisted of circular blocks laid one upon the other, but when standing produced the effect of a solid marble column. Standing in the presence of the ruins of this temple, in full view of the Parthenon, and in almost a stone's throw of all the other famous ruins of the city, one can not fail to be impressed at the infinite contrast between the size of Attica and the place it occupies in history. This whole country is not larger than some of the counties of our States, yet here lived within one

hundred years the greatest generals, statesmen and philosophers of the world; and within the space occupied by one of our small American villages there are to be found the remains of temples, columns, statues, which have been the wonder of all the ages. It was in 1852 that this pillar fell. The scene is described by Thomas Bellot, F. R. C. S. C.: "On the night of the 26th of October, 1852, the center pillar of three which formed a part of the inner south peristyle of the temple of Jupiter Olympus was thrown down by a gale. The column fell due north and lies prostrate, the sections of the shaft preserving nearly their relative positions, and nearly touching each other; the upper half of the capital, with its Corinthian volutes, is completely capsized."



THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS, ATHENS.—The greatest temple of Athens was that of Jupiter Olympus, but by the loss of so many of its columns it has ceased to be in appearance the greatest work of Athens. It lies to the southeast of Acropolis, just outside of the city. It is near the right bank of Ilissus, and in splendor, size and beauty once excelled all other Grecian structures. Immense sums of money were expended upon it from the time when it was commenced by Peisistratos until it was completed by Hadrian, a period of seven hundred years. At the time the Persians sacked the city it was, fortunately, only beginning to be built, and so escaped destruction. Aristotle speaks of it as a work of "despotic grandeur and equal to the pyramids of Egypt." The only building by which this temple was ever surpassed was

the temple of Diana at Ephesus. The temple originally measured on the upper platform three hundred and fifty feet in length and one hundred and thirty-four feet in width. There were originally more than one hundred Corinthian columns in double rows of twenty each on the north and south sides, and in triple rows of eight each at the ends. Each column was fifty-six and one-half feet high, and nearly six feet in diameter. This temple contained the celebrated statue of the Olympian Jupiter, the work of Phidias, wrought of ivory and gold and classed as one of the seven wonders of the world. It was a revival and glorification of one of the most ancient of the arts of Greece, known as chryselephantine, of which, perhaps, no example remains from the Acropolis. The view of the remains of this temple is surprisingly beautiful.



BRIDGE OVER THE ILISSUS.—The Ilissus flows near the Temple of Jupiter Olympus. In the above view we are looking to the north. We see Lycabettus straight before us. This bridge belongs to the new Athens, and is itself a very good index of the character of work that enters into the buildings of this classical city. It is up to the best style of the bridge builder's art. The stream it spans flows at the bottom of a deep ravine. It was flowing at the first of June, 1894, but toward the end of the dry season it is dry. In the Ilissus we have another illustration of what great fame a small thing may get simply because of its relations with something great. This Ilissus is not equal in quantity and size to one of our American branches; yet, because of its place

in the classic thought of Plato, and others, it occupies a larger place in history than some of the largest rivers in the world. Along the banks of this slow-moving stream walked Miltiades, Themistocles, Pericles, Alcibiades, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Phidias, Thucydides, Socrates, native Athenians, and perhaps Homer, Sappho, Pindar, Theocritus, Pythagoras, Aristotle and Archimedes, Greeks, but not Athenians. It is the presence and thought of these great generals, politicians, statesmen, philosophers and artists which enhance and lift to such a place of influence this little river. It is matter multiplied by mind. It is a thing universalized by thought. It takes rich human life to transfigure real estate.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS.—Athens retains its old landscape. It is on the plain with the same undisturbed hills around it. The city has shifted about through the centuries, but always like a child that clings to its mother. The Acropolis is the Athenian mother. Once the city was on the Acropolis—baby on mother's lap, arms around her neck. Then it clung to the south. Now it stretches itself out on the northeast and west, but is no longer protected by "that queen of all the hills about." Athens is one of the easiest and most delightful cities to look at and trace out from an eminence, and no city in the world has so many such favorable points of observation. There is no ruin all the world over which combines so much

striking, so distinct a type, so vast a volume of history, so great a pageant of immortal memories, as the Acropolis of Athens. When the traveler reflects how all the old world's culture culminated in Greece, all Greece in Athens, all Athens in its Acropolis, all the Acropolis in the Parthenon, so much crowds upon the mind confusedly that we look for some enduring monument whereupon we can fasten our thought. The traveler feels a sense of disappointment. The hand of man, reckless and ruthless, has taken away the glory from this center. The above picture gives us a distant view of the Acropolis, showing the Acropolis and Mount Lycabettus. Some one says: "Whatever art and letters and refinement could do to gild the splendid capital was bestowed without stint."



LYCABETTUS AND THE PALACE OF THE KING FROM THE ACROPOLIS.—As the Parthenon, which is the crown of the Acropolis, is the first object seen in approaching Athens, so also can all Athens be seen from its commanding summit, which view is one of the most beautiful and interesting in the world. On the northeast is Lycabettus, eight hundred feet high—a sharp rocky peak. On the south and southwest are the Acropolis, the Areopagus, the Mount Musée and Pnyx. From any one of these points you can see a sight that becomes a picture in your soul—clearly defined, captivating, eternal. The glory of the Acropolis has been despoiled. The wonderful work of Phidias and the peculiar glory of his temple have

been for the most part removed. Some of the figures are lying mutilated on the ground, but a large part of them were carried away by Lord Elgin to England, and constitute the most precious treasures of the British Museum. In the middle distance we see the palace of the king. This royal palace of Pentelic marble is situated in the midst of a garden which was laid out, we are told, by Queen Amalie. Its grove of shade trees includes the picturesque palm, and has become a grateful resort during the hot season. The irrigation of the garden is effected by a channel. At the south side of the palace garden rises a handsome building—an exhibition building for Greek industries and manufactures; statues of the founders decorate the great exterior staircase. Close by are frequent cafés.



FALLEN COLUMNS OF THE PARTHENON.—In the above view we are looking toward the east. We see at the extreme left a little corner of a museum on the Acropolis. In the distance is Mount Hymettus. The first day of our visit to Athens in 1894 was spent on the Acropolis, the dwelling-place originally of the kings of early Athens, where they held their court. In later times this was transferred to Mars Hill, a little below, and the Acropolis was given up to the gods. Earthquake and war have laid low most of the magnificent structures that crowded this lofty eminence. Many of the sections of these columns lie nearly as they were cast down. The fine atmosphere of Greece has preserved them and they shine in the sunlight and in the moonlight to-day like fresh crystals of frost. We shall never forget one brilliant moonlight night, when with our little company we came after nine o'clock to the summit of this

splendid hill and walked over the glistening ground, the moon resplendent, the lights of the city shining below, and the stars in the heavens above. This is the old "altar rock" of the city. Pindar called it "the navel of the city." The artistic genius of the Greeks expressed itself particularly in the form of architecture and sculpture. It is acknowledged that in the latter the Greeks attained absolute perfection. The most famous of the Doric temples of Greece is the Parthenon. Of this structure a great authority says: "For intellectual beauty, for perfection of proportion, for beauty of detail, for the exquisite perfection of the highest and most recondite principle of art ever applied to architecture, it stands utterly and entirely alone and unrivaled—the glory of Greece and the shame of the rest of the world."



GENERAL VIEW ERECHTHEUM, ACROPOLIS.—The story of Greece and Rome fills the whole period between about the year 1000 B. C. and the downfall of the western Roman empire, 476 A. D. The Greeks were a branch of the mighty Aryan or Indo-European stock. Greece was a name almost unknown by the people whom we call Greeks. They called their country Hellas. The Greeks were by themselves called Hellenes, the descendants of Hellen, their ancestor. The name Hellas is applied to all regions settled by the Greeks, including the adjacent islands. The Jews, the Greeks and the Romans are the three most famous peoples of the world. Extent of territory is not what makes the greatness of great people. Greece was less than half the size of the State of New York, and it is in about the same latitude as the State of Vir-

ginia. In the age of Pericles the Acropolis became the home of the guardian deities of Greece, and all art seemed to settle on its summit. The Erechtheum, the great Ionic shrine of the gods of the people, stood opposite the magical Parthenon. The Erechtheum was built on the northern edge of the Acropolis. It is not large in size, but it is the most graceful representative of the Ionic style. A distinguished writer says: "The Erechtheum appears to be designed expressly to contrast with the severe sublimity of the Parthenon. It was called Erechtheum because of the tradition that Erechtheos was buried on the site of this unique edifice." Fourteen beautiful columns are still standing. They perfectly satisfy all that the mind is able to conceive of chasteness and of beautiful sculpture.



VIEW EAST FROM THE ACROPOLIS.—Here we have a clearer view of Hymettus. To the right we see the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and to the left the modern Exposition Building. This side of Jupiter Olympus we see the Gate of Hadrian, and are also looking across the classic Ilissus. Every spot within our range of vision in this marvelous picture is historic. "On the hill of the Acropolis and on its buildings," says Freeman, the historian, "the whole history of Athens from its earliest to its latest days has been clearly written. * * * The oldest wall—we may call it the wall of Theseus—and the latest wall of Odysseus are the earliest and latest pages of our story bound together by the direct tie of cause and effect." What finer point of view than this is possible if one would look upon Athens as a whole—the elder and the

younger city? A little below to the northeast is the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, a beautiful marble structure, hexagonal, with a graceful Ionic pillar at each corner, and a fine frieze. It is hardly more than ten feet in diameter, but is a purely Greek monument in the Corinthian order. A road, once adorned with tripods, runs around the bay of the Acropolis to the southeast, where is the theater of Dionysus, the great theater in which Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides brought out their immortal plays before an immortal audience. This was unearthed more than thirty years ago by German archaeologists. Below us flows the Ilissus, glorified by the poetry of Plato; and welling from under the rock is the fountain of Callirhoe, from which Athenian maidens still draw water.



THE PEDESTAL OF AGRIPPA, ATHENS.—We now look toward the north. We see the temple of Theseus, with its fine columns, far below—the most perfect building in Athens coming down to us from ancient times. The Beaulé Gate, named after the French savant who discovered it in 1852 under the Turkish bastions that previously concealed it, has since 1889 become the main entrance to the Acropolis, and leads up the steep ascent by staircases to the great vestibule, the Propylæa, below which, on the left, one has a view of the pedestal of Agrippa. It is a square, tower-like structure, fifty-five feet in height and about twelve feet in diameter, which once bore the statue of Marcus V. Agrippa, the celebrated general and son-in-law of Augustus. It was erected 27 B. C., in the third year of his consulship. He is celebrated

in the inscription on the east side as a benefactor of the city, but there is no historical record of his deeds. Athens has suffered much from the conquerors who have despoiled her—less from the Romans than other peoples. Greek art and learning were held in high repute by the Romans and protected and encouraged by them, although Græco-Roman art never attained that perfection that marked the age of Pericles. The matchless forms from the hand of Phidias that peopled the Parthenon were carried away as trophies to adorn Roman palaces. When Hadrian restored the temple of Jupiter Olympus he patronized and thus encouraged Greek art, but the temple proved to be chiefly a temple of Hadrian. The Greek spirit was subject to Rome, and thus the early purity of Greek art, which was an embodiment in stone of the highest types of nature, was lost.



ANCIENT WALL, ACROPOLIS.—Here is a bit of ancient, rugged, ragged masonry, relic of ancient days. In the upper part it gives a charming glimpse of the latest Athens. We have here the old and the new beautifully contrasted.

These stones in the northern wall are evidently from building material used in some more ancient structure. The walls of the Acropolis, which inclose so many precious monuments of antiquity, are themselves worthy of attention. They are the work of different ages and races. The most ancient portion is the Pelasgic wall, on the northern side of the citadel. Further east on the sea side of the citadel is a portion of the wall built undoubtedly after the retreat of the army of Xerxes, 490 B. C. It bears evidence of the haste with which the army reconstructed their fortifications. Though solid and massive, the material is heterogeneous, and was manifestly taken from other buildings. Considerable

portions of the walls are ascribed to Cimon. Finally the Venetians and the Turks and the modern Greeks have each constructed a part of the wall. How soon are buried in oblivion the names of illustrious men who by power, wealth, courage and genius achieved temporary success, commanded the labors and resources of their fellow-men, subjugated nations, constructed colossal buildings, and for the time put men in mortal terror because of their strength and cruelty! But the names of such men have perished. A few remain, but the majority even of the men of power have gone into forgetfulness, while the people themselves who, as hired or purchased slaves, wrought from morning until night in the quarrying, carrying and adjusting of those massive stones have gone down into everlasting darkness, so far as their names, their families and even their race are concerned.



THEATER OF BACCHUS DIONYSUS, ATHENS.—We now look toward the south. Immediately before us are the ruins of an old theater. Here the great plays of the Grecian masters were rendered. Families owned their seats, which still bear their names. Here is block A with six seats containing the names of ancient Greeks who here sat and listened to the plays. The performances given in the theater of Bacchus were introduced as a form of worship, and at first were representations either humorous or serious of some exploit. They represented the characters of the seasons. The approach of winter, when the fruit-bearing trees were dry, was symbolized by grave marches and solemn music; for the representation of springtime there were gay songs; summer was still more merry; autumn, the vintage time, was held with great hilarity. In those days the tragic poets were regarded as the proper teachers of morality,

and among the Greeks the stage occupied somewhat the place of the modern pulpit. Racine assumes this attitude in the preface of his *Phédre*, where he suggests that it ought to be considered the best of his plays, because he has so strictly rewarded virtue and punished vice. These tragic poets were great masters of expression, profound students, not only of the great world problems, but of the problems of human nature; exquisite masters, too, of their language, not only in its dramatic force, but in its lyric sweetness. They summed up in their day all that was great and beautiful in Greek poetry, and became the fullest and ripest fruit of that wonderful tree of the knowledge of good and evil which even now makes those that taste it to be as gods. Such were the general features of the tragedies which the Athenian public assembled to witness in broad daylight under an Attic sky.



TEMPLE OF AESCULAPIUS.—We are now looking toward the Acropolis wall. The temple is between the theater of Bacchus Dionysus and the theater of Herod Atticus. It consists of a confused mass of walls, fragments, old cisterns and inscription stones of different styles and ages. This was a health resort in ancient Athens, and was called Asklepieion in the city, in contradistinction to Asklepieion in the country. Aesculapius appears in Homer as an excellent physician of human origin. In the later legends he becomes a god of the healing art. According to one story he was the son of Coronis and the Acadian Ischys. Apollo, enraged by the infidelity of Coronis, caused her to be put to death by Diana, but spared the boy, who was afterwards educated by Cheiron in the healing art. He soon surpassed his teacher, and succeeded so far as to restore the dead to life. This offended Pluto, and he caused him to be slain by a flash of lightning. After this he was raised to the rank of a god by the kindness of mankind, and

was especially worshiped at Epidaurus, where a temple was consecrated to him. Afterwards the worship of the healing god extended over Greece and even to Rome. Charles Kingsley tells a pretty tale in his "Heroes": Aesculapius was being trained among the heroes by "Cheiron, the ancient Centaur, the wisest of all things beneath the sky." When the young heroes returned from the hunt they called out naming the game they had secured. Only one walked apart and silent—Aesculapius, the too-wise child, with his bosom full of herbs and flowers, and round his wrist a spotted snake. The boy told Cheiron how he had watched the snake cast his old skin, and how he had, with an herb which he had seen a sick goat eat, cured a dying man, and Cheiron smiled and said: "To each Athene and Apollo give some gift, and each is worthy in his place; but to this child they have given an honor beyond honors—to cure while others kill."



SITE OF THE ACADEMY.—We are looking toward the west. The half century following the battle of Salamis (480-430 B. C.) follows the most brilliant period of Athenian history, and one of the most illustrious in the history of the world. This was the era of Pericles. Socrates belongs to the epoch immediately following the age of Pericles. Plato, a disciple of Socrates, founded the great Academe, so called because the grove or garden in which it was situated was given to Athens for a gymnasium by the old hero Academus. The Academy of Plato was about two miles out of Athens on the plain of Attica. Here, amidst beautiful and enchanting scenery, perfect seclusion and profound stillness, the philosopher and his students conversed. The grounds were planted with plane trees and olives, and adorned with many statues. There were here a temple to Athene and a modest little house of Plato, over the door of which

were the words: "Let no one enter who is ignorant of geometry." The teachings of Plato were profound. His influence has been very great. The chief object of his life was to spread the philosophy of his eminent teacher, Socrates, "whose greatest thought was to show that there is a God who makes all and rules all, and that the soul lives forever." Plato was the writer of essays in the form of questions and answers. Fortunately, the Academe was surrounded by some of those permanent natural objects which remain when the works of man are obliterated. By these we are guided to the spot "where Plato instructed the youth of Athens in the lessons of an enlarged and humanizing philosophy." In the midst of associations like these we find it easy to "recall and repeople scenes that have been consecrated by the highest examples of wisdom and virtue."



GATE OF ATHENE ARCHEGETIS.—This Doric gate is connected with the name of Hadrian. It stands upon the modern "Poikile" street. There are four Doric columns, which formed the front of the gate, still standing, and on the right is one of the side columns standing. These are surmounted by architrave and plain pediment. This was for a long time considered as the only remaining fragment of the temple dedicated to Rome and Augustus. Stuart, however, took the position that these columns once flanked the entrance to a public market, and subsequent research has tended to confirm this opinion. There are peculiarities of construction observable here that are not found in sacred edifices. Besides, Stuart found inscriptions connected with the building which go to show conclusively that it was never an entrance to a sacred building dedicated to Rome or Augustus, but constituted the entrance to a

market. Hence it is generally known as the "Agora Gate." One of the inscriptions found by Stuart records the names of two "prefects of the market." Another inscription contained an edict of the Emperor Hadrian regulating the sale of oils and the duties payable on that article of traffic. There were two structures in Athens used for the same purpose, and the one to which this Doric portico belonged was known as the New Agora or market. It was founded by Julius and Augustus Caesar, and once contained statues of the Caesarean family. A basis above the pediment once supported a statue of Lucius Caesar. This was a grandson of Augustus, and was not adopted into the family of Augustus till 12 A. D. From this it is supposed that the statue was set up subsequently to that date, as Lucius could not have been called Caesar until adopted into the family. An inscription on the architrave says the building was dedicated by the people to Athene Archegetis.



AGORA TEMPLE.—We are on the north of the Acropolis, and the view we give here is in the ancient market-place. Looking upon these broken columns, we are reminded again, as we are reminded always when looking upon any of the ancient ruins of Athens, of the stupid depredations which have nearly robbed the present generation of the noblest monuments of human genius. Had it not been for theft and vandalism from Sylla and Mummius, who exported ship-loads of the treasures of Grecian art, to the masons, who converted many of the exquisitely carved marble columns into cement, we might look to-day upon the magnificent structures which, in all that is interesting to thought and feeling, and in all that touches what is deepest and noblest in man, have never been equalled, or even approached, in the annals of art. Earthquakes

and wars would have spared these precious monuments. It is to the plundering barbarism of man that we are to charge up the destruction of this classic city. It is a matter for congratulation, however, that the plunderers of the temples of Greece were not able to take away her deep sky, her radiant atmosphere and her almost perfect climate. These, to which so much of the perfection of her art is due, still remain, together with her mountains, filled with the most beautiful marble in the world. May we not hope that, with returning national hope and culture, the Athenian people will come to the old time sense of beauty, and the old time power of execution, so that we shall yet see Greece come to leadership again in the world of beauty?



GATE OF HADRIAN, ACROPOLIS.—This arch or landmark of Hadrian stands to the northwest of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and in the above view we are looking toward the northwest. The architecture of this arch is inferior to that in the Olympieion. The building is supposed to have served no other purpose than that of a sort of triumphal landmark. On the west side toward the Acropolis there is an inscription: "This is Athens, the old city of Theseus;" on the east side is the inscription: "This is the city of Hadrian, and not of Theseus." This emperor Hadrian has left an impress upon Athens as no other Roman has done. The temple of Jupiter Olympus was rebuilt by him, and an entire quarter of the city southeast of the Acropolis was named after him. This arch or gateway was erected either by him or by his successor

to mark the division of the old town from the new. At first the arch was adorned with Corinthian columns, but only fragments of bases now remain. The entablature is in a good state of preservation. Above the archway is an "attica" or second story with three window-like openings surmounted by a pediment. The arch formed the approach to the quarter containing the great temple of Zeus. Hadrian was the founder of the Pan-Hellenic feast connected with this temple, and beneath this arch flowed the great processions of people who so often made Athens a vast *fête*, resplendent with red, blue, white and gold. The modern Athenians follow the old road under the arch of Hadrian toward the temple of Jupiter Olympus, but they now call it "The Columns," and they come here to sit in the cafés and catch the cool breeze from the *Ægean*.



CHURCH OF THE COLUMN, ATHENS.—The modern Athenian churches are notably small. The Eastern church, like the ancient church of Ireland, seems always to have been better pleased to build a crowd of small churches rather than a single one on the scale of the great minsters of Western Europe. One cause of this peculiarity was the use of a single altar in the Eastern rite, which suggests the building of several distinct churches. Athens, therefore, is full of small churches. There are, it is said, three hundred of them in the city. Not one has the slightest architectural pretensions. Most of them are without roofs, and many have never had any. Nearly all churches contain columns and other remains of ancient edifices. A church is

often built around or over some altar consecrated to the honor of some saint; for instance, the Church of the Column, though quite a modern structure, belongs to this class. Perhaps the priest would tell you of some sacred tradition touching this column, some saint who died at its base, some memory associating it with the visit of St. Paul, or some other equally foolish or untenable notion. These precious relics of a better day are arranged with an utter disregard to fitness and symmetry, which sufficiently shows that they are not indebted for their present situation in holy places to any lurking remains of taste for the arts, though a certain blind reverence for antiquity may have exerted some influence on the architects of these grotesque buildings.



PLACE DE LA CONSTITUTION.—We are looking now toward the east. The Place de la Constitution may be called the center of modern Athens. Around this square are fine buildings and residences. In the center we see the residence of King George I. In 1863 Prince William of Sonderburg-Glücksburg, son of the King of Denmark, and brother-in-law of the Prince of Wales, was elected King of Greece, and ascended the throne as George I. He has now been in power thirty-two years and is very popular with his people. He and his family are kind and sympathetic. In times of distress and calamity the king is always the leader in relieving the suffering and giving comfort and encouragement to the people. During the great earthquake in 1894

he was the first to visit the desolated regions. The heir apparent married the daughter of the Empress Frederick and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. This glimpse is in marked contrast with the scene on the Acropolis. The street car, the modern architecture, the pleasant gardens, carry us to the civilization of the Occident in the very heart of the Orient. "The city owes its celebrity to its ancient greatness and the numerous remains of its former works of art. The surrounding scenery is lovely and the climate delightful. The streets, however, are narrow and winding, but there are many handsome modern buildings."* The palace of the king is the principal modern edifice. It was begun in 1836 and finished in 1843. It is a large quadrangular building.



THE RESIDENCE OF DR. SCHLIEMANN.—The Boulevard de l'Université contains numerous handsome private houses built of marble from Mount Hymettus or Mount Pentelicus. The first of these on the right, with a *loggia* and the inscription "Palace of Ilion," belonged to Dr. Schliemann, 1822–90, the well-known explorer of the site of Troy. The residence is now occupied by his widow. The name of Dr. Schliemann is held in highest esteem and affection by the people of Athens. No tourist feels that a visit to the city is complete unless he takes in this beautiful residence. The building has a massive substructure inclosing the tomb chamber, and a colonnade above with a bust of the deceased. The substructure is embellished with reliefs

and scenes from the Homeric poems and from Schliemann's excavations. One can not but remark how strange it is that among the rich men of the world who profess an interest in archaeology not one can be found to take up the work, as Dr. Schliemann did, to enrich science with splendid fields of new evidence and art, not only with the naive efforts of its infancy, but with forgotten models of perfect and peerless form. The treasures exhumed by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ are in themselves enough to induce any student of Greek antiquity to revisit the town, however well he may have examined it in former years. The history of the places explored by this enthusiastic archæologist is little known, as they were destroyed before the period of authentic annals began.



ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, ATHENS.—This fine structure was built at the expense of the late Baron Sina of Vienna, and was intended for a place of study for Greek and foreign men of learning. It is constructed after the model of the Institute of France and the Academy of Berlin. The building is entirely of Pentelic marble, and follows the classic Greek style, with Ionic colonnade and sculptured pediment. Fifteen hundred students are here in attendance. The library building was erected through the proceeds of a legacy by M. Vallianoes. The university is profusely adorned with the paintings and gildings that once decorated the antique architectural

monuments, enabling us to form some idea of the effect when Athens was in her prime and the Partheon, the Erechtheum and the Theseion shone from their rocky pediments in all the glory of white, red, blue and gold. On the pediment of the central structure of the university building is a group representing the birth of Athene by the Greek sculptor Drosos. The statues of Athene and Apollo upon Ionic columns in front are by the same artist, as are the figures of Socrates and Plato on either side and opposite the entrance. The principal hall contains a series of paintings by a Vienna artist relating to the myth of Prometheus. There is also a collection of coins, chiefly from countries influenced by Grecian civilization.



STREET FROM THE PALACE.—Athens at this time lies east of the Acropolis, beyond the arch of Hadrian. The arch opens toward the northeast upon the public gardens, which in turn join the palace gardens. The palace is at the northwest corner of these large and beautiful gardens, which are thrown open to the public three days each week after three o'clock. We have already seen the king's palace and building of fine Pentelic marble and limestone. We have seen the Place de la Constitution—a velvety lawn, overhung by oranges, oleanders and other southern trees, surrounding a marble fountain. On the north side of the palace runs the fine Kephisia street, bordered with trees. To the northeast rises Mount Lycabettus, a noble hill that adds much to the view, and from which one of the finest views of Athens may be enjoyed.

It is nearly a thousand feet above the sea, and from it the Attic plain, with Athens, the Acropolis, Piræus, and the Saronic Gulf are seen, with islands and the distant mountains of Argolis. The gray-green of the olive groves gives softness to the rich landscape, and the coloring of sea and sky is of a pure sunny quality known as "Attic skies." To the east rises Mount Hymettus, famed in song and story for the rare flavor of its honey. How long St. Paul remained in Athens we can not tell. He had reached the Greek capital, according to Lewin, in the beginning of November, A. D. 51, and Lewin supposed that he departed about December 4, A. D. 51. Leaving Athens, he made his way to Corinth, whether by sea or by land is a matter of question.



GENERAL VIEW OF OLD CORINTH.—No site can be more thoroughly Greek than old Corinth; the hill-top near the sea, but not on it, is the ideal position for a Greek coast town of the earliest type. It is a central point of Hellas, commanding her coasts and her mountains on every side. In this view we stand with our back to the "hill-top"—the Acro-Corinth—and are looking toward the northeast. We see the Corinthian bay, and beyond it the hill which runs down from the isthmus into the bay of Corinth. But little is left of the ancient, the renowned, the worldly and dissipated city of Corinth. The tall, tapering trees, the ruins of the old temple, the desolate plains, the old white pathways trodden for centuries, the cultivated fields, and we have all that is left of the city to which Paul came A. D. 51, as Lewin says, early in December, having remained at Athens about one month. Corinth was the capital of Achaia

—forty miles from Athens, at the southern extremity of the isthmus of Corinth. The city was rich and populous, about five miles in circumference and inclosed by a wall, except on the south side, where it was protected by Acro-Corinth. The trade between Peloponnesus and northern Greece all passed across the neck of the isthmus near the city. At the time of Paul's visit the city was governed by Gallio, the Roman proconsul, the emperor at Rome being Claudius. The one ancient building which strikes the eye and gives a character to the place is the shattered temple of Aphrodite, who had one of her special homes in Corinth; but the seven massive columns of the temple belong, as surely they ought to belong, to her greater sister Athene. Corinth fell; Corinth rose again; "and those seven aged columns have stood and looked on all these changes. They beheld the reign of Perian-dros; they have lived to behold the reign of George of Denmark."



TEMPLE AT OLD CORINTH.—Whatever the splendors of the ancient architecture of Corinth, that “most opulent and luxuriant town of Greece,” nothing remains but seven venerable columns, of the Doric style, which mark the site of a temple of Neptune. Five of the columns which stood on the west side of the temple, and two which immediately adjoined the west on the south, are the seven which remain—the oldest specimens of the Doric style in the world. It is singular that in the place which gave a name to another style of architecture—the Corinthian—these specimens of another school should be all that is left to exhibit the architectural achievements of former ages. The columns are monoliths, with sixteen flutes twenty-three and a half feet high, with a

base of five feet eight inches in diameter, and tapering toward the top, where they measure four feet and three inches. These half-fallen columns carry us back to the earliest days of the historic being of the city. Young as they seem beside the gates and vanished columns of Mycenae, the Parthenon is young beside them. St. Paul writes to the Corinthian church in memory of his residence among them: “I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.”—I. Corinthians, ii: 3. Is it any wonder that a man with such exalted ideas of personal purity, with such dreams of the coming kingdom of God, wherein righteousness was to prevail, should have felt appalled at the effeminacy, licentiousness and general corruption which characterized the people among whom he labored?



WALLS OF ACRO-CORINTH.—One of the editors of this work, with a party of American tourists landing at Corinth, rode across the plain through the city and climbed by a winding pathway the lofty sides of Acro-Corinth. Freeman describes the height: "Stern and bare it rises above the city; stern and bare it rises above the open land on either side. * * * Here we find the history of Corinth, the history of Hellas, written legibly in stone. The warder keeps the gate; but he keeps it only as a form. The walls shelter only ruins; but they are ruins which tell their tale." The Acropolis is 1886 feet above the plain. The crest of the mountain was formerly a fortress surrounded by a wall. The walls remain, and from the top one has a vision of the whole of Greece. When Paul was here the temple of Venus stood on this lofty height.

To it were attached more than a thousand courtesans, who, under the cover of religious rites, pandered to the passions of citizens and foreigners. In clear weather Athens is visible from this point. The Acropolis, with the Parthenon, and the glistening white walls of the royal palace in front of Hymettus and Lycabettus, may be distinguished. It was from Corinth that Paul wrote his epistle to the Thessalonians after a year and six months' residence. About the beginning of June, A. D. 53, Paul was tried in Corinth before Gallio. It was here that he took the vow of a Nazarite, and left the city about the middle of July, A. D. 53. Between the spirit of Gallio and the spirit of the apostle there was a vast difference. The heart of the one possessed by the truth as it is in Jesus was wholly set on God and His service.



HARBOR AND SHIPPING, CORFU.—St. Paul sailed from the shores of Judea on his first voyage to Rome in August, A. D. 60. We have no record of his stopping at the island of Corfu upon this or any other of his voyages. Its importance in the later civilization, however, renders it worthy of our notice as we traverse the general route followed by the apostle. This island was colonized by the Corinthians B. C. 734. The ancients are said to have identified Corfu with the Phæcian islands of Scheria, mentioned in the Odyssey as ruled over by Alkinous. The island was an important station of traffic between Italy and Greece. From 1815 to 1863 Corfu formed, with the other Ionic islands, the seven-isle state under the protection of England. During these years it was the residence of the British lord high commissioners, the first of whom was

Sir Thomas Maitland. In 1858 Mr. Gladstone was sent as extraordinary commissioner to the Ionic Islands to consider the grievances of the people, and for a short time filled the office of lord high commissioner. The town of Corfu is beautifully situated on one of the spurs of the rambling island, and casting anchor one sees on the left the double protuberance of the fortezza Vecchia, and on the other side of the city to the right the dark ramparts of the fortezza Nuova. Corfu has a population of about twenty-five thousand, with narrow, busy and crowded streets, and high stone houses. On the accession of King George, England yielded to the wishes of the islanders and consented to the incorporation of the islands with the kingdom of Greece.



CITADEL AT CORFU.—The scenery as the traveler enters the broad strait of Corfu which separates the island from the main land is very imposing. To the right towers Monte San Salvatore, and on the left are the rugged shores of Epirus. As he nears the point of the island on which the capital city stands the little island of Vido intercepts the view, but when this is passed, Corfu flanks on either side by its citadels. The *fortezza Vecchia* and the *fortezza Nuova* are seen above its cliff above the sea. These fortifications to the right and to the left were constructed by the Venetians, and are now of little importance. The citadel shown in the picture is the one upon the left, the *fortezza Vecchia*, built on a spur of land which is connected with the main land by a bridge. The citadel stands between two mounts. They make a promontory of this

semi-detached point. The buildings are now used as barracks and a military hospital, but are fast falling into decay. The ramparts are overgrown with vegetation, but from the platform on the west side, two hundred and thirty feet above the sea, one gets a superb view of the town and the island. The island is beautiful, with groves of orange, olive, lemon and fig trees, which attain great perfection here. Around these shores it is said Ulysses cruised, and a little rocky island is shown that is called "Ulysses' ship," turned to stone by Poseidon. The traveler who enters the old Hellenistic world by way of Corfu, and who leaves that island by an evening steamer, will awake the next morning within a region which even modern geography and politics will allow to be wholly Hellenistic.



PUTEOLI.—We now approach the scene of greatest interest in the westward movement of the Gospel, and of its able representative, Paul the apostle. In this view we look eastward across the bay of Naples. When one of the editors of these notes spent several weeks in Naples, he visited three times this most interesting site, five miles up the bay from Naples, the ancient "city of Pozzuoli"—the Puteoli of the New Testament. In the middle of February, A. D. 61, the "Castor and Pollux," the ship upon which Paul made the voyage to Italy, cast anchor in the bay of Puteoli. It was under distressing circumstances that St. Paul stepped for the first time on the quay of this Italian port. He came with a company of malefactors, on his way to Rome to be

judged by the emperor, then the wicked Nero. He remained here for seven days. The ruins of the old quay or mole on which he landed still remain, and the scenery about the bay is much the same as then. No attention was paid the great apostle, except by a few Christian Jews of Puteoli, who were expecting him. The landing upon these shores of this weary prisoner was the most momentous event that ever occurred in the history of the empire. It created a new era in the life of the world. Puteoli, now so desolate and forsaken, was then the Liverpool of Italy. It was called the Little Rome; the home of wealthy Roman citizens, and a fashionable watering-place of the empire.



COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE SERAPEUM, PUTEOLI.—A street at the north end of Puteoli leads from the sea to the temple of Serapis. In 1750 this buried temple was excavated. It consisted formerly of a square court, surrounded by forty-eight marble and granite columns. There were adjoining these thirty-two small chambers. Three Corinthian columns of African marble upon which the portico rested still remain. The others have been transferred to the theater of the palace of Caserta. The interior of this temple was approached by four flights of steps. Here one saw the statues of Serapis which have since been exhumed and taken to the museum at Naples. On every side the apostle on the occasion of his visit would see mournful tokens of the abandonment of the people to idolatry. The three monolith columns which remain of this temple

are each forty feet long. The stones are said to have been brought from Egypt. It is evident from their appearance that for nearly half their length they have for ages been immersed in water, proving that the shore of the bay must have been alternately depressed and elevated. What a weight of despair must have rested, at least for a time, on the apostle's heart, and how would it have been augmented if prophetic vision had been given him of the wretchedness and superstition which after so many ages should still dwell in this town! One has said: "The presence of Paul on that Roman quay, a despised prisoner in bonds for the sake of the Gospel, is a picture that appeals to every heart of the triumph of divine strength in the midst of human weakness, and the most striking proof, moreover, that not by might, but by the spirit of love, does God bring down the strongholds of sin."



EXTERIOR OF THE AMPHITHEATER, PUTEOLI.—A cross-road called the Via Campana leads from Puteoli to Capua, where it joins the famous Appian Way. Along this road Paul is supposed to have walked. It is still paved with blocks of lava, sacred from the very thought that the feet of the apostle may have trodden it. On this road, about a mile from the sea, is the famous amphitheater where Nero is said to have rehearsed the part he was to act on the public stage of Rome. The building is in a remarkable state of preservation. It rests upon three series of arches surrounded by an external court. The view above gives the outside of the amphitheater. Next to the sea delicate fronds of the maiden-hair fern cover it, as if nature would conceal the place where crimes were committed which dishonored the spot and the nation in other

years. No other people were ever so madly fascinated by the exciting scenes of the arena as were the Romans. Their motto was: "Bread and the circus." The spell of the "stage" held the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the emperor and the peasant. In the time of Marcus Aurelius one hundred and thirty-five days in the year were set apart for public exhibitions in the arena. Here were contests of wild beasts; then contest between man and beast; then man against man—to the death. Noblemen became gladiators. Nero, Commodus and Caracalla thought themselves more honored by the victories in the arena than in the field. Commodus boasted that he had slain twelve hundred men for the delectation of Rome. During the reign of Augustus it is said that ten thousand gladiators were killed. Well may McMillan say: "This is the Holy Land of paganism."



ENTRANCE TO THE AMPHITHEATER, PUTEOLI.—There were two entrances at the ends of the amphitheater. The main entrance we find in the picture above. The approaches were through covered colonnades of marble. Behind the amphitheater are what were anciently known as the Phlegrean fields, referred to in classic poetry. From the top of this magnificent ruin we may look on the scenery described in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* and in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. "Italy, like Palestine, has an accursed spot in its fairer region—a visible monument to all ages of the great truth that the tidal wave of retribution will inevitably overwhelm every nation that forgets the eternal distinction of right and wrong. Within this very amphitheater the sands of the arena were dyed with the blood of St. Januarius, who was thrown

to the wild beasts, and whose blood is annually liquefied by a supposititious miracle in Naples at the present day." Where man sins there man suffers. The visit of the apostle Paul to Puteoli served many purposes. He who sent Israel into Egypt and Babylon that they might be benefited by coming into contact with other civilizations sent St. Paul to this famous region that Greece and Rome might blend. We can trace the overruling hand that was shaping the destinies of the church in the course which Paul was led to take from Jerusalem to Damascus, and thence to Asia Minor, Corinth, Athens, Puteoli and Rome, gathering as he went along the fruits of that wide diversity of experience and culture characterizing these places, thus equipping him more thoroughly for his work among the Gentiles.



VIEW OF THE ARENA OF AMPHITHEATER, PUTEOLI.— Here is a fine view of the bay, the distant mountains and the shores of Puteoli. In imagination one can easily reconstruct this desolate ruin, and people it under the sunny skies of southern Italy with the vast multitude of eager spectators whose gay attire shines in the Italian sun and whose shouts of applause fill the air. The amphitheater was three hundred and sixty-nine feet in length and two hundred and sixteen feet in breadth. It was capable of holding twenty-five thousand persons. We see in these ruins, excavated in 1838, the opening leading down into the subterranean passage and chambers where the wild beasts were kept. We can see, also, the air-holes and the outlets of the dens. Here Nero celebrated the gladiatorial combat when he received the king of

Armenia as the guest of his court. It was at this time that the emperor himself entered the arena. Nor was the view of Puteoli different in its most important elements in the days of the apostle from that now presented to us. The same forms of the landscape met the eye; the same gleams of purple and crimson wandering over town and vineyard and wood, transfiguring the scene, and which give it more than half the loveliness now. But its human elements were different. Swarming with life as are these shores at the present time, they were even more populous then. The shores were the very centers of Roman splendor. They were crowded with the vessels of the Roman fleet commanded by Pliny, and its waters were alive with the pleasure boats of the patrician youths filling the air with the music of their song and laughter.



PRISON, NAPLES.—Upon a little island rising directly out of the sea stands the prison of Naples. It is lifted up and away from the din of the city, the blue sea surrounding it on every side. To-day the scene appears mirror-like and motionless, except as an occasional fishing boat glides past the prison and stirs the glassy surface. The whole line of coast from Puteoli to Sorrento repeats and renews the scene in curves and waves of beauty. The land is rounded, scooped and hollowed; holding out jutting promontories and projecting like arms of invitation to the sea. No rigid lines of defense are thrown up; no castellated masses of granite stand along the coast like line-of-battle ships drawn up for an engagement. There is no expression of defiance stamped upon the scene. The buildings, the works of man's hands, are subordinate to the grand and commanding features of nature around and above them. Naples with its bay presents one of the finest views that this world offers to the lover of the

beautiful and the sublime. The bay itself, the islands to the west, the lofty Vesuvius with its plume of smoke, the city, the villas, present a matchless panorama. Well might the poet sing:

"This region surely is not of the earth;
Was it not dropped from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron or pine or cedar; not a grotto,
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment. Here, methinks,
Truth wants no ornament; in her own shape
Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
By turns inclining wild ecstasy
And soberest meditation."



NAPLES FROM THE HILL.—The beauty of Naples and its environs can as little be described as exaggerated. The extreme points of the two projecting arms that inclose the bay on the northwest and southeast are twenty miles distant from each other in a straight line. Vesuvius occupies a point half way between these projecting extremes. The whole intermediate space is crowded with human life, and comprises within itself nearly every form of beauty which earth and water can represent. On one side, from a tideless sea of most dazzling blue, a range of mountains rises, the peaks of which are for many months covered with snow; forests of chestnut and oak encircle them midway; between them and the sea is really a terrace of level land, and the cliffs that line the shore are covered with luxuriant vegetation. Numberless points are crowded with villas, monasteries and houses, linked together by growing successions of

orange groves, vineyards, orchards and gardens. In the center of this splendid scene towers Vesuvius. The eye leaps from whatever point it fixes upon for a moment to the lofty volcano itself. The peculiar tone of the atmosphere it is impossible for any artist to reproduce. The very mountains change from hour to hour; and the sunset makes a vision to be remembered for years. An artistic writer has said: "An aerial veil of rose and amethyst drops upon the hills from the skies of morning and evening." With all its beauty, there was in this lovely region a demand which Paul and the gospel of his Master came to meet. The tendency of climate and civilization, such as are represented in Naples, is to divert the thought of man from the ineffable and spiritual realities. Nowhere are law and gospel more necessary.



GENERAL VIEW OF POMPEII.—What a wonderful bit of history was revealed when the excavations at Pompeii began! With the passing years, as page after page is turned by the archaeologist's hand of iron, new revelations are made concerning the old life and the old civilization in the vicinity of Naples. Pompeii, situated about thirteen miles southeast from Naples at the foot of Vesuvius, was once nearer to the sea than it is now, and was a health resort of Roman citizens. It originally stood on a bed of lava, and by the eruption which destroyed it, A. D. 79, the shores of the sea receded a considerable distance. An earthquake in A. D. 63 did great damage, but in A. D. 79 the whole town was buried under showers of ashes, cinders and stones, and was

really forgotten until, in 1689, certain ruins protruding above ground were first noticed, and in 1755 the excavations began. We enter Pompeii by the Street of the Tombs, so called on account of the number of funeral monuments which border it. The public buildings of Pompeii consist of temples, theaters and forums, and were doubtless in this representative of fine architecture, but they were not built of marble or stone, and have been so seriously damaged as not to represent much that is artistic in architectural form. The space is strewn over with capitals and columns, with fallen pediments, broken walls and shapeless masses of masonry that, unless the traveler be so trained as to see beauty in deformity and trace the original symmetry in the present disorder, he will turn away disappointed.



STREET IN POMPEII.—The general aspect of the streets in Pompeii is somewhat like that of a square of a modern city which has been destroyed by a conflagration. All the excavated rubbish has been removed and there appears nothing to prove that it was hidden for so many centuries until the end of the excavated portion is reached and a wall of gray ashes with trees growing upon it rises before us. Then we begin to comprehend the unique character of the place. Pompeii was not destroyed by streams of lava, as many suppose, but by showers of cinders mixed with liquid mud. It is nowhere so light and volatile as wood ashes, but is more like fine gravel of a dark gray color. The streets are generally narrow, the houses are small, and the rooms are not constructed with any regard to what we should term comfort and convenience.

The guests probably met under the portico or in the court near the fountain. The Pompeian houses are often decorated with exquisite taste and elegance. Among these ruins may be seen remains of shops and taverns, illustrating distinctly and vividly the domestic life of the people. Here is a baker shop. Eighteen hundred years ago the baker, having placed his loaves in the oven, had closed the iron door, when he had to fly for his life. A few years ago the batch was drawn out by the excavator. In an eating-house were found raisins, onions, fish cooked in oil and figs split in two and skewered together; bottles of wine are marked with the year of the vintage. The skeleton of a dove was found in a niche of a dwelling overlooking the garden. Like a sentinel she had kept to her post, sat on her nest through all the storm, and from beneath her were taken the eggs she would not leave.



HOUSE OF ROMULUS, POMPEII.—Unlike cities of the present time, Pompeii was not divided in business quarters and residence quarters. Almost every residence had a business department or shop connected with it. The city was surrounded by walls nearly two miles in circumference. It is about three-quarters of a mile from one side of the town to the other in the direction of its greatest length. The area of the city is about one hundred and sixty acres. Nearly one-half of this has in the past one hundred and fifty years been excavated. There is, doubtless, much that is to enlighten us concerning the condition of the first century in the unexcavated part of this ill-fated city. In the above view we are permitted to see a private house where the

pictures are still clear and bright upon the walls. Some of the paintings upon Pompeian houses are becoming indistinct, but in this particular representation given above they are wonderfully distinct and life-like. How the colors in these wall paintings have remained after nearly two thousand years is remarkable. They were subjected first to the fire from Vesuvius, then to burial for over fifteen hundred years, and now for over one hundred years they have been tested by the summers and winters of the open weather. Still the red and yellow and blue and green have stood the test of time and change, and bring to us over the ages the fashion of beauty prevalent in the Roman Empire in the first century.



HOUSE OF TRIPTOLEMUS.—It is said that in Pompeii we are immediately struck with the extreme narrowness of the streets, which finds no parallel in any modern city of Europe, unless it be Venice. It is not a city of streets, but of lanes and alleys. Many of these are so narrow that a man can step from one curbstone to the other. The streets are well paved with large irregular blocks of lava. Many private houses and villas have been excavated, differing from each other in extent and elegance as their owners were men of wealth, competence or poverty. A fine house in Pompeii consists of several inclosed spaces, open to the sky, around which walls and colonnades are built. These communicate with each other by doors. A passage, the

atrium—which is the principal room entered after the vestibule—is a large and open, elegantly decorated apartment where the owner was a man of fortune and consequence. The sleeping apartments are mere closets. “We hang pictures and engravings upon the walls; they paint the walls themselves. We spread costly carpets upon the floors; they tread upon marble slabs, often inwrought with mosaic. We shade our windows with rich curtains; they dispense with windows altogether, the light falling through openings in the ceiling above.” The Pompeiians were evidently an out-of-door people. They were neat in their habits, and one is constantly struck with the freshness which characterizes the colors of the paintings which have been preserved.



NAPLES FROM THE HEIGHTS.—This view was taken on the 5th of June, 1894. We are looking eastward across the famous bay of Naples. The site of the city is unequalled on earth. Mountains, plain, bay and sea combine to satisfy the eye, and to stimulate the imagination. There is little in Naples itself to attract the traveler except its collections of antiquities, especially from the exhumed Herculaneum and Pompeii, and some fine works of art, chiefly ancient. Other Italian cities show finer specimens of architecture and more extensive picture galleries. The great opera house, San Carlo, is perhaps the finest structure in the city, and one of the grandest in Europe. But the glory of Naples is to be found in its natural elements. As a graceful pen has said: "The sun shines his brightest, and the zephyrs blow their softest; the sea is of the deepest blue, and the mountains of the most glorious purple."

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Diary of an Ennuyée," says: "Whoever would truly enjoy nature should see her in this delicious land. For here she seems to keep holiday all the year round. To stand upon my balcony, looking out upon the sunshine and the glorious bay, the blue sea and the pure skies, and to feel that indefinite sensation of excitement quickening every pulse, and thrilling through every nerve, is a pleasure peculiar to this climate, where the mere consciousness of existence is happiness enough." How lovely is this world! And if from the hearts of its inhabitants the taint of sin and the love of it could be taken, what a heaven it would be! What glories of the heavens overhang it, and what splendors of vegetation adorn it! What majesty of mountains, and graceful curves of shore, and expanses of sea and ocean, ennoble it!



STRADA MARINA, NAPLES.—We face the west in this fine picture. The long hill before us, with its private residences and ecclesiastical structures, its tapering trees on the summit, its bared rocks and wooded slopes, is the hill through which the famous old tunnel passes leading the traveler from Naples to Puteoli. To our right is the largest public garden of the city—a popular resort for citizens, and especially for soldiers. Here you may find the officers of the Italian cavalry riding in the early morning, but then one can see soldiers almost anywhere and at any hour in Naples. The picture just at this time seems quiet enough, and one may be misled, through the good fortune of our artist, to fancy that such views are common in Naples. On the contrary, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the stir and noise which

prevail in the Neapolitan streets—talking, shouting, rushing to and fro, venders of wares yelling, drivers of carts swearing at and beating overburdened donkeys and horses, and everybody seeking to attract attention. It is said that “the Neapolitans talk all day and for half the night.” And it is said again that in Naples “no one walks who can possibly ride, and no one is silent who can possibly make a noise.” But here is a scene of quiet. The strong sea wall, the broad pavement, the deserted street, the pleasant garden, the quiet bay, the white buildings, the sloping hills, the overarching sky—this is Naples in repose. In a short time the silence will be broken, and we may encounter the “amusing, vivacious, insolent vagabonds—the lazzaroni,” the busy, noisy venders of fruits and drinks, the curious tourists, and all the various elements, native and foreign, of this wonderful city.



INTERIOR PUBLIC GARDEN, NAPLES.—This is called the Villa Nazionale, and was formerly known as the Villa Reale. It is the largest public garden in Naples. It is also the principal promenade and pleasure ground in the city. It is separated from the sea by the wide quay—a view of which we had in the last picture. This garden was laid out in 1780, extended in 1807, in 1834, and again in 1875. The grounds are planted with trees of various kinds, among them some beautiful palms, which remind one that he is still on the verge of the Orient. The grounds are decorated with many sculptures. These, however, are not of special merit. They are rather imitations of the works of ancient and modern masters. In the evenings when the weather is good the Riviera de Chiaja which runs along the garden is thronged with carriages of every description. It is in a place like this, when lighted by gas, and enlivened

by music, and fanned by the cool sea breeze, we get the charm of the Italian summer night. There are in this garden a temple to the memory of Virgil, another in honor of Tasso, a statue of the historian Giambattista Vico, and also a statue of Thalberg, the pianist, who died in Naples in 1871. These public gardens are highly prized by the citizens of Naples, particularly by those who can not afford a small garden of their own. The masses of the people do not, however, congregate here. It is not their object to seek seclusion or quiet. To those who delight in the blending charms of nature and art, such resorts as the Nazionale are a perpetual joy. One who studies the natural and artistic charms of Naples may repeat Izaak Walton's thought: "If God gives such beauty to us sinful creatures on earth, what must He not have prepared for His saints in Heaven!"



ST. PAUL'S ROAD.—We have here a delightful view of the road between Naples and Puteoli. We are looking toward the east and in the direction of Vesuvius. When this view was taken, June 5th, 1894, Vesuvius was plainly in sight, but too distant to appear in the picture. The rocky sides of the road were literally covered with flowering plants and vines. We do not know that this road is called "St. Paul's road," but that is the name our artist gave it. Our thoughts had been on St. Paul all day. We had spent the 5th of June at Puteoli. St. Paul landed at Puteoli, according to Lewin, about the 15th of February, A. D. 61. He left about the 22d of February, having remained in that town one week. Word had been sent to the disciples in Rome that St. Paul had arrived at the sea-port, and that he would soon reach the

metropolis. The distance was about one hundred and forty miles. It is supposed that Julius with his soldiers and prisoners passed from Puteoli through Cumæ and Liternum, coming into the great Appian Way at Sinuessa, thirty-three miles from Puteoli. The Appian Way runs from Brindisi to Rome. The track still remains. It was from thirteen to fifteen feet broad, and the foundation was laid in stone. The distances were marked by mile-stones, and at intervals of twenty miles were post stations. There is something impressive in the thought that we are treading in the footsteps of this man of Tarsus and of Jerusalem, of Antioch and Corinth, of Malta and Rome. Faithful pilgrim he was! He traveled not as a tourist to see the scenery of land and sea, but as an apostle to seek the souls of the people. He counted all things but loss for the knowledge of Christ and the salvation of men.



THE TOMB OF HORATIA.—It was a strange custom which prevailed in ancient Rome—the building of monuments to their dead by the side of the public road! Of all the approaches to Rome the Via Appia was the most remarkable for the number and splendor of the sepulchers which lined the way. Most of these are now but heaps of ruins. Upon some of them were placed statues and sculptures, which have been found among the rubbish. The structures are very high and broken, mere mounds of brick, stone, pebbles and earth, all fused by time into a solid mass. When erected they were, no doubt, beautiful with polished marble, bas-reliefs, and noblest architectural designs. Long since the treasures of art have been stolen from the dead to adorn the dwelling-places and churches of the living. The tombs are of various forms—some round,

some square, and some pyramidal. They are built of brick, of stone bedded in cement, or of blocks of peperino. Within a distance of two miles and a half on the Via Appia, Sir William Gell noted fifty-one tombs on the right, and forty-two on the left of the road, and he adds that “doubtless many more exist.” The tomb of Horatia is about a half mile beyond the Porta San Sebastiano—a gate of Rome. It is a ruin of great size, and many things seem to indicate that it was of the imperial period. Here slept one great, and well-beloved, perhaps, yet now how utterly forgotten! Hawthorne says: “Ambitious of everlasting remembrance as they were, the slumberers might as well have gone quietly to rest each under his little green hillock in a graveyard, without a headstone to mark the spot.”



THE APPIAN WAY NEAR ROME.—This scene on the Appian Way is about three miles out from Rome. It was said by the Romans that all roads led to their city, and the Appian Way was called the Queen of Roads. It was the oldest and most celebrated, and was constructed by Appius Claudius the blind, B. C. 313. At first it led from Rome to Capua, and was afterwards extended to Brindisi. Taverns were distributed along the route that travelers might be provided with food. Appius Claudius is said to have exhausted the Roman treasury in the construction of this road. From Brindisi to Rome is about two hundred miles. For some distance out of Rome the Appian Way was lined on both sides with tombs of the patrician families. At first only the heroes of the early ages were here interred, but during the time of the Cæsars the freed-

men and sycophants and favorites of the emperors were also buried here. The Appian Way was the great driveway of the emperors. It was the gayest and most fashionable road leading into the city; yet it was also a burial-ground for fifteen or twenty miles beyond the city wall. Beside the largest tomb on the Way was also the largest circus. The idea of death seemed not in the least to lessen the mad search for pleasure among the Romans. Not only tombs and circuses were found along the Appian Way but the villas of the wealthy families as well. When St. Paul passed this way, toward the last of February, A. D. 61, he was accompanied by the friends who met him at the Appii Forum and the Three Taverns. What must have been his thoughts as he passed between the magnificent tombs, the villas and pleasure resorts along this celebrated route!



GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORUM.—Few spots on earth have a more resounding name or a more imposing history than the Roman Forum. This spot, "where the Senate held its assemblies, and where the destinies of the world were discussed, is the most celebrated and the most classical of ancient Rome." *Forum*, a Latin word, originally signified "an open place," and is probably connected with *foras*, "out of doors." The Roman *fora* were places where the markets and courts of justice were held. The most ancient and celebrated of all the *fora judicialia* of ancient Rome was the *Forum Romanum*, or, par excellence, the *Forum Magnum*, occupying the quarter now known as the Campo Vaccino, or cattle market. The Forum lies between the Arch of Titus and the Capitol. It is crowded with the relics of temples, basilicas, arches and columns. The most magnificent monuments once adorned it, which were so crowded

upon one another that their heaped up ruins have proved sadly bewildering to the antiquarians, who have long sought to unravel the mysteries of the ages. The principal objects in the Forum are the Arch of Septimius Severus, which was erected A. D. 205 in honor of that emperor and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta; the temple of Vespasian, three columns of which are still standing, and of remarkable beauty; the temple of Saturn, the ancient god of the Capitol, eight Ionic columns of which still remain; and the column of Phocas, "The nameless column with a buried base" of Byron, now happily brought to light and found to bear a name that no one ever anticipated. It was erected in 608, and may be regarded as the center of the Forum Romanum. The ruin of the Forum dates from Robert Guiscard, who, when called to the assistance of Gregory VII., left it a heap of ruins.



LIBRARY OF CAESAR AUGUSTUS.—The stately and superb palace of the Caesars had its beginning in a modest mansion belonging to Hortensius, neither elegant nor extensive. Augustus, even after he became emperor, lived there very simply until its destruction by fire, after which the people of Rome insisted upon building him a palace more worthy of their emperor and of the great empire over which he ruled. The new building, erected by Augustus, was on the site of the houses of Cicero, Hortensius, Catiline and Clodius. Augustus attached to the palace which he built a temple, dedicated to Apollo, and a library, which afterwards became celebrated as the Palatine Library. Three broken and two whole columns are pointed out among the mass of shapeless and almost undefined ruins as having formed a part of this library. Perhaps no age was ever more given to literary patronage than that of Augustus. He encouraged

literature and art in every possible way. He made friends of distinguished men of letters, and by generously rewarding their work made it possible for them to produce the best of which they were capable. His example had its effect, and wealthy Romans also became patrons of literature and art. Among the men of genius who flourished during this time were Catullus, Ovid, Horace, Virgil, and the justly celebrated historian, Livy. He was on terms of intimate association with the emperor, and wrote a history of Rome comprising one hundred and forty books. Ovid, the graceful poet, fell from the royal favor and was banished to Tomi, in Mœsia, where he wrote the "Tristia," in which he recalls the different buildings of his native city in describing the route taken by his book, which he persuaded a friend to convey to the Imperial Library.



HOUSE OF TIBERIUS, ROME.—The Palatine Hill is above the southwestern angle of the Forum. Upon this hill was the earliest settlement of Rome, and it is covered with the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars. Here we have a view of the site on which Tiberius resided during the earlier part of his reign, when he was under the influence of his aged and imperious mother, Livia. The row of arches remaining are those of the soldiers' quarters. In one place the three pavements in use at different times may be seen, one above the other. Tiberius died in his seventy-eighth year, A. D. 37. This was soon after the death of the Christ, whose gospel Paul began to "preach among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." Byron, in "Childe Harold," describes the ruins of these old palaces:

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower, grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch-crushed columns strewn
In fragments, choked-up vaults and frescoes steeped
In subterranean damps where the owl peeped
Deeming it midnight. Temples, baths or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that learning reaped
From her research hath been that these are walls.
Behold the imperial mount! 'Tis thus the mighty falls."

The house of Tiberius is on the northwest portion of the Palatine and is south of the house of Caligula. Napoleon III., between 1861 and 1870, spent one hundred and fifty thousand dollars excavating the remains of the palaces of the Cæsars.



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE FROM THE COLOSSEUM.—We now look from the top of the Colosseum toward the southwest, and see the handsome and ancient arch of Constantine just beneath us. The arch of Constantine, the most striking and beautiful of the Roman arches, stands midway between the Colosseum and the entrance upon the Appian Way, and is built over the Via Triumphalis (the modern Via Di S. Gregoria). It was built to commemorate the emperor's victory over Maxentius, and, although it has been witness to the decline of art, and is made up of fragments from the arch of Trajan (which stood on the Appian Way, near the temple of Mars), it is still one of the most imposing monuments of Rome. As one views it from the Colosseum, looking to the southeast, through the valley between the Caelian and the Palatine Hill, one may almost fancy himself in old Rome, and he sees the conqueror returning from a fresh conquest, and with royal trophies in the wake of his chariots. Some writers have

believed this to be the arch of Trajan, adopted by Constantine, and loaded with additional ornaments, as the form indicates that it was built before the decadence of art. There are three archways, with four fluted columns of the Corinthian order on each front, one of which was removed by Clement VIII. to finish the chapel of the Lateran. Medallions and bas-reliefs refer to the history of Trajan, and the reliefs on the side of the attic, and the eight statues of Decian captives on the architrave above each column, belong also to the time of Trajan, and are easily distinguished from the inferior sculpture of Constantine, two hundred years later. The lower bas-reliefs, which are crude and ill-designed, refer to the deeds of Constantine. On the front facing the Colosseum the upper reliefs represent: (1) The triumphal entry of Trajan into Rome; (2) distributing food to the people; (3) sitting in state and giving audience of a king.



ANCIENT BRIDGE, ROME.—We are standing just above the new iron bridge called Ponte Rotto. We are looking to the northwest, and the bridge we see above the old arch is the Ponte Fabricio, that runs from the left bank of the Tiber to the Isola Tiberina. The Ponte Fabricio runs from the bank to this island, and the Ponte Cestio runs from the island to the right bank. The old arch we see between these bridges is the last remaining arch of the ancient Pons Æmilius, built 181 B. C. On the Isola Tiberina is the church of St. Bartolomeo. This stands, in all probability, upon the site of the ancient temple of Æsculapius. It was built A. D. 1000, by the Emperor Otho III. The island was connected with Trastevere by an ancient bridge built by Augustus. The old arch we see was in its place when St. Paul was in Rome; and as he lived here on his

first stay in Rome for two years, we do not doubt that his eyes rested upon it. Rome has seven ancient bridges; five of them are still in use. The other two are picturesque and alive in historic associations. It was from the ancient bridge begun by Æmilius Lepidus and finished by Scipio Africanus, the censor, that the body of the Emperor Heliogabalus was thrown into the Tiber. The bridge fell in the thirteenth century, and was rebuilt by Pope Honorius III. After further restorations, the portion on the left bank of the river was carried away and two arches lost, since which no attempt has been made to restore them. It was upon the oldest and most celebrated of all the Roman bridges—the Pons Sublicius—that Horatius Cocles and his two companions stood and kept at bay the Etruscan army of Laus Porsenna.



ROME, FROM ST. NICHOLAS.—Just beyond the railroad station at Rome, and near its northern gates, stands the church of San Nicolo di Tolentino, in the grounds of the Villa Massimo Rignano, on the site of the famous gardens of Sallust, which occupied also the ridge of the opposite hill and the valley between. It was purchased for the emperors after the death of the historian, and was the favorite residence of Aurelian. Petrarch wrote of this vicinity: "Nowhere is there sweeter air, a wider prospect." Rome lies spread out below, the tortuous Tiber coiling round her hills, and beyond it the castle of St. Angelo and the great dome of St. Peter's, rising against the misty purple and gold of the Campagna. Between stands the Pantheon, most beautiful of the relics of Rome. There on the left is the immortal Colosseum, beautiful in decay, and alive with the associations of two thousand years.

"In yon field below

A thousand years of silenced factions sleep."

Beneath, the fallen Forum and the ruin of the palace of the Cæsars is but the outline of a picture that memory and imagination must fill up. "A world is at our feet." No other spot exists where the eye gathers within its sweep such a harvest from the past as this, for the history of Rome is the history of the world for more than two thousand years, and belongs to us all. Hawthorne tells us that after cursing Rome for her ancient crimes and her present falsity and discomfort, we are astonished at the discovery, by and by, that our heart-strings have mysteriously attached themselves to the Eternal City, and are drawing us thitherward again, as if it were more familiar even than the spot where we were born.



ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.—There is no more attractive spot on all the beautiful Aventine—the highest of the seven hills—than the entrance to the Priorate garden. Here is a little square adorned with the trophies and memorials of the old knights of Malta, and on the site of the laurel grove which contains the tomb of Tattius, at the gateway of the garden, is the famous view of “St. Peter’s through the keyhole.” By chance, or design, the beautiful avenue of bay trees beginning at the gateway ends with an arrangement of the trees that gives a perfect view, in miniature, of St. Peter’s in the distance. The same view is obtained by looking through the keyhole of the gateway. The dense and beautiful foliage of this garden, with its view of Rome below and its unique picture of the greatest church in

Christendom, must have made it seem like the Garden of Paradise to the old crusading knights who came from the desert and the sea, sick or wounded, to rest or to die in this old priory. From the garden one may enter the church, where, beneath the carved knights in armor, are the bones of those brave, if mistaken, old enthusiasts now slain for nearly a thousand years. One almost expects to see a group of them in the garden, rehearsing as they used to do the deeds of that strange and romantic age, when from his throne the Pope ruled kings and their armies, and when “all roads led to Rome.” As the years pass, men are still fond of exploration and enterprise. The aims of their courageous endeavors are higher and nobler than in the times of the Crusaders. They make long and perilous pilgrimages, but for worthier ends.

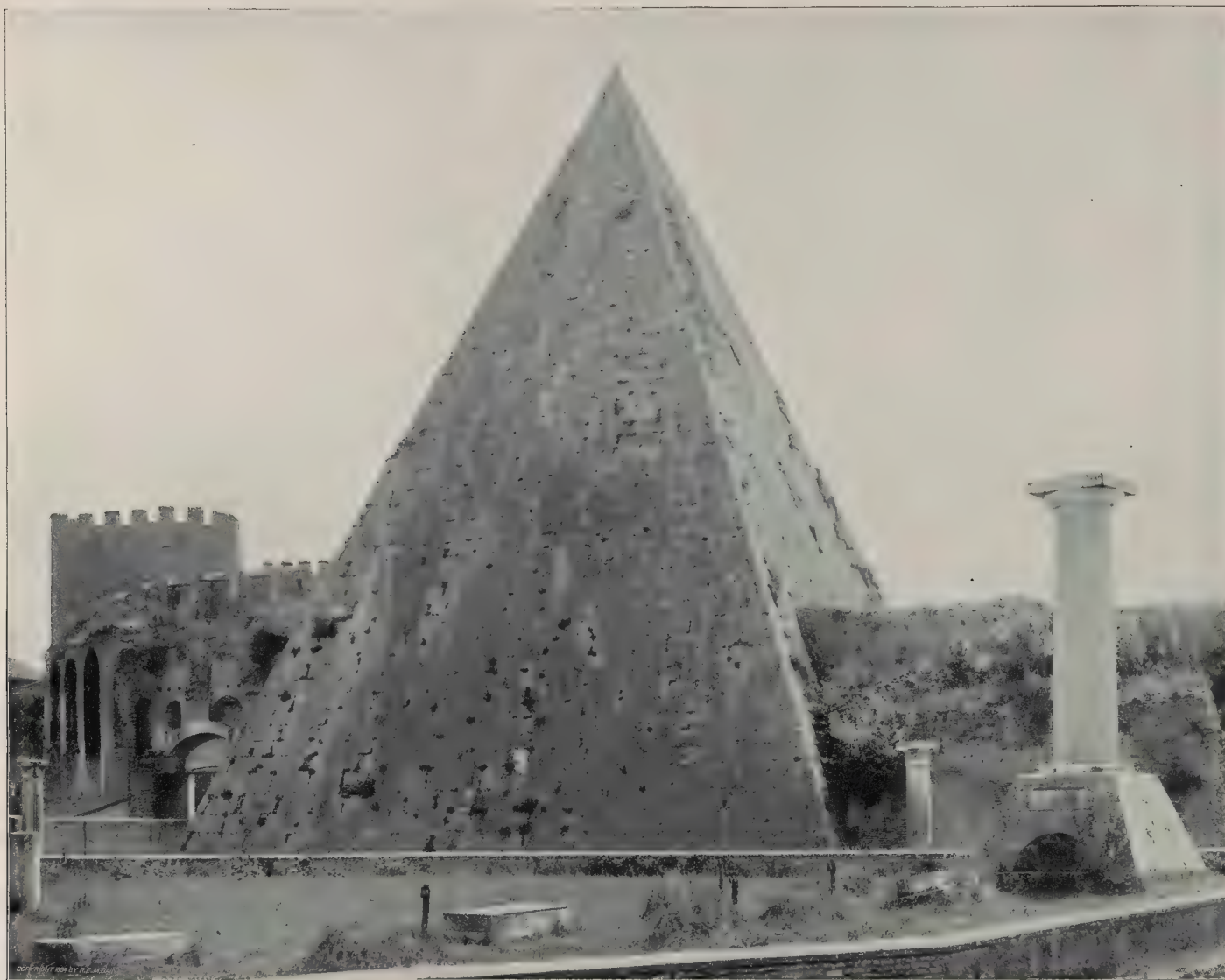


VIEW OF THE TIBER.—A great poet, celebrating the departed glories of imperial Rome, says :

"Dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress."

The "yellow waves" of the noble river flow on through the ages, heedless of the changes which befall, and bearing upon their bosom no sign of the rich commerce which was long the pride of the Roman heart. The Tiber, most important of the streams of central Italy, takes its rise among the Apennines. From its mountain sources it flows through a valley spreading out in a southerly direction to its mouth at Ostia. The whole length of the stream is, in a direct line, one hundred and forty miles. The physical character of the

Italian peninsula is such as to forbid the formation of great rivers. Those taking their rise among the perpetual snows of the Alps are generally constant in their flow; but those which descend from the Apennines are more or less inconstant, and the Tiber rises to such heights at times as to necessitate the building of walls on its banks. The modern city of Rome is built in the plain lying on each bank of the Tiber, which divides the city into two unequal portions, winding through it from north to south, in a course of about three miles. On the left bank a kind of amphitheater is formed by the Pincian, Quirinal, Viminal and Capitoline hills, encircling the ancient Campus Martius. This area takes in the greater part of the modern city, the seat of trade, and also the great bulk of the population. On the right bank of the Tiber is the narrow flat containing the districts of the Borgo and Trastevere. On the west rises a ridge of hills, the important eminences of which are the Vatican and Janiculum.



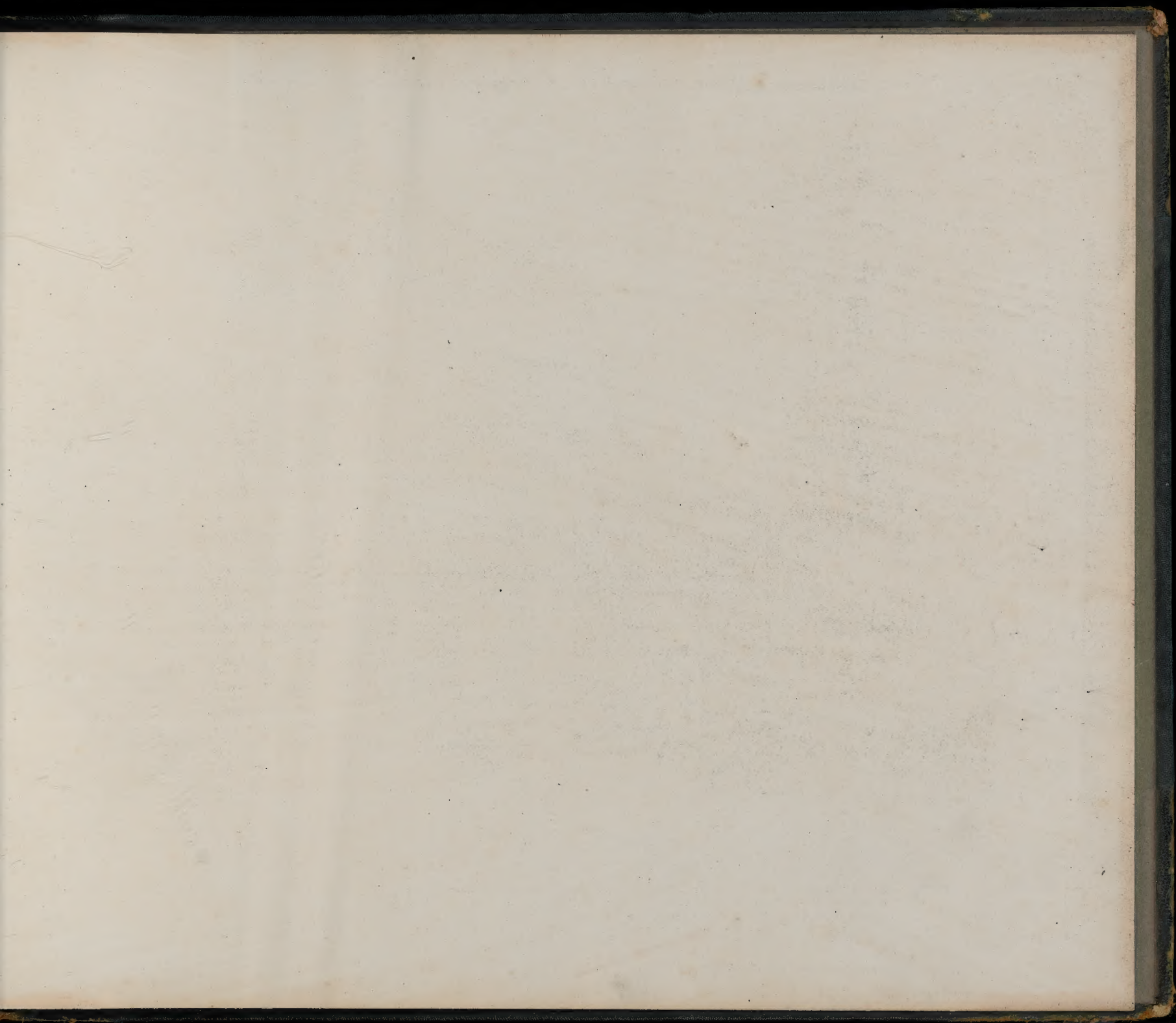
TOMB OF CAIUS CESTIUS.—The only sepulchral pyramid in Rome is situated close to the Porto di San Paolo (St. Paul's Gate), and is well known to English-speaking travelers as being near the old Protestant cemetery, of which Shelley wrote: "The cemetery is an open spot among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." The heart of Shelley is buried in the new Protestant cemetery near by. Here lies Keats, with the flowers he loved growing over him, and his own inscription, "*Here lies one whose name was writ in water,*" above him. The pyramid-tomb rises above the quiet place, adding to the atmosphere of repose. "The tomb of Cestius" says Rogers, "that old majestic pile, * * * has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed, and the shepherd born at its foot can read the inscription

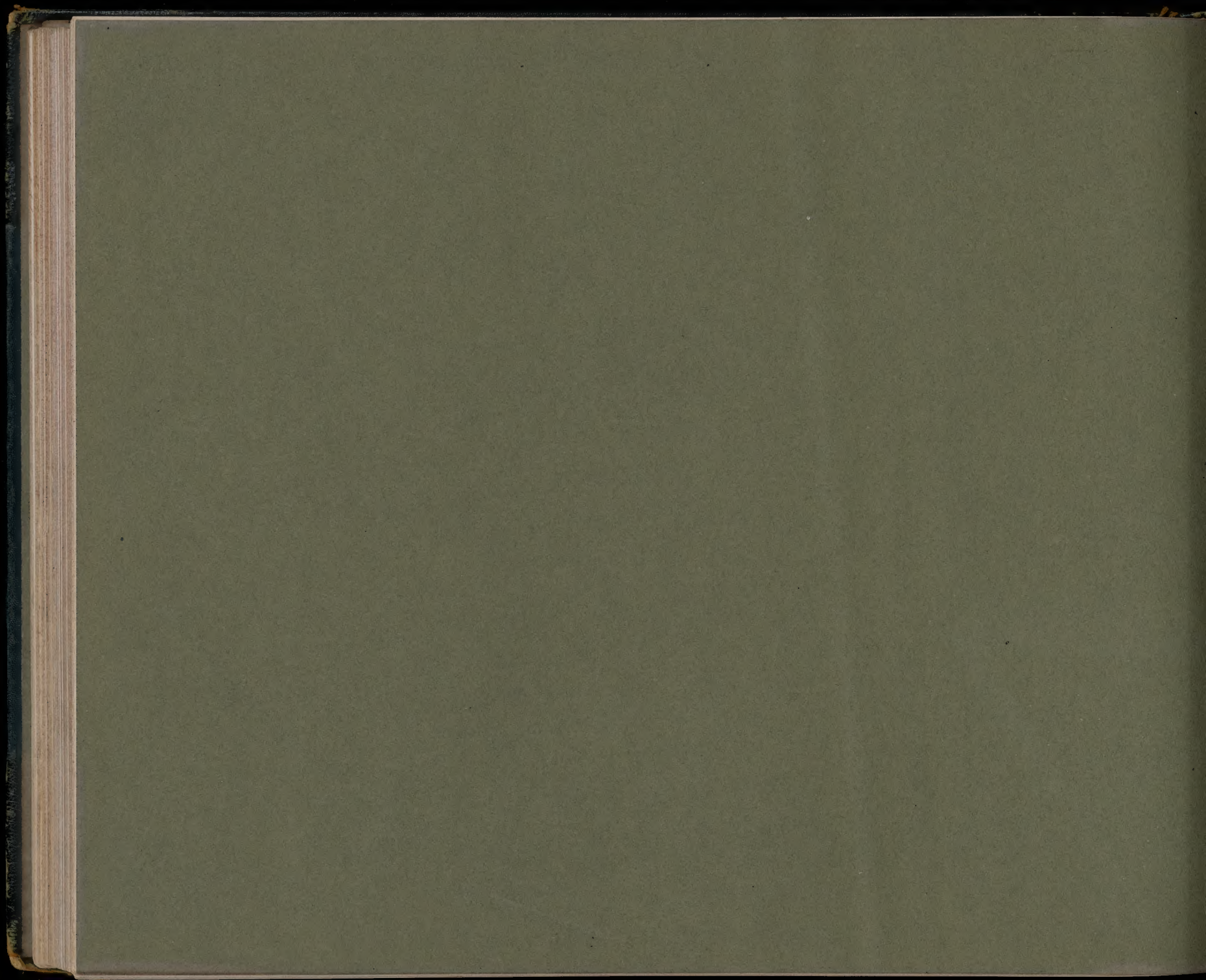
no longer." Caius Cestius was a Roman prætor and tribune of the people who died about 30 B. C., and Agrippa, his executor, erected this tomb to his memory, with two colossal statues, which are not now in existence. Another man died not far away whose grave is unknown, but his monuments stand in every Christian land. Of him Dean Houson writes: "St. Paul was led to execution beyond the city walls on the road to Ostia. As he issued forth from the gate his eyes must have rested for a moment upon that sepulchral pyramid which stood beside the road, and still stands unsheltered mid the wreck of so many centuries. Among the works of man that pyramid is the only surviving witness of the martyrdom of Paul, a monument unconsciously erected by a pagan to the memory of the martyr." The tomb is one hundred and twenty-five feet high and one hundred feet wide at its upper base. It is of brick, covered with marble slabs.



EXTERIOR OF ST. PAUL.—The pilgrim to the Eternal City can not fail to be forcibly struck by the immense number of monasteries, churches, and ecclesiastics, "Eremites and friars, white, black and gray," to be seen at every turn. Among the famous basilicas that of San Paolo fuori le Mura, or St. Paul outside the walls, occupies no insignificant place. It stands on the edge of the Campagna, about a mile and a quarter beyond the Porta San Paolo and on the road to Ostia, now a site most desolate and deserted. It was not so in the Middle Ages, when the surrounding country was a flourishing suburb; but now it stands apart in lonely grandeur, deserted save by the few monks who linger during the winter, but flee before the pestilent malaria as the summer approaches. A Roman matron, Lucina, who had been won to the Christian faith, gave a

burial-place in her vineyard to the martyr apostle, St. Paul, and on this site the first church was built in the time of Constantine. This was enlarged into a basilica in 386 by the Emperors Valentinian II. and Theodosius. In the eighth century Leo III. restored it, and each succeeding century saw it increase in beauty and splendor. In July, 1823, however, it was almost entirely destroyed by fire, but immediately the work of restoration was begun. Catholic princes, sovereigns, and each successive pope, levied great contributions for this pious work, and in 1854 it was opened in its present form by Pius IX. The length of the present basilica is 396 feet, not including the tribune; the length of the nave 306, and the width of nave and side aisles 222 feet.







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